

*The complete poetry of
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**AS THE WIND BLOWS
BY AMBER TIKVAH FORREST
A.K.A. CINDA A. BERARD**



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Blows" – Poetry by Cinda A. Berard. All rights reserved.

All poems in this book cover philosophy, spirituality and every day life. There is also fiction and futuristic as well.

I dedicate this book to the Holy Spirit.

**I also want to thank Jamie Harris who
Inspired me to write again.**

REALITY

**No matter how much I try
I cannot wrap my mind around
What you are telling me
I find it difficult to grasp
The reality you are presenting
Perhaps the illusion you portray
Is so great that
I cannot see pass the glass
The distorted prism you live in
I would rather live with
My limited understanding
Of who you are
And be happy with
The littleness of that.
I am satisfied
I need not more to love you.**

DEAF

**Beautiful words in your heart
Ache for expression
Fall on deaf ears.**

MORTAR

**We are all stones
Our voices are dead
When our hearts are cold
We become building blocks
When we soften the clay.**

PERCEPTION

**How one sees
Depends on the angle of light
How one lives
Depends on the light given
How one reacts
Depends on the casting of shadows.**

THOUGHT

**Sitting I breathe deeply
Cool hands over eyes
Let this pause linger.**

SWIRL

**Quietly you sit as
The world swirls around you
You lift your eyes to see constant motion
Yet you are in your calm composure
Serenity is in your heart
Your fortitude of strength
Does not wane or retreat
You are planted solid in your anchor.**

FORMULA

**Respect is earned
Grace is given
Love is developed
Tears cleanse the soul
You fill my life.**

YOU ARE....

**You are the calm in the storm
You hold me up when I am weak
You give me strength when I have none
I call out to you and you are there
Your wisdom has never failed me
You are my friend who I trust
You tell me in love things
I need to hear and can accept
You show me the way to change
You bring healing in your words
Comfort in your presence
Peace of mind in chaos
I never worry when you are near
I know I am in good hands
As you hold me there
I am written on your palms**

**I look up to you
The salvation of my soul
For which I am grateful
I am in awe of thee
For you are life itself
Humbly I thank you
For the gift ~
I pray I can learn
To follow and not fail thee.**

CONTRIBUTION

**"We each grow in
The same garden.
Let us adorn
The beautiful vase
Set before us".**

VERY IMPORTANT PARABLE

Luke 17:34-16

**Parable of two – one taken
Two in a bed – Job 33:14-18. Yahweh
Shows men in a night vision upon the
Bed; he openeth the ears of men,
And sealeth their instruction. Reference
By the Messiah to a bed is speaking
About a warning that people receive
From Yahweh when they are sleeping,
In some supernatural way; one will heed
And be accepted by Yahweh, the other
Will reject the warning and thereby be
Rejected from the Messiah's Body.**

**Two grinding at the mill – Isaiah 47:2-5
What Yahshua wished us to understand
Was that His coming would be in a time
Of war and slavery (grinding was the slave's
Occupation) as well as the other characteristics
(the uncovered head, scanty clothes, etc.) of
the daughter of Babylon in Isaiah 47.**

Two in the Field – Matthew 13:38

**The field is the world. True Messianic worshippers
Stand steadfastly in a position of opposing all
Other religions called Babylon. The group
Selected to be taken because they have prepared
Themselves to meet Him. The ten virgins in
Matthew 25:1-12 is a good example of Yahshua.
Remember, the oil is symbolic of the name of the
Bridegroom. See Solomon 1:3. Remember, it is
Not the Holy Spirit that seals us, but YHWH name
That is written on us as ownership.**

**(This parable deals with watching / preparing for
Yahshua's return. It does not deal with the rapture).
Yahshua wishes to warn His people that they should
Beware of turning back into the worldly culture, even
Though He might delay His coming for them. He wishes
To encourage them to seek to live for Him, even though
The world follows its carnal nature. Blessings ~**

GOSSIP

**2 Peter 2:13-14. Fake teachers at the love feast
(Communion). In one of the greatest of
hypocritical acts, they gossiped and slandered those
who disagreed with their opinions. These men were
guilty of more than false teaching and evil pleasures;
they were guilty of leading others away from Yahweh's
Son Yahshua. (You cannot walk in faith which is the
obedience of love and gossip/slander others). You
turn others away from Yahshua as a result and personally
reap Yahweh's curses onto yourself.**

**Gossip is one of the most hypocritical acts. It defeats
Love and unity in the Body Of Yahshau, it is rebellion,
pride, and actually is the quickest way to kill the gospel.
Those who do so will be called sowers of discord among
The brethren, which is an abomination unto Elohim; One
Of the things HE cannot stand, but this seventh one being
Gossip, especially an abomination unto Him. Wow!**

**Powerful stuff. It really puts this into context.
If we have a problem in this area, we can come to Yahweh
As Isaiah 6:5; "Then said I, Woe is me! For I am undone;
Because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the**

**Midst of a people of unclean lips: for mine eyes have
Seen the King, the Yahweh of Hosts." Yahweh will
Purge our mouths, give us a clean heart and a clean
Mouth to proclaim and live the gospel. Blessings ~**

I BELIEVE

**I believe in love, I
Believe in you, I believe
In myself. I believe in the
Miracle of humanity. I
Do believe all of us make up
One body. I believe.**

WILLINGNESS

**Lay down your visionaries
No longer gaze for answers
It has been there all along.
Stop talking oh one
Listen with your eyes
And great truth will be revealed.
You seek answers
With all your noise
And knowledge ~
Learn to let go
And discover real truth.
Can you become the end of yourself?
Can you learn to stop making noise?
Will you be willing to learn
From what is in front of you?
I ran away from noise
For it pushes me away
I cannot compete with vanity
Or the pride of men.
Simplicity and sincerity
You will find me
When you lose your life
It is then that you will live.**

WE ARE HALVES

**Joy is something that twinkles
When I look at your eyes
Happiness is evident in your smile
The ties that bind are deep
Resemblance in your family members
Love embraces all of you
In your kindness and affection
You are a lit candle that brightens
All who come to be with you
Infectious is your laughter
It brings lightness to my soul
I am blessed to have you
For we are halves that
Compliment one another.**

HUNGER

**Mystery shrouds you
Mists of vapor
Clinging to night
You loom over the waters
Flowing the traces of land
Softly your words speak
Faint are they heard
It is the voice of reason
You have come seeking
I am covered with your cloud
There is no direction
For you exist in the air exhaled
As well as the mist breathed
And I trace my finger
On the waters surface
Knowing you encompass everything
Your secrets flood my soul
I soak them up with hunger
Asking for more
You can hold true tonight
I am within you.**

SHIFT

**What one must do
To put behind them
All that hurts and offends
Looking forward daily
To a fresh start
No carrying forward
Old entities of naught
Rather looking forward
To the goodness in men
Casting aside all that
Drags down ones self
From the essence of love.**

STEPPING STONES

**Surprise, shock and rebuttal
Then clarity floods in
Sifting through false verses real
Looking with a new pair of eyes
To see what was not all
That it portrayed it was
Damage control is done
Yet harm has been done
I can choose to bury the pain
The hurt will die down
As I use this experience
As a stepping stone
To walk ahead
On the waters of trouble
Everyday there will be
New things to work out
And walk on by
We cannot walk around them
We have to walk through them
To get to the other side
My goal is to see
These stepping stones
As a gift of hidden strength
To walk past harms way.**

**YOU ARE THAT RARE LILY
(Dedicated to Karla)**

**You have a presence of mind
A strong eye to see
Small of stature yet
Large of heart
You underestimate your worth
You are a precious flower
A lily in the garden of light
Flowing with love top all
Who touch of your blossom
Courageous and splendid
In all your ways
A teacher of sorts
Many learn from your pearls of wisdom
How you have illuminated
Many minds with truth
To be strong in an uncertain world
Your trials are many
Your tears do flow
Yet you go on to be
The pillar of strength that you are
Your words flow beauty
Show forth treasures from your heart
I learn at your feet
I accept your person
In its entirety
And learn to love
The dark side of the moon
I will walk the moon beams
And touch of its essence
In the smell of yesterday
The fragrance of love
The pools of soothing
Lilies that bloom where they may
And you are that lily
Always in full bloom
A rare flower indeed.**

MOON GATE

**The first time I saw you
A huge stone ring
With a keystone on top
Facing the ocean ~
You stand in the ring
Facing over the waters
You make your wish
And it comes true ~
It was many years ago
I made a wish
That I wish I had not
And it came true ~
Only to show me
The power of the ring
And what you ask for
The water carries your wish ~
And brings it forth
Without explanation it comes
I will never doubt again
The wishing well effects
Of the ring facing seaward.**

FEATHERS

**An old pewter vase
Filled with bird feathers
Blue Jays amongst others
Something someone did
I always remembered it ~
Treasures are different
For everyone's variety
Feathers make one fly.
Such natural decorations
When I do find one
I like to keep it
A reminder of such beauty
In this world of nature.**

COST OF THE INNOCENT

**Great arch ways in the entrance
Tiled with infinite mosaics
Years of labor to enshrine
Your idols of stone and gold.**

**Many flock to your beauty
Kneeling chant in your echo chamber
To the god of opulence and duty
Your beauty masks your emptiness.**

**Layers of art, depths not known
To hope to tip the scale
False hope in deeds
To gain ones way to heaven.**

**And the money changers clink
As you drop the coin on by
From admission to come in
And pray to the god of men.**

**Your beauty stinks
The timbers and structure rots
Of ill gotten gain
To the cost of the innocent.**

HOUR GLASS

**Wood and glass with sands of amber
Flipped over to yet replay
Fragments of time slowly pass
This being an hour glass**

**Backwards in time
I see through the globe
A period of darkness
That compassed shadows**

**Your stigma of intrigue
To all who ponder
As you are smashed
Sand that is blow away**

**I can never rebuild
The depth of importance
The key you held for so many
Lost forever to mankind**

**And I search for that vial
Of sand in two spheres
That trickles in suspension
The lives of so many.**

SANDBOX

**Sandbox ~
Something children play in
What others fight in
It is a frame of mind
To let us be kind**

**Sandbox ~
It carries fleas
Brings fun for awhile
Dirt is flung and thrown
It can be a war zone**

**Sandbox ~
You cannot see the scars
Of rage and sulking
Of bruised egos
Amidst the lure of soft cool sand**

**Sandbox ~
Something handed down
From generation to generation
Learning what interaction is
Learning how to love.**

TRUE BEAUTY

**There are beautify people in the world
Of every nation and every tribe
You see their faces everywhere
On the television and bill boards**

**We are told to admire beauty
To go after all things beautiful
Yet we do not see our poverty
Inside of us that is so obvious**

**We adorn with jewelry and clothes
We highlight our characteristics
To draw attention to what can be seen
But what is inside I ask...**

**Some hide it so well
They come across so nicely told
Yet different and animal within
Their brutality and indifference they hide**

**Under much beauty
Is true ugliness
Of the most awful form
And people are blind to it**

**Give us beautiful
That we can worship
And idolize with pride
Ignoring the beast within**

**True beauty...
Are within the poor
The deformed and unkempt
Their hearts bleed with love.**

THE BARE BRANCH

We are all familiar with the bare branch parable.

That being a tree that bore no fruit. After three years it was given another chance. If it bore not fruit it was to be uprooted and burned. I think of believers in their walk with Yahweh. I was asking Him for confirmation on something for direction, whether to make a change or not. Right there in front of me was a tree that was half dead. On further inspection a wind storm had ripped off the dead branch from the trunk, and planted the base in the dirt, which looked like part of the tree. But it was dead. It had caught a live branch bearing berries in the dead limbs. A few of us pulled the live branch out of the dead branch. The live branch was so weighed down by the dead branch that it was almost touching the ground. After pulling the dead branch off the live one, slowly the live branch is rising back up to where it should be. So it goes with us as believers. We must prune all that weighs us down. If we do not, we will be like that live branch entrapped in the dead branches, weighed down. If the dead branch was not removed, it would have killed the live one with it. We must move as the Holy Spirit directs us in our life. We must be willing to move away from all that is not of Him, all that is dead to bear fruit for the kingdom. Sometimes it is reaching beyond our comfort zone, pruning us, making us sacrifice our securities that we have trusted in; whether money, a job, home, friends, etc. When I saw that branch weighed down by the dead one, then later the dead branch just laying there on the lawn for the gardener to take away and burn, I thought of the wheat and tares. First the tares are gathered and burned, and then the wheat is gathered and put in the Father's barn. So must we do the same. We must remove all that would hinder us from walking further in the Messiah.

EMANCIPATION

**Ecstatic with elation
Conversion flows in my veins
Blithe and ancillary
To the prospect it brings**

**Incite latent dreams
Of aptness in limbo
Once again free to become
The self I was born to be**

**No more duress
Of the soul in fragments
Emancipate now I rise
Upward and unabashed ~
My time is finalized here
Concluded and sealed
I am unobstructed once more
An au courante lease on life.**

SERVANT OF LOVE

**I am but a servant of Love
I bring forth the mantle
Consoler, Comforter
I wrap you in the arms of understanding
I dry the tears of confusion
I help clarity the struggles within ~
I am but the servant of Love
My walk is not my own
My path has been forged for me
I must sow the seeds of knowledge
To a better way
So that others may also
Walk with the Master ~
I am but a servant of Love
Giving is what I do
This is what I am made for
To help others to become free
Be restored to their first creation
Free and lively in the strength given ~
I am but a servant of Love
I only know but to serve
To those I am sent to
Walk with me on the journey
See the open scrolls
The heavenly scribe inscribes
Our names within ~
We are servants of Love
When we yield to the Master
Who makes us one in Him
With the Divine Heart aflame
Love so deep and cleansing
It burns all out of us
That would destroy our being with Him.**

TRANSPARENT

**I bare to you
The windows of my soul
Naked are my emotions
For your gaze
My humanity cries out**

**You are nectar to me
Golden Life so sweet
Purity that is unknown
My life is a kaleidoscope
Overview and replay**

**You have eased my load
Erase the film off me
We dwell in unity
Humbly, grace, mercy
Love of splendor.**

JOURNEY

**Self sorrow, pain manifests itself
Don't let it last too long
Move past it
Or it will consume you
Mercy we cannot understand
When in our hands is anger
Release the clench of retribution
Receive the tears of love
Pride blinds you
It's the cancer in your soul
Humility gives you the gift
To receive new life
Suffering is misunderstood
The wise embrace it
The foolish avoid it
Immature in stature they wither away
Weakness and surrender
Are the building blocks
To a wall well mortared
Cemented with strength of love**

**To forgive ones self
Is to cast pride down
Accepting ones actions
Embracing love's humility
I am forever learning
Yet the things of You
Are new and fresh each day
You bring me into the truth.**

UNLATCHED

**Helpless I'm falling
And no one can pick me up
As a leaf in the wind
I have no control**

**Your voice is comfort
Yet you are so far away
I at times feel the need
To be rooted like a tree**

**To look up and always
Be eager for the next wind
To carry me about
I linger for your touch**

**Invisible hands they are
I am lifted in time
So I don't touch the ground
I turn to see but a pinnacle**

**Everything comes full circle
And that is key
For one cannot exit
Without the other.**

MIND GAMES

**Thoughts swirl around
Without any reasoning
Attack your inner self and
Doubt your abilities.
And once there in the pit
It is hard to climb out
The walls are so worn
They are smooth from
Years of inflicted anguish.
Those who are the best tormentors
Are those to themselves
To relive all the things caught short
And replay over unending.
There is no mercy
Relentless and volatile
Is the self accusations
That come forth to afflict.
There is no letting up
To suffocate the pain
Rather it smolders always
Letting and ember reignite.
To self brandish ones aura
Letting this demise of infliction
And torture continue
Is the mind unleashed...
We are not who we say we are
We are not who we think we are
We are not who we perceive we are
We are and feelings have nothing to say about it.**

PLEASANT TO BE HERE

**Content within my solitude
Temporary and satisfying
I choose to sit back
And watch from afar.
I see zig zag of motion
And emotions
Ripping, tearing, swearing.
Not a good reception to take in.
Tired of the excessive effort
To stay afloat with some
Tired of the negative energy
Sometimes it is well to be alone
Within our solitude.
People are never ending
Constant turmoil in motion
They have yet to learn
That doing nothing is something
That being is living
Without having to become someone.
And I sit and watch the fools evolve
Generation from generation.
And tire of weariness
Looking for wisdom that is lacking
And wondering if it has gone.
And I blame the elders
Who dropped the ball,
They stopped teaching their children
Wisdom they threw away
Discretion to the wind
In exchange for rebellion unleashed.
And it has brought us this far.
I will wrap up with wisdom
And inquire of her guidance
To deal with such things.
Meanwhile it is pleasant to be here.**

I REFLECT AND DREAM

**I hold your hands in mine
Withered, aged and knurled
They have seen years of work.**

Many hours labor of love
They have built dreams
Birthed a family
Dried many a tear
Buried a loved one
Hugged the abandoned
Always they are open
They outreach with care
Communicate the rhythm
Of the heart
I reflect and dream...
Your hands speak forth
Knit souls together
They touch with expressions of love
Soothe, comfort, compassion.
Our hands fit well together
Fingers intertwined
Rooted like the earth
With life in all our touch.

WAKE UP MY CHILDREN

As you sit back in ease
With slumber on your eye lids
Without a care of the world
Suddenly destruction comes
On those who slumber.

Wake up! Rise from your sleep!
Destruction comes swiftly.
My people wake up!
You have lost your vision
You no longer see me
Or heaven your home
You see the world around you
As your reward.

Shake off all the world
I will not come for
Sleeping children as in the garden
I come for a Bride
Who expects and awaits her Groom.

**Know and expect dear children
Through much suffering
You shall inherit
The Kingdom of Heaven.
Strengthen yourself in Me.
You have a race to run, to finish.**

THE PRIESTHOOD

**You are a priest
Let your light bear forth
Do not let the candle stick go out
You are a bearer of light
Expel the darkness
Throw it far back
Shine the power forth
All consuming fire burns ~
You live inside the flame
All is burned out of me
The blue flame purifies
There is the fragrance
Of frankincense and myrrh
I feel the oil flow down ~
Life comes forth
As the light burns brightly
I am consumed
By the priesthood
We are priests together
Our communion is holy
Nothing can robe me of
The light within
For Your truth is eternal.**

SILENT FORTITUDE

**Softly I dwindle
Till one day no more
Fade away without notice
No regrets for such.**

**The woods are silent
They stand tall and radiant
Quiet on the floor
Of earth's compost and soil.**

**These are my epitaph
Bend and creek with one voice
I decay and go back
To the earth and nurture it.**

**Let a might Oak stand
Where I once stood
Re-crown the earth once again
With silent fortitude –
A language all its own.**

THE WATERS BLEED – THE URCA 1715

**Storm clouds blow in
My soul aches with anxiety
Uprooted and tossed
As waves on the ocean.**

**With arched back
And stretched arms
I cannot reach the heavens
To silence the angry sky.**

**The sun is shrouded
I'm surrounded with
A halo of thunderbolts
I stand naked to the sun.**

**Clutch as you will from me
The hands weighed with stone
I have touched the ocean floor
My watery grave cries out.**

**Let streaks of red flow
The waters bleed
I am tossed no more
My limbs rise upward
Where sea and sky meet
So I kiss the new dawn.**

I AM COMPLETE

**My heart longs for you
Strong is my desire to follow
Where you may lead me,
I trust in the way you lead me.
I yield to you completely
My soul is yours.
I believe in your love
And all you have given me.
When I am with you
I feel alive
In every part of my being.
You have raptured my heart
Consumed my every moment
You are all I think about.
I cannot stand to be away
From your living presence.
You fill the void in my life
In you I am complete.
You turn my sorrow into joy
Time with you seems forever.
I am young at heart
I feel as a child again.
You see the good in me
Encourage only the best.
I give to you my very soul
I love and adore you.
Words cannot express
The love so beautiful
I am grateful you are in my life.**

NURTURE YOURSELF IN ME

**Take time out you need
To be kind to yourself
Put others on hold for a day
Nurture yourself
Do not deplete your soul
Of what you need most.**

**Noise is constant
It assaults you everywhere**

**Your ears no longer hear
Your mind no longer thinks
Stress builds, wears you down,
You react irrationally.**

**This world should not dictate
Your thoughts or expressions
It is time to come away
When it treads on your territory
Take back what you have lost
Rest in peace and joy
Rest in my word.**

**The wind of my spirit
Will lift and refresh you
Be kind to yourself
I am all you have
You can change things
With the strength I give you
Nurture yourself in me.**

QUICK SAND

**Life goes on as usual
Or so we think
Meanwhile the quick sands of time
Pulls us into a spiral
In an instant things change...**

FOREVER

**...And blindly we live
Not sensing we all must go
At our appointed time.**

**Life is a gift
Only given once
What I do here determines
Whether I have made it
My goal is eternal
The bridge is love ~
Unconditional love
And then I need not fear
What quick sands can do to me.**

SOON TO COME UPON US

**Crickets jump in numbers
They invade the house
Chirping you hear them
Hard to find.
Summer is winding down
All green is faded yellow
Soon to go all brown
Leaves die and fall
With the colours muted.
Frost covers the ground
Everything is white
Burns your fingers to touch
Your breath does crystallize
It hangs in mid air.
All things fly south
Few do remain
Go through the house
Start to winterize
For the long duration
Of white slumber.
A time to gather the harvest
Much canning and baking to do
Prepare like squirrels with storage
Running to lay up supplies
Soon the skies turn gray
Sunlight sleeps in mid afternoon.
Garnish your home with scenery
Pleasant to look at for hibernation
Which is soon to come upon us
Only we are awake to live through it.
Autumn is around the corner
Then harsh blows in winter's cold
Stinging all with bitter frost
Freezing air patterns on window panes.
It is a time to sit and watch
Daydream, sleep and relive
The summer days we were in
And draw off the joys of mid year.**

**Tender is a soul when young
Brought up in the world
To succeed in it.
Much ambition and plans
Goals to be achieved.
All is excitement when in youth
Energy is never ending.
After you have done that
Which you set out to do
Always add another goal.
Pity the man who has
Done all he said he would do
And finds joy no more
In what once was his talent.
To have nothing to look forward to
To feel useless and unappreciated
Is to be invisible and void.
Learn we are not competing
With that of others
We are learning to grow
On what we already are.
Early in life we look
To please others,
Later in life we look
To satisfy ourselves.
Mid life requires the wisdom
To balance the two.
You are raising up youth
Yet tending to the elderly
While being true to yourself.
Everyone is going in cycles
Different circles and levels.
We all intertwine needing each other.
Just realize growth is change ~
Change is acceptance ~
Acceptance is peace ~
Build on these things.
You will succeed at being yourself
By being genuine ~
You shall never fail.**

**The world leaders, powers that be
Puppets that follow their orders
They goose step to the plan
Give the populace a dream
Fill it with anything to get them to agree
Yet pull the strings.
Let them work thinking they are free
Let them believe in a lie
They are okay if they don't go against
Or rock the boat.
Hitler is not dead
He lives on in his disciples
His blue print is repackaged.
No longer a third Reich
No, a fourth Reich
Known the world over
As the New World Order.
Ultra greedy individuals
Rule the souls of men
To play the cruel games given them
In the name of survival.
There was always meant to be Nations
Not one World government.
Nations were the balance against
A sure world dictatorship.
Keep your blinders on
It is easier to believe in a lie
And go with the flow
Then let your voice be heard
And lose your head in the process.
The handwriting on the wall
Is universal in all languages.
Yet there will always be free men
Who think for themselves.
I choose to be free.**

Long hair black as a raven
You jump off your horse
In full Native Dress
Adorned with white feathers
You approach me in sunlight.
The smell of sweet grass
Fills the air when you walk
Truth you wear as a robe
Beaded ceremony on brown skin.
You come to me in my dreams
Indian Princess with a message
The heart of Mother Earth
You nurture all in your care
Your walk is on light
No shadow follows you
Always you embrace me
And lift me up new.
You hand me a robe
To wrap around my heart
With a long peace pipe.
It is hard to smoke
A Sacred Ceremony ~
Few are worthy to join in.
Gentle as a deer
You move softly
Leaving no trace behind.
When I take only that
Which I need,
And nothing more,
Then I can smoke the pipe ~
I am given a white feather
You place it in my hair
It shows my heart.
We shall walk in the sun
In the next world
The Sacred Pipe will light.
All walk in the knowledge there
We are keepers of the earth ~
The earth and us are one.

Subtly we move off mark
Lose our focus of the prize
Often it is too late
When we do realize.
Wind blows and you see it not
So trouble comes our way
Like a reed in the wind we must bend
And not snap or fray.
Yet be ever so anchored to the root
From which we come from
Enduring to get the prize
Is that not the sum?
And I find it often cumbersome
To keep in constant remembrance
My eyes get off focus and blur
With a smidge of semblance.
I walk in this world alone
What I have is not really mine
I have no real home
Rather I the prize must find.
And do we relish the journey
Of hardships pain and sorrow
To help us develop our character
To get through to tomorrow?
I say this in quite earnest
I would rather quit and get a rest
But I know the race is not for the weary
The reward is only for the best.
Let us run and not grow weary
Let us claim our stake in Him
Who teaches us to walk above
The pain, noise that will grow dim.
And so I listen to the wind
As she softly carries echoes my way
I know I must endure for but a season
For my soul the prize to stay.

**Hard to live in love
In a world of hate.
We must shine the light
For all the world to see
Regardless of the darkness ~
Be anchored to our hope
With salvation sure.
Do not lose your hold
And forfeit your inheritance,
Stay focused on Messiah
The Living Word.
Remember life here is temporal
We strive to enter in
By the narrow gate
To obtain the crown of life.
We must not forsake
The assembly of the brethren
We must pray each other up
Encourage and exhort each other
For the race is swift
And will end soon.
Let us not lose heart
But endure to the end
Occupy till His coming
Being about the Father's business.
Love is more than words
It is actions of obedience.
Let us shake off slumber and sleep
Let us wake up and be Warriors
Or Righteousness
Of Holiness
Of Mighty boldness
Of living the Word
To a dying world.
Let us keep our eyes
FIXED on Yahshua.**

Light feathery blue wings
Flutter on by
To smell the flowers of today
And drink the nectar deeply.
So graceful and delicate
You ride the air
Invisible currents carry you
Onward to new heights and dreams.
The field is alive
Moving wings glide
With sun radiant
As warmth lets you
Spread your antenna
And lift off quietly.
Circle about from one to another
You flit so beautifully
With effortless ease ~
Your movement so light and free
Dance in mid air to the motion
Of the sun's rays on you
Exalting in the nectar of the field.
Your landing is wonderful to behold.

TIME IS A THIEF

Time is a thief ~
It robs me of all intentions
Pleasures escape placed by obligations.
In my mind to comfort
I relive my youth
Of endless days of fun
Outdoors with happiness unlimited.
And now with age comes responsibilities
How I hate the word
For it has robbed me of real life
And true meanings
To be replaced with society's demands.

**I tread round and round
Putting my time in
My pound of flesh
To extract what means for a living.
Time is a thief ~
Honestly I dare not look
For my heart says one thing
My head another.
I lie to myself to maintain
My consistency
So that I can continue functionally.
My heart yearns for real life
Not a token but a reality
Not years of service or labor
Nor of existence
Rather for being and living
What we are made of
Rather than the wants and dictates of others.**

TEACH US HOW

**You have breathed life in me
Lovingly watching over
When I look up
It is not a face I see
But the elements of Love.
Your being is so real.
Truly I am raptured with Joy
It defies reasoning.
You want us to love
Teach us how ~
We shall never go wrong.**

RICH

**Simplicity I seek
Balance is key
The less I own
The happier I am
The richer I become.**

BEAUTY

**Stifle the noise
And listen to the silence
There is shrouded beauty there.**

ALTERNATIVES

**Kiss a fool and he will rise
He has no fortitude
Preservation ~
Keeping alive the thoughts
Penned from long ago.**

**How I love your words
They are life to me
They comfort me when I'm afraid
Strengthen me when I'm weak
Give me light when I'm confused.
Words ~ they are life
Words ~ they can bring death
Our words bring forth both.**

**If we build on your foundation
We must shed the dual tongue
The dual mind
Become single minded
Your words seal my mind
To live what you desire.**

REVERIE

**Leather recliner, bookshelves
Leaves of knowledge
The nerd cave.
Vacation in my mind
I live vicariously.**

RESPONSIBILITIES

**We have all heard the word
Had a few of our own
Some burdened more than others
You see its wear in peoples faces
It can age you so fast
No matter how you try to avoid it
It makes your bear your load.
I have no faith in those
Whose face is clear of wear
Who never lifted a finger
You know these are kept ones
Out of the realm of reality
Clueless to how things work.
Responsibilities ~
When we have them
Bear them well
Do not blunder under the yoke
Be not the cause of shattered lives
And broken promises
Be known as successful to deliver
For by doing your share
You earn the trust and respect
When it is your turn
You will be cared for.**

SIREN

**Ascendant expression,
Deceitful partisan wish,
Credulous breed assume
Trickster usurps, inevitable,
Shocking veracity, absolutism.**

MOMS COOKING

**I remember sitting as a little girl
On a stool in the kitchen
Watching my mother bake
She would whip up the batter
And bake something yummy.**

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I would wait patiently

**Instead of being out playing
I really wanted to lick the batter
Off the beaters or the spoon.
My patience was always rewarded.
I got the first piece of pie, cake
Or the first cookies
That would come out of the oven.
My mom would stand there
All full of flour and paste
Singing opera
While baking dinner
Setting the table
And getting everything ready.
And lovingly I would watch her.
No one was allowed
In her kitchen
This was her place to shine
And no one was allowed to go there.
And to this day
When I eat something sinfully delicious
I compare it to my mom's cooking
Which no one has been able
To come close to yet.**

OUR HEARTS

**Heavenly Father
You have shown me
My heart is deceitfully evil
That I a mortal man
Need to seek your face
Your ways, your understanding
In all my ways.
It is a painful gift
To see ourselves as you do.
Your light shines on us
Our heart's condition
So that we may repent
And seek you in our weakness.**

**Truly you are sovereign
You have our best interests
At heart. You love us so much
To expose our wickedness
So we can reach up to you
And be whole in your Son.**

**Truly thou art
A Holy and Righteous Elohim
To bring us into your truth
Lovingly setting us free.**

PRETENSE

**How people are such social beings
They will promenade to the beat
Careful to be acceptable
To the denying of themselves
And cutting off their own speech.
Let our tongues lie consistently
Yet our eyes are daggers that could kill
To shake a limp hand of pretense
Is like a dead fish out of water
There is imagined life
A portrayed imagery of communication.
Let us exalt ourselves and others
While seething underneath
Let us agree to be agreeable
While all the time undermining others.
Media recants our statements
We wrap the mantel of hypocrisy around us
Speaking louder our words
To convince ourselves and others.
It is the volume that will scare people off
Not the truth for there is none.
We are isolated souls wrapped in social cocoons
Only to be broken before our time
Under developed moral beings
With hypnotic notes to sing aloud
While nodding furiously against.
Let us pretend and pretend
And pretend.
If we fake it enough
Perhaps we might just get it right.**

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SPLENDOR TO WATCH

Tall and sleek stand the aspens
Wind blowing, tussling your leaves
Shimming and flipping like coins
Their undersides showing variants of colour.

Wind blows through the pines,
Making heavy boughs sway and dip
Fragrance of pitch and tar
Pleasant to absorb.

Surprised by constancy in motion
Flow of greenery alive
Stems, branches and trunk
All bow and sway gracefully.

I know you all are speaking
What you are saying I know not
Yet I feel your love of expression
In so magnificent a splendor to watch.

TYRANNY

You know you don't belong
You have outgrown the place
Sad thing is there is nowhere to go.
Only thing left is dreaming to escape.
Hate to wish my life away.
All I can think of is there has got to be
A place untouched, somewhere.

Many put their hope in money
Just a temporary bail out
The unease goes much deeper
Unsatisfied with life as it turns
Away from us, no more choices
Rather dictated for us.

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How even nature screams out
And things around are dying.
We knew the day would come soon

**Of paying for the stupidity of others
And now they have pressed it onto us
Soon to make us into service
To pay off debts we did not make.**

**Presently we are suspended by a thread
While waiting for the other shoe to drop.**

History repeats itself.

**What makes it so much worse
Is technology is everywhere
It records everything, so invasive.**

**This is shadow lands,
Where true life is gone
We live through illusions
And self sedate ourselves
In manufactured fantasies remade for us.
And the restlessness climbs.
Soon it will roar to a head
And the people will rise up
To meet their own end
On their own terms ~
With dignity.**

OH ELOHIM YAHWEH

**Oh Elohim Yahweh ~
To think that You
Created all the world
For man to be in it
All creatures, species
For our pleasure
The world is so vast
The stars in the sky
Beyond the universe
We are but your footstool.
Oh Elohim Yahweh ~
My mind cannot comprehend
The wonder of Your Glory
And of Your Holiness, Majesty.
It is only right and due
To truly praise and worship You ~
Oh Elohim Yahweh.**

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WARRIOR

One who does not conform
Who stands up for a cause
A watchman for the people
One who has conquered fear
And walks the path of conviction
Loyal to their beliefs
Not willing to compromise
A walking sacrifice
Willing to pay the ultimate.
A person who knows
Their destiny, who they are,
One who will not quit
Will complete their mission.
A loner who does not lean
On acceptance of others
One who has an inner strength
And stands on that fortitude
Whose feet are solid.
This is a Warrior, tried and true
One who will stand forth
As the sands of time.

SOLACE

Rain has swept through
Bad thunderstorms
Temperatures dropped greatly
Mist rises off the mountain tops
The rain is damp, chilly
The sun has not shown all day.

Inside I think of
All those less fortunate
I am grateful for a roof
And my favorite pet.
This is summer?
Feels more like autumn.

How the seasons are mixed
So unpredictable lately
I still have energy in me

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I think I'll do some baking
Nothing like the smell

**Of fresh banana bread
On a damp drab day.**

**I am grateful for days like these.
They make my home comfy
A place of solace and ease
To just rest from the toil.
And to sleep with the rain
Softly hitting the roof
Is soothing to my ears.**

SOMETHING MORE

**Oh Yahweh, how I feel
I have assembly, fellowship
I have biblical doctrine, belief
We gather to worship you
Yet, there has got
To be something more.
Somehow I feel Yahweh
We have missed it.
Somehow community feels empty
Where is the true love
\that you spoke so much about?
Where is the oneness of heart
The oneness of mind?
Is it possible Yahweh
For your believers to really love?
Where Master is the reverence?
It seems the assemblies
Have changed to social clubs
A financial business
Where is the weeping at the altar?
Where is the standing in the gap?
Oh Yahweh, have we missed it?
Where is loving your law?
Where is keeping your commandments?
Oh Yahweh, the assembly is asleep
Master, where is your righteousness?
Why does the Body sin like the world?
Why is the assembly so carnal?**

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**Why do they feed the flesh
And starve the spirit?**

**Where Oh Master are those
Who seek you? Search for you?
Where are those who press into you?
I am living to see hardness of hearts
The great falling away
Many are deceived
With false assurance of religion
Without repentance.
Oh Master Yahweh,
There has got to be something more.
(2 Timothy 3)**

WALLS

**Sitting here looking up
Cinder blocks painted for a wall
I feel people are that
Cinder blocks cemented together.**

**Most never breathe or break out
To new heights or dimensions
People choke on change.
And the whole room is cement
Mortar and water
As hard as stone.**

**Let us paint over the wall
Make it pretty, adorn it
Bring colour and design
To a voiceless, lifeless wall.**

**And many are shrouded in gray
Walled up so high
A prisoner of their own making.**

**Home, sweet home
How true
Home is a safe place
Beyond the threshold.
It is where a person
Can truly reside
In peace.
No pressures, demands,
Just solace.
Sweet balm of being.**

**How much more
I appreciate
The solitude
Of the sweet home
My ark of safety from
A world off tilt.
In Heaven You go to
Prepare a place for us,
A mansion ~
Home, sweet home
How true.**

GOOD AND RIGHT

**Free as a bird I say
My heart is light
It just wants to sing
For the love I feel
I feel so gay
And it is good and right.**

**Love is the most benevolent
To us truly unworthy
I am enraptured by the beauty
Of true kindness
I could fly away
If given wings.**

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**And my heart is warm
With joy in my bosom ~**

**I feel so gay
And it is good and right.**

REVIEW

**At the end of the day
When I reflect back
It seems it is like
Trying to grab
An allusive oiled rope.
All tasks slip by us.
We never have a full grasp
On the tasks at hand.**

**Every day is a spill over
To do list, ever growing,
At night when I stop
I reflect how Yahweh
You carried me through it.**

**I have to remember
It's never about us
It is about you Elohim ~
Your loyalty to us
Your Love never ending.**

**As I review my day
I thank You Father
For the ability to do it
With your strength in my weakness.
May I continue to acknowledge
Remember and ever thank You
For the days fullness
And all within it.**

(2 Corinthians 12:9)

**With eyes closed, hands raised
I worship you Oh Yahshua
Your presence fills the room
Joy fills my heart
I cannot contain it.
Your light fills the room
I cannot open my eyes
I feel plugged into
An electrical current
Energy surrounds me
I see with my eyes closed
A cloud of light descend.
It is filled with silver lights
Bursting with energy.
Slowly the light fades away.
I reach up to touch it ~
It has gone.
The Joy in my heart
It does remain.
I have touched
The Throne of Heaven.
I have foreseen
The Vision of Holiness ~
Awesome is Yahweh!
Awesome is Yahshua!**

TIME IS OUR TEACHER

**Time was created for man
To be able to measure
His many successes
To use time as a gauge
For structure, growth, maturity.
Time is a teacher.
It shows us what we were,
What we are, who we become.
It never rewinds itself
Rather it does review,
So we can compare and change
To grow to new heights,
Become the person
We are meant to be.**

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**At the end of our time
We can trade in**

**Our life's accomplishments.
The check list is much different
To what we live by.
It will be the little things
We have done and lived
With much care and concern
Being the grade of rewards.
Each of us, our time
Is various lengths.
Let us in all sobriety
Seize onto it, use it
Cherish it as precious
With no guarantees of tomorrow.
Toss aside regrets and misery
Look and see today
For what it really is
A gift of no guarantee
That tomorrow will come.
Live it in the fullness
It presents itself.
And doing so you
Will find the Divine present.**

THE KING'S COURT

**Majesty
Worship His Majesty
Glory and honor
And splendor is yours!
Righteousness exudes you.
Love beyond reason
Beyond our human measure
Love within itself
Has filled all corners
Of the Universe.
Yahshua died so that
We may live
I can never comprehend
The depth, the height**

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**Of that love so consuming
To sacrifice ones self**

**So others may live.
Truly Thou are the King
Master of all,
Majesty and honor and glory
Are all due your name.
The chorus wave will roll
For all eternity ~
Worshipping His Majesty on High.
I am glad to be
In the King's court
Joining my voice of praise.**

THE TREASURE

**Ribbons of many colours
Laid out in front of you
From the many colours
You must choose.
How can you decide
Against such variety of art?
You cannot do justice
All colours exist for a reason.
Many roads in front of you
Most lead to compromise
One leads to life but requires sacrifice.
Once you have found the one
You must take and keep
Then you have crossed over
From indecision to the cloak of choice.
The world is full of treasures
Luminous riches that glimmer.
Much is thrown at us,
Yet within we know the truth.
We are born with that
Inner voice of reason when we follow it
We see clearly the road to choose.
We walk on it to finish the race set before us.
Instead of ribbons, Medals of Honor
Or the praise of men's lips
We earn an eternal Crown of Life
To throw at the Master's feet
And prostrate down to His throne.**

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**In that eternal city of no more tears
No more fear, no more dark**

**Of love itself.
The ribbon is the Blood Covenant
The road is straight and narrow
The voice is the Holy Spirit
The Treasure is Eternal Life
Through Yahshua the Messiah.**

NO MORE WANDERING

**Rest your soul
Oh weary wanderer
There's no need
To walk any more
You have found true rest
On the shores of prayer
Praise He does inhabit
He will renew you.**

**Rest your soul
Oh weary wanderer
To verdant pastures
With skies of blue
He is faithful
Who has promised
It is the Lord Almighty
Faithful and True.**

**Trade your worries and burdens
Gladly drop the load
He will carry you further
Beyond your expiration point
To renewed beginnings
He is the Master of Eternity
No more wandering here.**

**My life you cannot comprehend
Nor can you climb to the depth of it
A mind in waiting using up thoughts
To survive the loneliness of solitude
I have grown a whole garden of thought
And they have borne children
Weighing heavy on the vine
Touching the earth's core.
My compass is not yours
Rather one of thought
To where I dwell upon I reach
And it carries me there.
The depths of a being
Make them climb limits
And crawl over barriers
Of others doing.
Inside this steel mask I breathe
Locked within, waiting for release
To show my face
One of strong emotion.
And the chain that hinders it
Become unhinged and wave
As tossed to freedom
The mask relents
Having left its impression on me.**

(Tribute to Man in the Steel Mask)

COINCIDENCE YOU SAY ~

**Coincidence you say ~
Something happened
Your plans are altered
You feel the day was wasted
Then someone you talk to
Needs something which
Only you can help with.
Coincidence you say ~
It is raining outside
You need to mail this letter
The post office is closed
And you are broke**

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**You find a single stamp
On the wet lawn, dry.**

Coincidence you say ~
You forgot to pick up someone
They are waiting at the hospital
They are broke.
They look down and exact change,
They take the bus home.
Coincidence you say ~
Truly in this life
There are no coincidences
Rather small miracles
Sent our way
To help us through life.
Father, thank you for
Your many "coincidences".

ANGLED AND WOVEN LIVELY

Lush green of emerald
Succulent foliage edible
Sweet aroma of earth lingers
The air so cool and clear
Caressing my skin
All the leaves and grass
Woven, curled together.

After a rain storm
Drops of water sparkle
As diamonds on a dirt mound
Such a newness feeling
Alive and a part of my surroundings
Cycle of life is constant.

My ears and eyes take it in
Movement small and large
A pallet of colour
Sheltered from the touch of humans
Pure and unaltered
You parade your growth
All can see the lines so true
Angled and woven lively.

(Tribute to Nature)

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TRUE POVERTY

**A life of privilege
Wanting for nothing
It so seems that those mentioned
Are the most wretched.
Affluence has a way of
Poisoning ones self.
How often the sad tale
Of a very rich person's life
Ending in despair and utter demise.
Yet you hear of those happier
With nothing to carry forward.
The poor are rich in ways
That we cannot comprehend.
They walk in the integrity
Of their souls, definition pronounced.
Riches amassed elude us,
They fall out of a bag with holes
Yet the Poor's wealth is a spiritual treasure.
They are one with the earth
And reverence it for its substance
To help them make it
Yet another day.
They understand the balance of things
And the cycle of change.
People are drawn to those
Who know who they are.
Their essence exudes
To those in great need.
Two worlds meet and clash.
Society holds one in great esteem
Based on the values of men.
The heavenly choir
Holds the other in great esteem ~
The meek inherit the earth.
They have the true treasure
They are the guardian of it.**

At the bottom of despair
Injustices and hurt,
If you look real close
Unforgiveness is the root.
The pain, deep pain
That is so prevalent,
If we were to find
The courage to forgive ~
There is nothing we can't
Heal or overcome.
With the smallest seed
That falls to the ground
In our short life ~
The seed of forgiveness
To heal all wounds,
To set you free with hope
To become alive.

YOU NEVER CONSIDER

Quietly I watch you
I protect you, love you.
You go about every day
With no notice I am there.
Months, years pass by.
I never leave you
I sustain you, comfort you.
You graduate in life from
One success to another.
You plan your days, years.
You are satisfied
With your gains and accomplishments.
You never consider once
How I graced you with them.
You are old, feeble and alone,
Your friends deserted you.
You are aware of loneliness, abandonment.
You become bitter and angry.
Yet you don't see me in your life.
The day comes for me to
Call you forth from this life.
You enter the realm of timelessness.

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You look up before me

**Standing at my footstool of my throne.
You see my longsuffering,
My patience and love.
You say, "Oh Yahshua!
I never knew, Forgive me!"
And I say with great sadness
"I loved you yet you ignored me.
You coveted life over me.
now I must say go away from me,
I never knew you."
How sad! We hear the Word,
The warning yet don't pay any heed.
We lose all thought of Yahshua,
Some find out too late.
My friend don't wait –
Find Him now.**

EVERY GENERATION

**Every generation leaves
Something behind
Growing up we question our elders
And why the outdated way of life.
As we mature we see the necessity
To mend our ways and settle down.
I guess being "outdated" is really
Having come full circle to acceptance.
Change has washed over us
To show us who we really are.
As we become so we are
And we pass that down
To our kids.
Lessons are not always learned
Nor easily received.
For the ones that are
It leaves a mark of honor
Which is handed down,
Respected and carried on.
It is our duty to
Learn from others.
That is what we are here for,
Integrity.**

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SOJOURN

**I am a sojourner
I have traveled far
Footprints sometimes heavy.
Let us walk the wasteland ~
To the world of void
Infiniti's line –
No matter, no space
Just non-definition.
Let us climb the mountain ~
The pillars of knowledge
Frozen in time, discarded by men.
These are the columns to heaven.
Let us run the beach ~
Where worlds meet
Embrace each other
This is the place for life.
I wash my soul
Let the tide remove the stain.
Let us sit in the forest ~
The wonderland of imagination
Growth springs new
Giving to the eternal cycle
Make a home for me.
Let us stand on the road ~
Which is drawing us
To our own quest
Envision the direction
And walk towards it.
Let us see the horizon ~
The worlds compass
That is evolving within us.
May we journey there.**

A LIVING PAINTING

**Off in the tree line
Rises Mount Arrowhead
White cloud streaks crown
Your pleasant green peak.
I see a field of grass
Landscaped with an occasional
Sweeping green sapling.**

Canopies of sumac

**Dot as far as the eye can see.
It is a beautiful cold truth
Survival of the fittest
Such a precious balance
In harmony ~
A living painting
I have stepped into.
Duration of the daylight
Frames your canvas
The light exposing variations
Of texture, smell and colour.
To be here in the midst
Of this living treasure
I want the day to last.
I cannot replicate your beauty
I can only bask in its warmth
Reveling in your grandeur.**

USERS, USERS

**Users, users, they are everywhere
No matter how careful you are
It seems they come at you
From a distance a far.
Snide looks, malicious smile
Hideous curl on the face
They devour you and spit you out
Not even leaving a trace.**

**Users, users, they are everywhere
Friends, relatives, workers too
They all leer so near
They falsely will befriend you.
Once they have your confidence
They do a tale spin
Hoping your sympathy
And benevolence to win.
They drain you emotionally
Take all you will give
Drain you financially
Like a might sieve.**

Users, users, they are everywhere

**Two faced hypocrite losers
Will bleed you dry
They are the great moochers.
Guard yourself with protection
They still seem to seep in
It's like they are poison
They breed like vermin.**

**Users, they are losers
Don't give them an inch
They deserve to die on the vine
Let them to others pine.**

CHANGES

**Adults, little people grown up
Souls defining themselves
Capturing the essence of being
Merging its worth with life.**

**Friends, other self souls
Searching for validity
Reaching and combining ideals
Agreeing with those who blend.**

**Peers, the group that surrounds
Which to evaluate
Opinions, differences, ideals
Adjust our aspirations wisely.**

**Enemies, a necessary evil
To show us our temperament
Reveal the ugliness we have
Exchanging for newness of life.**

**Babies, innocence pure
Valiant display of loyalty and trust
Challenge ourselves to teach
Grow with the process.
Death, the mask of which
We all shall one day wear
Which we must leave our mask
May it leave tranquility to those who grieve.**

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DEAD EYES

Her eyes were black as pitch
The face motionless, yet the eyes, the eyes
They followed you around the room.
Death permeated from them
A cold chilling without meaning
Isolated with that permanent stare
Locked into the hypnotic glare.
I slowly back up reaching for the door handle
Wishing for this down staring to end.
I make it to the other room
Only to find it goes no where.
I must walk back that way to get out.
I reenter the room with those eyes
The air is stifling, the temperature cold.
I look back up and see
Just those piercing cold dead eyes.
How did they get here? Whose are they?
What could have happened?
To a soul to become like this?
And I am locked in place
Unable to move I open my mouth
Letting out a scream.
No one around to hear me
Or to show them this face
Hanging on the wall with those piercing eyes.
And they do linger
Even with my own eyes closed.
They etch upon the soul bring fear to the mind
Of a never ending begging
To look beyond and see,
Yet I cannot get past the illusion
The torment that is expressed so gravely.

EARS TO HEAR

Prophecy spoken, written
Becomes a warning
To all who heed
A disaster to those who mock.
An eerie hush prevails
As men lift eyes to watch
The doom fall.

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They question why

**Should this be any different?
Yet given the time frame
It gives it credence and weight.
Men don't lie about death.
They avoid it, fear.
The prophecies are coming true
All take shape to reality.
When one knows who they are
They can discern what
Pertains to them.
It is not proof of falsehood
Rather mercy to prolong.
Mockers will refute that.
They will be partying
The day the fire rains on them,
Few listen, few heed.
Do you have ears to hear?**

TRUST HIM NOW

**Be not in love with world
You are but passing through
All in this world
Is passing away.
Set your love on Yahweh
And the kingdom of His throne.**

**Sin has corrupted this world
It has fallen from
Its original state and splendor,
Men will fail you
Money will fail you
Put your trust in Yahweh
And Yahshua His Son.**

**By faith lean on Him
By faith trust Him
To meet all your needs.
Drop the doctrines of men
The promises and reassurances
Of the world around you.**

Put only your hope

**In Yahshua alone,
The Living Word.
He will deliver and transform you.
Learn to trust Him now
Before it is too late.**

INTEGRITY BE TRUE

**My hand does make
The pen flow
Ink is on the pages,
Reveal words of truth
And I do tell
The effects and wages.
People rise and fall
By the power of the tongue
So the same with the pen,
And I should be
The most careful of all
For I can make or end.
Destruction can come
Influential and spoken
Time can carry it all
The writers edge and touch
Yet is most responsible
For others advance or fall.
And know the pen
Is but a sword
In the wrong hand,
Many a person
Has lived and dies
When a monarch did stand.
Yet individually we
Can kill so quick with but a word or two,
So I remind all fellow quills
Honor, integrity be true,
Or one day
Someone else's pen
Can be the end of you.**

**I choke with emotion
When this pen I do write
For I know soon Dad
Of your earthly plight.
Your eyes are now dim
Your memory not so sharp
I remember all the ways
Your life has been in part
A molding of my character
And my love so today
I fondly do recall
Your influence in every way.
The little girl I was
On the toilet lid I'd stand
And you would teach me
How your neck tie to knot,
And then slap aftershave
On your shaven face
The glee of excitement
As a little tot.
Older I would walk with you
Reaching up hand in mine
You'd pull me up to you
My arms your neck to find.
You were such a maverick
A power house you were
A father, husband, worker
And immigrant called Sir,
You were a farmer
A carpenter too
A soldier, officer, politician,
Businessman to name a few.
It seemed you were never home
You were busy earning so
To support your loving family
In the years we all did grow.
Each of us you married off
Helped in every part
To become a man, a woman
After your very heart.**

Mom would beam with pride

**In all the years through
The ups and downs together
She clung and stuck with you.
And now that you are older
And I care for you so
It touches my heart the memories
And your life does go.
From the earth we came
And return we all must
Loosing you my loving Dad
The Master does ease I trust.**

MY GRANDFATHERS

**Indian blood runs in my veins
White men's rules choke
The life that is in me.
I dream of flying eagle And running wolf
Of brother bear of the woods.
My Grandfathers Come to me in my sleep
They talk of spirit truths
I live in two worlds not of my choosing.
How vines wrap around trees and rocks,
I feel the hold of life's demands.
If I could shift I would walk free
Into the forest and be one with
Brother sun, brother moon,
And be the cycle handed down to others.
The legends would be alive
Live on in the story telling
Of man and nature as one long ago.
The earth hums softly to those who listen
Can hear the tom toms of the sacred drum
The turning wheel of life with the sacred arrows.
Hear oh brother flute I hear the owl call my name
I now join my grandfathers in the sacred lodge
Our memory will guide you.**

THE TREASURE SO PROFOUND

**There is a secret place
One we all must find
To place our hearts treasure,
It is within the soul
Where we keep our heart
The things in life we measure.**

**Hands cannot touch
The depth within
Where I do reside,
It is immortal
Eternal breath of light
The thing of life's pride.**

**Our beings very core
Unique in itself
This is the gate,
Each of us discover
The arch of the soul
Our true character's slate.**

**Written in our minds
More upon the heart
Emotions swell and full,
They rise up wings
Which give us flight
Heavenward it does pull.**

**Waste not your time
To dwell on troubled thoughts
Nor give in to fear,
Rapture of love so deep
The treasure so profound
It is our heart my dear.**

MURMUR AND COMPLAIN

**Murmur and complain
You kill your blessings
Destroy all your rewards.
Murmur and complain
You push people to the limits
Turn them bitter against you.
Murmur and complain
Your words speak death
They rob hearts of joy.
Murmur and complain
Your negativity is cancerous
Takes root into the bones.
Murmur and complain
Your push people away
Friends and family stop coming.
Murmur and complain
You breed hate and discontent
Causing ingratitude and unbelief.
Murmur and complain
You are a tool of Satan
To destroy believers in the body.
Murmur and complain
Without faith you cannot please Yahweh
Nor inherit the kingdom of heaven.
Murmur and complain
You will be destroyed
In the wilderness of your making.
Murmur and complain
Stop now, repent.
Ask Yahweh's forgiveness
Cleanse yourself, be made whole
Do this, save your soul
Before you are blotted out
Of the Book of Life.
Get rid of it –
The murmuring and complaining.**

THE GATES OF THE ETERNAL

High above the clouds
There is another place
Where vapor tapers
Form is void
The spirits gather there.
All you have lived for
Is nothing here
Naked you stand
Before the Almighty
His presence does burn
All that is not holy.
He is a consuming Elohim.
The seven pillars of Wisdom
You have entered
Profound and Sovereign,
This is His Throne.
Oh man, you have entered
The Gates of the Eternal.
Your mind is free
You know the secrets
Of the foundation of the world
And see from afar
The Truth in Love.
This shall be your school master.
You are restored
To what you were created for
The trial of testing is gone
Your reward is now here.

THAT WHICH DOES NOT FAIL

When I have tried all else
And it has truly failed
There's nothing left to do
I get down on my knees
And turn to talk to you.
Life is overwhelming
I know not where to turn
Confusion in my mind
Yet within my heart does burn
That you are Elohim.

**I don't know why
I wait so long
To empty my heart all out
And always afterwards
My heart feels light and new.
I may not see you
But I feel your presence near
Your peace and comfort
They do surround me
When on bended knee
I have your ear.
To enter the throne
One must be humble
To be on our knees
With head forward cast
Is truly surrendering
To the Heavenly King.
There is one thing
That does not fail
But truly does last
It is prayer to the King
On His Throne
We are connected
We are not alone.**

RAIN

**Rain falls softly on the leaves
Droplets fall so tenderly
The parched earth it does quench
Thirst is filled and it does spill ~
Overflow trickles and carries away
The stain, the pain of the day...**

**Freshness in the air
Fill my lungs full and linger ~
As the green glistens
Film of all is washed off
And seeps away...**

**Rain how I need it so
Every now and then
To wash my soul ~**

**And carry away all
That does weigh down
I let it with the water drown...**

**Rain let it fall...
Gently, softly as a lullaby
And lull me to sleep ~
With closed eyes I can live
The freshness that
Was brought to me...**

**And shape new thoughts ~
Ambitions and desires
Will come from this.**

HIDDEN THEN FOUND

**I have been dispersed
Among the nations
Brought into bondage and slavery
Centuries I have been pursued
Hunted down, tormented and killed.
I have traveled the globe
And landed in two countries
Where I have come
To enjoy great freedoms.
I am assimilated among
All kindred's of peoples
I have been hidden
For over eighteen hundred years.
Just now my identity is known.
I am the Lion and her whelps
I am Ephraim and Manassas
I am the lost tribes of Israel.
We were lost when we
Broke the Covenant
Of keeping Sabbath.
Now people are discovering
Who they really are.
Elohim's Ruach is waking
Up the sleeping Israelites.
They are knowing who
The El Yahweh is.**

**As promised He has
Watched over us
We have become a country
Of great nations
And a country of great wealth.
The light has shown our hearts
We are the lost house of Israel,
The house of Judah is not lost.
Let us step up
And take proper ownership
Being sons of Yahweh
Through Yahshua the Messiah.
Let us follow in obedience
Keeping Yahweh's commandments.**

MOMENT OF TRUTH

**There comes a moment of truth
Where you have to stop
Ask yourself what really matters
Then walk away from it all
And pursue only what is true.
We all have blind spots
They sabotage us
Honesty says we have them ~
Is the first step to rid them.
Can you really decide
To give up everything
For a belief, a principle?
Can you take comfort
In knowing who you are
And that being enough?
We reach a point
Where we just sit and watch
Others work and pursue
We come to accept our surrender
In being comfortable as we are.
This is a point of death.
You decide to stop growing.
Can we be solid enough
To Stand?**

**And be happy we can Stand?
Yes, we wind down with age
That does not mean
You have to give up
All hopes for a dream
For things new and wonderful.
Courage to change
And then doing it ~
This is the moment of truth.**

TO ANOTHER PLACE

**Nothing matters anymore
It's alright really
I have reached my Apex
And once there
Nothing can touch that.
How can you handle life
Once you have tasted eternity?
It is all relative
Time is just a span
In eternity itself.
Once you have reached your Zenith
There is nothing more
You just live in its shadow.
Within is new,
Reached beyond the heavens
To another place
The evolution of a soul.
The Quasar is in the north.
My name is written there,
Let the journey being.**

REBUILD THE CIRCLE

**It is good to have unity
The circle had been broken
Now we are together again.
Small detours, so subtle
Not realizing years drift by
How you are needed here.
Much has escalated
In your absence.**

Time has been kind to us
Where age has claimed residence.
There is much work to be done
School days are over with
Childish ways are past
Now the seriousness of the hour
Has given all of us
An urgency and precedence
Like never before.
Let us hold onto that truth
No longer waste days so precious
Rather rebuild the circle
Working in unity, commitment
Our lives depend on it.

ANSWERS YOU SEEK

When you have lost your way
Walk into Nature
She will give you answers
That you are seeking.
Quietly she speaks to all
Who will watch and listen
She calms the soul within
Through her majesty displayed
Reveals to us our balance.
We no longer define ourselves
By empty words
We can walk the way
Of the garden once removed
Heal our minds in tune
Connect to the cycle of rhythm
And be one with the answers
We so seek.
I promise you
Nature has never failed us,
We have failed nature
And ourselves in the process.
Return to her new
And reach up with wings
As the great Phoenix
Soar high towards the heavens,
Where you belong.

OUR TONGUES

**The power of the tongue
Many don't even consider
Without a thought they will
Speak the words away, they whither.
Fly they do on other's lips
With reinvention of meaning
Not it is unleashed
And the damage escalates.
Flatter, stammer, hesitate,
Justify, Oh My!
And this member to communicate
Can also bite and devour
Consume and consume ~
Give it no room.
Such a small part of us
Yet all that we feel in our hearts
Flows through our mouths
As expression it parts.
Truth blurts out of control
And all can see our knurly soul
Or beauty divine forth will shine.
And words build; And words destroy
Others can scar forever.
I ask, the tongue,
Can it ever consistently be kind?**

IMPEDIMENTS

**Many times I yearn
My life were divergent
That the burdens would rise
The obligations go elsewhere
Often we get straddled
No choice of our own.
We must dispense with them
This is duration.
Unrealistic they say to have an incubus
You are shot down
For having something compelling.
As the ocean tide
Life pulls me in that inclination
Helpless, tired I release.**

**It is nice to have a structured environment
Where no opposition holds your goals away.
Yet what is life with no resistance,
Nothing accomplished?
It seems so meaningless.
In fulfilling my purpose
Of serving others
I discover my true self.
Often I inquire for others
Which I really don't want
And end up with what
Is most notable.
I feel so much is unfinished
Yet not really
I am just coming to terms
With my impediments
When I accept them.
The burdens will lift,
For I would have let go
And accept the tide in my life.**

BALM

**Layers I have peeled back
To the core I've entered
Pulsating flesh so tender
So many slashes, cuts, bruises
You gush blood everywhere
I can only put balm
On your ever present wounds
Enough to slow the flow
To make it stop.
Leeches, suckers, wild things
Have all but drained, The life within.
Darkness hides the injuries
Light exposes them.
I must save before I rescue
The ember within is a flame
No voice is necessary
Your eyes speak volumes
Hush, let us rest
Know one another
Fight no more
The terror is gone.**

THISTLE

**Your beauty is guarded
Oh spiny herbaceous,
Your crown of rose and purple
Circular bracts, hairy receptacle
Thy noxious weeds persistent
Your five parted flowers
Attributes to their beauty.
Your grooved stems branch high
Prickly are your leaves
Showy is your crown of purple.
The feathery plume you grace
Adorns many a family crest
You are attributed to royalty
The national emblem of Scotland
You crown the fields
I choose you to fill my vase
Everlasting, your beauty never dies.**

INK

**Ink appears on the pages
It fills in to make letters
The book was never empty ~
You walk into the future
You cannot be seen or heard
Deeds manifest themselves ~
Thoughts, desires, actions
Goals accomplished
They bring forth much
Into the future ~
A man's work shall follow him
Some will multiply greatly.
Your seed turns into a tree
Many eat from you branches. ~**

**We don't seem to grasp
The magnitude of our lives
Or how we touch others.
If we knew our true value
We would tenderly nourish our souls.
All of us are unique and beautiful
With a mission just for one**

**Let the ink fill in
The pages of your book.
May it be deep, vast
And inspire others.**

YOUR WORD

**Many books adorn my library
But one is most read
It is the voice of Yahweh
Spoken by the prophets,
My inspiration in need
Comfort in sorrow
Direction in confusion
Hope in despair
It is I tarry there.
To be in your presence Yahweh
Is more than the wealth
Of which the world holds.
Nothing can give me
The wisdom, the direction
Which I seek and need.
It happened there,
In the beginning.
I have it all at my fingertips.
Your Word is a treasure
I love and thank you for.
How blessed I am
To have it, to read it.
Thank you Yahweh for giving
Us your Holy Word!**

ENDURE

**Quickly so,
The bible says days
With so much happening,
Like these would come.
Knowledge would increase
To and fro,
People's love would grow cold.
Lawlessness would abound.**

**"Society" has driven man
To put a price tag on everything.
Even souls of men have dollar value,
Nothing more.
People are treated
Like commodities
Faster things will escalate
There is no stopping what
Yahweh set in motion.
Only those who are anchored
In El Yahshua himself
Will stand steadfast.
All others will fall away.
There are the terrible days
Of much pain and affliction.
Men shall betray each other
You must be born above
To have love to endure.
Pray for it,
To endure to the end.**

DRIFTER

**The drifter within
Yearns to get away
Seasons past a maze of faces
Drugs, alcohol, the haze
Music brings me back
I feel detached, floating
Above it all.
All my former life died
Yet the dreamer within
Relives the ultimate trips
Even recycled highs are ecstasy.
Psyco9delic music lifts me
To a land of fantasy
Harmony, euphoria
There I cannot share
They are but lived and relived
The fourth dimension
Experienced in full
Colour, sound and motion
Years have taken their toll
My soul ~ Drift away.**

DREAM

**Think it not silly to dream
When you life is going nowhere
Let your imagination nurture you
Be kind to your overloaded soul.
Nurture yourself, learn how
Do all that's necessary
To unleash your inner voice
Squash all who would silence you.
Dreams have kept many alive
When all hope had failed
Enough of the despair, madness
Which engulfs us like a wave ~
Rise above it.
Your mind is free, keep it so.
Content with who you are
Like parched land drinking up the rain
My hands hold a butterfly
I throw it up in the air
And it leaves with no trail to follow,
You too take wake my friend.**

PLENITUDE

**Tangled nerves what once were steel
Stunned by ambition which has
Come to self implode
Mangled, self impaired
Disorientated of sorts
Howling in pain not audible
Yet decibels felt crudely
Biting, knurling to the bone
So much sinew mass blemished
Seeping with emotion - Move now for it's over
Standing collapsed and ruled
Others dominate your once province
Gorge yourself no more
Pathetic little cries waft upward
No one cares for your woes
Abandonment by your former colleagues
Defend yourself against your own jurisdiction
Find a way out of this one
The world of plenitude has no loyalties.**

I CHALLENGE YOU MY FRIEND

**I challenge you my friend
To try to go a whole week
Without "acquiring" anything.
We are a world of consumers
And hoarders, these we've become.
It never seems right to have more
Than what one can consume or use.
I challenge you my friend
To try to go a whole week
Without complaining
Oh yes, the ultimate venting machine!
Try oh yes try!
Why? To see what you are made of.
Our ears are filters
Sometimes they get clogged
We shut them off to those
Who would dump on us
Needlessly
Rant and rave in other ways
Than useless verbiage
Or complaining.
I challenge you my friend
To reach out to a stranger
At least one this week
And get to know them
As a person, not an entity
Or a statistic.
I challenge you my friend
To reach for a quiet place
Within yourself, and listen
To your soft heart's whispers
They are trying to communicate
With your soul.
I challenge you my friend
To strive to be a better person
Not for any one else
But for yourself
You are the nucleus of all change
Wit, char, meaning ~
"I challenge you my friend".**

POLISHED

**How does one shine? Glow?
Smile brings forth much
To the degree of understanding
Nod is but affirmation and agreement
Hug is unconditional acceptance.
How does one grow? Live?
Walking away from what hurts
Toward what can cure
Not glancing back and reliving
The cloud of pain.
How does one cry? Grieve?
Expel the pain from your soul
Toxic poisons bleeding forth
Trail of salt on your cheeks
Drying to new resolution.
How does one become brave?
Courage you see is more than fighting
More than a stance of purpose
It is living ones convictions
Against the crowd of many
Which condemn you on every side.
It is being yourself when others hate you.
How does one move on?
Forward you go with
No map or instructions
Blindly you walk with faith
In your hopes and dreams
To see you through.
Shine? How do I shine?
By the constant wearing down
Leaving a rubbing mark on my soul
Which has polished the rustic gem within
And now the world can see
Yes, be gracious to "Me".**

WEB OF MEDIOCRITY

**Gilded silver tongue has she
To baffle them with brilliance
Yet the tongue is sick you see
And the pen is stooped as well
It feels her soul is stuck in hell.**

Compression all around her
The smile is now gone
Wishing her life away
In the meantime for some change. ~
This web of mediocrity
Has spun heavy at last
Breaking out of the vial
With a fierce some blast. ~
The candle is knocked over
The flame is gone out
Trivial meaningless things is all
They seem to spout about ~
This madness wanes freely
Elusive and menacing of late
Rocking back and forth
Not knowing what road to take ~
Leaves of trees plenty
Much to write down
Scattered thoughts unclenched
Falling to ruin on the soil
Of frustration and anger.
(Tribute to a Job I WAS stuck in)

RYE

Harvest time
You lean back in a field of rye
Knowing soon this will be cut
The beauty of the fruit when dried
Braids itself back into the stem.

Soft in my hands are your kernels
So small yet needed
Breadbasket of the world
Birds perch on your tops
You are plenty.

The wind sweeps my trace
It is not visible on my parting
I leave you to sway in the wind
And silhouette in the sun
With birds eating from your stalks.

TO BE A KID AGAIN

**You are my friend
And so I will listen
What have you got for me?
Don't you just want to be
A kid once more?
Free to explore and roam
With no one barking at you?
Friend, don't you wish
You could just drop everything
Be irresponsible for once
And take off to nowhere?
To stand at the ocean
And chase the waves ~
To run through cornfields
Getting lost in the middle ~
To riding old jalopies
With the doors gone ~
To stay up late at night
Walk by people's houses
And look inside?
Seeing the luminous glow
Of the huge television sets ~
To ride double on a bicycle
To hand onto the side of a tractor
To stay up all night gazing up at the stars
Listening to the train whistle on the tracks
Waiting for the morning sun to dawn ~
To chase each other on the lawn
Playing tag and falling down ~
To skip across the garden hose
Getting sprayed and loving it ~
To lay out on a blanket
Plastered with sun tanning lotion
Listening to the radio
And the dog is licking you ~
Friend, don't you want
To just be a kid again?
I know I do.**

MY HOME

**A moment's silence
That's all I ask
Birds are my canopy
Their music is my orchestra
White and lavender lilacs in bloom
So perfect, nature's lace on stems
Light angles across the lawn
Shadows being cast
Heat gives way to cool
Humming birds fighting overhead
Chasing among the tree tops.
The red wing black bird
Letting out is majestic call.
Chipmunk racing up the lawn
Dodging red squirrels
Dogwood trees have grown
Touching the second floor
Covering the back door.
The sun, a bright gold coin
With rays around
Highlights the grass tips
The dandelions gone to seed
The full white heads
Are lit up with auras
Green grass and clover
A living, breathing carpet
Dragonflies and butterflies
Dance and dash about
The perfect air - So crisp and clean.
All I hear are the birds
Full melody conversing
Many varieties together
The field and woods
My home, it is heavenly.**

SUBLIME

**Yellow swallowtail butterflies
Zigzag across the lawn
Knee high grass
Of clover and daisies
Queen Anne's lace**

**Black eyed Susan's
Indian paint brushes
Buttercups, chicory,
Alfalfa, wheat tares,
A field of white
Dandelion heads,
Slowly move with a gentle breeze.
Dragon flies hover about
Trilliums purple and white
Pansies and violets
Tucked in a tree line.
I'm in awe of the sublime.**

FOUNDATION

**Beating in your chest
Vibration in your mind
Vision while asleep
I am your voice
I want to echo.
Rings from a ripple
Transmit waves of thought
Understood by animals
Your actions are the
Life to your thoughts
Truly you have chosen
And orchestrated.**

**Decide, don't look back
Be loyal to your conviction
Commitment, actions
Build a foundation.
One day you will see
All the small things added
They make up much.
Our lives are choices
Which bring rewards.
Know the foundation
You are building on.**

THRONE OF ELOHIM

**Yahweh mentions in heaven is a river
Of water that flows from the
Throne of Yahweh. It flows through
The New Jerusalem and waters the
Trees of fruit which we shall eat from.
He is the foundation of life
The light that brings light
The foundation of knowledge,
All wisdom.
He is the seven pillars of wisdom
The seven candlesticks
The seven spirits of Elohim.
Holy, Holy, Holy
Is the El Elohim Almighty.
He is I AM
He is all there is. Amen!
Great, Holy, Merciful is He.**

HELL

**Down you descend
The light vanishes
Darkness takes over
Your senses are heightened
Every remorse, pain magnified
Over and over in your mind
The torment rages on.
People without number
Surround you in the dark
Prayers of desperation uttered
That goes unheard
Too late, too late,
You hear teeth grinding with pain –
This land of the dead
Separated from all that is
Beautiful, loving, kind.
You try to communicate
With your loved ones,
The living. You go unheard; There is no time here
Just an unending reliving
Of every regret you ever had.**

**You are separated forever
From the Master and His Mercy,
You were never created
To dwell in this place.
This could have been avoided,
You were warned.
Now you are separated from Elohim
For all eternity.**

MANKIND IS A MIX

**Yahweh His Majesty is on high
He overlooks the world from a far.
Nothing is too small
For his loving eye or ear
Or too lonely, his
Compassion For a tear.
He gives us the elements
Protects and clothes us so
Rain, sunshine comes
To makes our crops grow.
King Majesty on High
Gifts without end
To his faithful and true
Does he rightly send.
Of foolish are the men
Who ignore the Author of Life
Instead of comfort and peace
They choose a life of strife.
They gamble their life
Not knowing the day or hour
When like in the hot sun
The fading of a flower.
Youth is but fleeting
Strength does not always reside
Cares and riches of the world
Wrapped up in pride.
It is all our goal
For us to be about
To reach every soul
With the Father's love.
Mankind is a mix
One of every kind**

**My prayer is this
That they the Father may find.
That the Book of Life
Will have their name written in
And they'd be delivered
From a life of sin.**

LET US LAUGH NOW

**You were in a rush
Had your glasses off
Grabbed a can and sprayed your hair
The "hairspray" being bathroom foam cleaner
You leave with a spike hairdo ~
Let us laugh now.**

**You were in a hurry
You back out of the garage
With my car slightly behind yours
Dad navigates who is almost legally blind
You almost hit my car
You angled out
And ripped the side mirror off the door ~
Let us laugh now.**

**You show me your car is broke
An air gauge clip is next to the emergency brake
I tell you the brake is not broke
You ask why the emergency light is lit up
I say you have your foot on the brake ~
Let us laugh now.**

**You had boiled hummingbird food
Mixture, water and sugar
You are standing there watching
It ooze out of the bottom
All over your shoes and on the floor
You asked why it does that
The bottom was not screwed on ~
Let us laugh now.**

**You had walked away from the stove
Left a frying pan on
I come home to a house full of black smoke
The pan is on fire ~
Let us laugh now.
You get a phone call
It is from the doctor's office**

Notifying you of your appointment
Your write it down wrong
You miss the appointment ~
Let us laugh now.
You want to know what I did with your pill box
Why the pills are not full
You took tonight's pills this morning
And in the spirit of things
Mixed the days all up to backfill the spaces ~
Let us laugh now.
You are still able to drive
To answer the phone
To take "messages" and "convey them"
Yet you won't get a hearing aide
You won't get your eyes checked ~
Let us laugh now.
(A loving Tribute to the aging process)

IF I WERE TO EXPIRE TONIGHT

If I were to expire tonight
What would I say to El Yahweh?
How could I account
For how I lived my life?
For my choice and actions?
Put into perspective
I have been self focused
Absorbed with the world
Negligent of spiritual matters.
If I were to die now,
What would become of me?
Where would my spirit go?
It seems all of life
We consume, constantly.
We become what we absorb.
I cannot see myself for
Who I am,
But others can,
The Master can.
Perhaps I have the power
To change, maybe not.
To know a truth is good,
To live it is something else.
Sometimes it takes
A lifetime to learn.

HUMBLY I BOW

**Words cease to express
For fear of the unknown,
I am a fool if I try.
My knowledge is limited
Some things are too deep for me.
I am aware of my limitations.
Rather than to try to
Understand what I know not,
I am grateful for what I do ~
Silence is golden –
It is submissive to
A wiser knowledge,
Bows to its supremacy –
The Ancient of Days
Has in His power –
The keys to life and eternity ~
So I humbly bow
In reverence
To His Sovereignty.
There is no room
For foolishness.**

HOW HARD TO LIVE HOLY!

**Oh Yahweh! I had
No idea of how hard
It would be to live
A holy life! I believe
In you, love you. I
Have faith in you.
Yet to be holy!
To be righteous
Takes all my effort.
Is this what you meant?
To love the El Yahweh
With all your heart,
Soul, strength and mind?
For it takes all that
To put and keep you first.
The strongest of believers
The most knowledgeable
In the Word**

**Yet we all face the task
To remain faithful,
Consistent in living holy.
Oh Yahweh! I had
No idea of how hard
It is to live holy!**

SINGLES

**Few understand a single person.
They are a mystery to most,
Others we become invisible
In the fabric of their lives.
We pick up the slack
That others leave
Often treated like we don't count
No family, no children.
We are expected to do
All the holidays, overtime
That others need for their family
As if we don't have a life.
Always we are invited
"You come with a friend"
Like we are incomplete
Just being ourselves.
Yet it is the single person
That waits and tends on you
In public and private sectors
We are expected to be there.
We go home to
Often an empty house
We have none to greet us
Or cook or share a meal with.
Some but not most
Choose this solitary life
It is how we are made
We are comfortable with ourselves.
How sad that society
Looks upon us single people
With pity as if
We are not a whole person.
Yet we do more than most
Are taken for granted
Treated as an after thought
And not listened to by others.**

**What prejudices can play
And come back to haunt –
The recent widow, widower
Now feels the exclusion.
It is cold and uninviting
Lifetime friends are no more
You make them uncomfortable
You are a third wheel.
Remember that we all
Come into this world alone
And we must choose our path
And live it for ourselves.
So smile at that person
Who works the off shifts
Who is ignored, taken for granted
For couples one day
Become single too.**

WISDOM

**The door creaks open
A ray of light emits
Illumination.
Grasp what you can
Wisdom knocks.
Stop wasting energy
Learn from me.
My time is limited
I won't stay long
You couldn't handle it.
I adjure you
Trade all you have
For what I can give.
The opportunity is highly coveted.
Centuries have sought after me
I can fill your mind.
You can move in ways
That defy reasoning -
I transcend time-
My pillars are deep –
The fountain flows crystal.
You shall understand
The beginning to the end –**

**The continuous motion of energy
And all within it.
Oh vagrant, learn of me
And time shall be no more.**

RIGOR MORTIS

**I am alarmed
Most are indifferent
I am ostracized,
Being drowned out.
Brute beasts they are Callous.
You think me inept
To understand circumstances,
Look beyond and
Your reasons manifest themselves.
Hide what you like
Your actions betray you.
Reinvent yourself, The inner core still rots.
The seed of the tree is depleted
Death not life blooms –
Many eat of your leaves
Bitterness, they die.
Vultures fly off from you
A skeleton stands – Gray as stone –
Colour is void – Extirpation.**

OUR SHELTER

Matthew 6:25-34: 6:25; Therefore I say unto you, take no thought for your life, what you shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment? (6:26) Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? (6:27) which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature? (6:28) and why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: (6:29) and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. (6:30) wherefore, if Yahweh so clothe the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, [shall he] not much more [clothe] you, O ye of little faith? (6:31) therefore take no thought, saying, what shall we eat? Or, what shall we drink? Or, wherewithal shall we be clothed? (6:32) for after all these things do the gentiles seek: for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.

(6:33) but seek ye first the kingdom of Elohim, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. (6:34) take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day [is] the evil thereof.

In this parable Jesus teaches on trusting the master. He addresses worrying about our lives, what we will eat, drink or clothes we will wear. I have read and re-read this. No where does it mention about a house. So I was asking the Father about this. First let us look at the priesthood:

Revelation 1:5-6; (1:5) And from Yahshua Messiah, [who is] the faithful witness, [and] the first begotten of the dead, and the prince of the kings of the earth. Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, (1:6) and hath made us kings and priests unto El Elohim and his Father; to him [be] glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.

Isaiah 61:6; but ye shall be named the Priests of Yahweh: [men] shall call you the Minister of El Elohim; ye shall eat the riches of the gentiles, and in their glory shall ye boast yourselves. Now let us look at Deuteronomy 10:8-9; at that time Yahweh separated the tribe of Levi, to bear the ark of the covenant of Yahweh, to stand before Yahweh to minister unto him, and to bless in his name, unto this day. (10:9) wherefore Levi hath no part nor inheritance with his brethren; Yahweh [is] his inheritance, according as Yahweh thy Elohim promised him. Yahshua said in prophecy in Isaiah 61:6, that we shall be called priests of Yahweh. In Deuteronomy 10:8-9, the priests of Yahweh (us) were not given land like the rest of the tribes. The reason was Yahweh is our inheritance. He is our house, our dwelling place, our refuge. We live in him. Deuteronomy 10:8 says we are to stand before Yahweh to minister (praise, worship, prayer) unto him. Matthew 8:20; and Yahshua saith unto him, the foxes have holes, and the birds of the air [have] nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay [his] head. Yahshua himself had no place to lay his head (no home ownership).

Having read this, it put the parable of Matthew 6:25-34 into perspective. Yahshua will meet all our temporal needs. He will give us what we need, not what we want. He owned nothing himself, yet Yahweh provided for him in this world. Hebrews 11:13; These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of [them], and embraced [them], and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth. 1 Peter 2:11; dearly beloved, I beseech [you] as strangers and pilgrims, abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul. We are pilgrims passing through this world. We are to be spiritually minded. We are citizens of heaven passing through this world, not citizens of this world trying to make it to heaven. Yahweh wants us to trust Him. In the coming days many of us could be pressed, have to endure much trials and tribulations for the kingdom of heaven. As Yahweh did provide for Israel in the wilderness, He will do the same for us also. We must trust Him.

CONVERSION OF THE HEART

Heart not converted: 2 Peter 2

Heart converted: Luke 22:31-32

Exposed to word of Yahweh, hear it, but don't ever have a true heart conversion and fall back into the ways of the world. 1 John 2:16 - Lust of the world. 2 Peter 2 - Is a person who has escaped the things of the world, yet backslides into it. For they never had a heart conversion, only a head knowledge of Messiah. Matthew 18:3 - Conversion is obedience, walking in the ways of Yahweh. Except we become converted and become as little children of Yahweh, we will not enter the kingdom of heaven. Again, what is the kingdom of Elohim? Luke 12:32, Romans 14:17. What is eternal life? John 17:3. It is a dangerous thing to be exposed to Yahweh, to know the Word, yet again to be entangled and overcome with sin (2Peter 2). The latter end will be worse than the beginning for them. The flesh must die, the flesh must die. Otherwise we are 2 Peter 2:20-22. The flesh must die, or you will lose your soul.

Jeremiah 14:1-12, especially verses 7 and 10. I believe there comes a point where Yahweh no longer will wait for us. He is tired of fooling around. Believers can say, "Yahweh, you have to forgive me for your names' sake or because of the promises of forgiveness in your word". But He does not have to do any such things. Read Galatians 6:7-9. There is a law of cause and effect (obedience). What you do will bring results. Yahweh will not be mocked. He can forgive us our sins, but his grace reaches a certain point where we cross over and our continual sin has no excuse. Then Yahweh comes to collect. That is what happened in Jeremiah. Yahweh came to collect from his people, but they stopped seeking Him, so He turned them away to ruin. Yahweh does this not just to nations but to people individually. Yahweh comes to collect, and I believe the word I got is he has come to collect from you and me. We must seek holiness, righteousness, and we must mean it.

FREE IN YOU

**I sat on my back deck
And listened to the wind
Your voice came to me
You spoke of the depth
Of your love that I've yet to grasp -
Of truths so real that I wanted
To trail with your voice
Where the wind would take me.
How yielded I was,
I gave to you everything
And I sat satisfied.**

The burden is lifted, gone,
And I felt so light, free.
The gift of your voice –
Hearing it makes my heart melt.
Nothing tangible to feel or see,
Just your presence with me.
I feel your love – It is overwhelming.
I soak in your radiance.
How my soul is alive
You coarse through my being,
I am enraptured by you.
You know my name and I know yours.
There is no measure of time
In your expression,
Lovingly with me you reside
Graciously you overlook
All my weaknesses.
You ask for nothing more
Than my love for you.
I weep, touched by love.
You have seen my inner self,
That which I try to hide
You expose it bare.
Your voice comes to me
It whispers in my depths
Caressing my heart.
You moved me out of myself.
I have come forth I ride the wind –
I'm free in you.

YIELD

Intentions – When I want credit
For something I did not do.
Honesty – Being grateful for the chance
To make amends to everybody.

Peace –
Proportional to my expectations
Of others and myself. Acceptance –
Doing what is in front of me
Not worrying about results.
Happiness – Enjoying each day
And making the most of it.
Contentment – A guarantee against
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**Taking life for granted.
Work –
My decision to not
Let myself be stagnant.
Love –
Knowing myself and others
Not wanting to change anything.
Silhouette –
My outline lived, aura emit
My mark in this world.**

FUTILITY RINGS FORTH

**Futility rings forth -
When all I try gets nowhere
I cannot change things like I want
The world is evolving
With no place for us
Homes are lost
Jobs are dissolved
People are to move on
To no mans land.
Futility rings forth –
In all my actions
They cannot make a dent
Nor influence, deride
Shout or scuffle
You are but batting air
Much hot air with no meaning.
Futility rings forth –
Security is ripped from you
And you are told to take it**

**Others are with you
The numbers swell.
You are the unheard mob
Walking the pavement in false hopes
That things will come back.
Futility rings forth –
Prices are escalating
You have no idea how to maintain
In despair you choose to walk away**

And be one more
Tents and sleeping bags
Food kitchens and shelves.
You sit at the long table
With people with no names
You have a new identity
Not of your own doing.
Futility rings forth –
And no one seems to care
And I sit here in my chair
So much hot air –
So much hot air.

PROGENY

Oh my fellows
When I ail ardent misery
I seek sodality,
Souls of semblance.
The rooms are tutelage
I can be unbarred
Not decreed as outside ~
You are my mainstay
When I have no root –
My armor when I'm vulnerable.
Your collective wisdom
Helps me stay on route
I become refocused
And can resume
Where I once was.
I owe you all my vitality
You are my progeny.
(Tribute to the family of friends)

NOMAD

I vacillate between
Anger and remorse,
I feel awful for the rage
How can I disrespect you so?
Yet your mean demure
Blatantly you belittle me
In front of others

How difficult to live with
Your mental illness.
The love I had has
Died long ago.
I cannot put myself through
Repeatedly being crucified
Anew by you.
It has been your way of life
I have covered for you
Long enough out of respect
Family secrets die and get buried
With the one that goes.
I cannot betray them.
How difficult to not bear
Emotional scars of your doing.
I know I am not
Your inflicted pain.
Without feeling I go on
With no emotion left to give.
I reach for my solitude within.
I have become a nomad
In a world of wounded souls
Being but one person
I cocoon myself from you
Your words sink deep no more.
Your pain has lost its voice
On these deaf ears.
Survival screams –
I am free.

FELLOW QUILLS

Oh my fellow poet
Your quill has been silenced
The pages of your journal
Remain empty at present.
How we miss the songs
That lift from your pages
We dually note your absence
And lift up a verse to you.
May the queen of prose
Rest in great comfort
That all her fellow poets

**Patiently await
 Her renewed vitality
 And her quill nipped anew
With strong verse and feeling.
 We truly send this note
In the bottle to wash ashore
 For your eyes to read
 And hold close
 As you take stock
Of your many obligations.
We bid you a due for now.
 Your fellow quills
In the inkwell of prose.**

MIDWAY DURATION

**It transpires
 Before you know it
Middle age wanes on you.
 Your mind has yet
 To approach with the body
And you have a lucid juncture
Posing, where did the years go by?
 Busyness has plundered you
 With distracted interests
Deferring from goals and dreams
Most set aside for the moment
 Fade in the background.
 You stabilized for what is
Dropping the zeal of inception
And of dreams once genuine**

**You grow old before your time.
 And you look at yourself
In the shock of truthfulness
 How to at least venture
 To pursue now
 What you didn't then.
Realize that age and youth
 Defy each other.
Youth is foolish, age is wise.
 And middle age is
The great pendulum swing.**

TRANSITION

**I am only as strong
As my weakness
Only as thoughtful
As my stationary moment
How I must learn
Things are temporal
Yet I will last forever ~
All my self efforts and pride
Will be stripped
I will stand naked –
Uncurl my fingers
Grasping for answers –
Learn. Fleeting things fly away
Look for what is eternal ~
None of us like surgery
The kind of being torn apart
The pain, loss of identity
Let a babe vulnerable
Yet cared for like the birds –
Learn who you are ~
There is no instructions
Just walk forward
Trusting that you
Will make it another day.
And be given the vision
Of the Spirit realm
To see the eternal in the temporal.
Learn how to walk in it,
The transition is life.**

I WALK AWAY

**She's gone mad!
Mad I say!
And I can't get her back!
And I see it in the eyes
Kaleidoscopes of wander
Unreachable ~
And the visions in her head
Are all of her own
I cannot share in her journey.**

**How the demons of abuse
Have taken their toll ~
I look for her,
And she is not in there.
The drugs have captured her mind
She is a shell of a person
Somewhere her soul flew away
And ravens came and clawed within ~
And many lights sparkle
Dazzle and blind
Her vision is no more.
How I wish I could erase
The pain, recover the loss
She is gone.
I walk away.**

I MUST

**I take comfort in knowing
You will always be there.
Every day is one step closer
To being my last.
Sometimes uncertainty, fear
Grab a hold of me –
My inner self needs reassuring ~
What do you tell
A drowning soul?
Lost in their own depths?
What do you say
To a child who is abandoned?
What do you do
For a single elder, alone?
How much can you give away
And yet remain in tack?**

**I am beside myself
My foundation has crumbled
And I don't know how
To start over.
And I ask of you
Give me your comfort
Be here with me
I cannot walk today.
I must seek your presence.**

STEMS

**Old English Roses twine up the wall
Cinder blocks holding the hill in place
Steps that come down the center.
Deep maroon petals with sharp thorns
Yet fragrance pungent ~
Old tabby cat walks on by
Mother clipping her rose bushes
Lilacs, violets, irises need tending
With lily of the valley tucked nearby ~
Off in the distance are the crows
Floating, gliding in the cornfields
The pleasure of smelling the earth's perfume
After a thunderstorm
The heat upward steaming ~
Clipped stems, gather together
A bouquet to grace the table
At evening to give after dark
The pleasures of scented air.
Of these floral things I treasure.**

RECTITUDE

**He is a sloppy old soul
Truly he has burned his bridges
Has been tossed out on his ear
Since then has been a wanderer ~
You walk by and see
An old man and nothing more
Inside is a husband, father
One who had a career, success
Yet somehow ~
It slipped his grasp.**

**He lost everything.
Now he is damned to wander aimlessly
Never can he take back the hurtful
Things said and done ~
Now a days he has recourse
To be an example
What not to become.
Yet he prays
He could regain some comforts
Which he lost long ago ~**

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He still is coherent, not amiss
So he can reason within himself ~
"I may have started out wrong
But my goal now is to end
With some dignity" ~
And he helps all who will listen
To a homeless old man.

WALK MY WAY

Stepping out in the sun
A moment captured gratefully
The wind cool blows and I sense
The freedom of being solo ~
Big beautiful white pines nearby
I kick a pinecone across the way
And think how wonderful it would be
To live out in the wild ~
Nothing touched just natural
And I yearn to be one with that.
Most of us are indoors all day long
And miss the moments that count ~
Everything seems to be so complicated
With fake light, heat and smell
To just trade it all in
And walk my way through the forest ~
As a bird in a cage
A thing of beauty trapped
How I often feel in this world
Of our making.

TEARS IN A BOTTLE

My mind is very fragile right now.
It wants to be alone, to purge the past
And make peace with the present.
Yahweh says he collects
Our tears in a bottle (Psalm 56:8)
They are so important and dear to him.
Only tears alleviate the pain.
Poison is coming out of the soul.
I have stopped asking questions,
Stopped doing,

**I have just learned to sit still –
To be in that place of quiet.
You cannot run from yourself.
And yourself always tells you
That you are but human.
You make mistakes
And always will.
And your body does fail you.
Your friends will too,
And so will your memory in time.
But Yahweh is always there standing guard.
He watches for those tears
To collect in his bottle.
He feels the pain of our humanity.
He understands what it is to be fragile.
He loves us broken and weak.
He loves us as we are.
I hold onto that truth,
So when I shed these tears,
My hope is He will take away
The pain and give me joy.**

TRANSFORMATION

**Gossip, criticism,
Soul-sickness,
Unkindness, bitterness, tense,
Dislikes, resentments,
Gloom, despondency,
Unnatural, revulsion,
Helpless, remorse,
Pride, selfishness,
Stubborn ~
Honesty, surrender,
Fellowship, sharing,
Admitted, renewed,
Tolerant, accepted,
Faith, loyal,
Peace, relax,
Sober, humility,
Discipline, usefulness,
Silence, meaning,
Love, acceptance,
Serenity, patience,
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**Grateful, uphill,
Trusting, strength,
Joy.**

INSIDE OUT

**The day you compromise
Is the day you die
You turn inside out
And shut off the flow
Of who you are meant to be.**

CUPID IS CRYING

**Cupid is crying
His face is in his hands
His wings slumped.
Love is lost
And grown cold.
His arrows mean nothing.
For all the golden rule
For love's ardor
It is vapor in thin air ~
Cupid is crying
Watching the souls of men
Hate and kill each other.
In a race to conquer
In the name of peace
Destroying many.**

**The laurel wreath
Falls off his head
The flowers shrivel
They blow away ~
Cupid is crying
For love is lost
And is no more.**

I AM IN CONTROL

**When the world is falling apart
All around you
And people are dropping like flies
And hysteria rules in peoples lives ...
Realize ...
I am in control.**

**When people are struck with fear
And catastrophe after catastrophe strikes
They run around in shock
Cannot handle what is happening
Or what is coming ...
You are to be still
And know that I am Elohim.
Realize ...
I am in control.**

**Yeah Yahweh, though the world were
To fall apart all round me,
And the mountains were to fall
Into the oceans ...
I will yet praise Thee ...
For you are my high tower,
My strength in time of need.
It is to the shelter of your wings
That I go under.
For I do realize ...
You are Sovereign Yahweh,
And You are in control.**

THE MIRROR OF TRUTH

**Be honest with yourself.
Do you see what you've become?
Not what you expected is it?
How you can't believe
This is your life and
Not someone else!**

**Like someone walking from sleep –
You are walking out
Of a long slumber.
Now what?**

**It seems everyone else
Is drugged
With the illusion of
Success, wealth –
They chase the endless rainbow.
Getting older,
Traveling farther –
And you watch them go.**

**We all have to learn
From our mistakes
Advice becomes wisdom
Once you've lived it.
Better late than never.
So I look in
The mirror of truth,
Yahweh's Word.**

THE ECHO WITHIN

**Leave me still
Your words drill
Into my mind
One more time.
I cannot hush
The noise within.**

**I go away
I know not
For the length**

**Or the time
I need space
To heal myself
And take mine.**

**Fortitude is stable
Balance for now
Resources are here
Forth I plow
Yonder and how.
Unfetter my mind
I seek kind**

**Meek not cruel
Solace shall rule,
Peace shall find.**

**Memory you see
It is me
Choice I made
Let you fade
The echo within.**

QUESTION WHY

**Wings of angels
In fluffy snow white
Diamonds sparkle
In your light.
Fairies fly above you now
Bringing kisses to you
As the flakes softly land
On your petals they do stand.
Layer on layer they climb
Making you bend this time.
The weight has gotten so
Your limbs break and bow.
Mother Nature has been cruel
To make winter with spring duel.
Confuse blossoms and flowers
To bud forth, freeze and die
You should not have rushed
Spring so soon.
And now you question why
And so do I.**

CROWN MOTHER NATURE

**The bough from the earth
Did unfurl with all its worth
The green leaves did untwine
Bringing forth long thin vine.**

**Rain droplets did run off
The ends making a little trough**

**The berries round and lush
Gave me such a rush
Move forth your branches so,
Quietly I watch you grow.**

**Fragrance you just unfurl
Your scent heavy in a whirl.
A long vine I did take
For my wreath I did make
To twine circular in my hair
For Mother Earth to but wear.**

**How fitting it is from thee
To crown myself with such beauty,
And so you see me as so
Mother Nature's wreath of Bough.**

WHEN I WAS A CHILD

**When I was a child
I thought as a child.
When I became a man,
I thought as a man.
So Yahweh's ways and thoughts
Are not ours.
There are many members to the body
Be we are all one.
So there are different levels of maturity
In the Body of Yahshua.
It is only by walking in
Yahweh's Love that we can become one.
Nothing else will work.
All of life is about growth,**

**Change – Love.
And the life after,
Eternal life is a continuance
Of that growth and love.
We can think like adults
But still trust like a child
On our Heavenly Father.**

THE JOURNEY OF A SOUL

**The journey of a soul
A brilliant mind
Used greatly
For good purposes
But yet just a mind.
Much is required of it
Expected, taken for granted.
But yet just a mind.
The body ages
So does memory
One must reach a
Cut off point
To not absorb anymore
To retain what it has.**

**The soul grows, reasons,
Understands, thinks, feels.
It is more than a mind.
Tragedy happens when
The two part ways.
Old age they say
Stress they say
No, fragility, a reminder
It is just yet a mind
Yahweh contains the soul.**

YAHWEH YOU ARE MY ANCHOR

**Yahweh you are my anchor
I hold onto you.
You are my strength
My Rock
My Fortress.**

**You are solid.
In you Oh Yahweh
I have my being.
The wanderer
Has put down stakes
Has grabbed your anchor
Unmoveable.**

**Oh Yahweh, you are my anchor
When all else fails
I hold onto you.
You are my strength
My Rock.
I bless your holy name
Oh Yahweh.
With gratitude I thank you
For the Anchor of your Word.**

YOU AND I

**Beauty so rare, hard to defy
The presence of your love
Eyes that sparkle of truth to me
When I am around you I feel free.**

**Presence felt, heart warming it is
The comfort that we bestow
Upon each other as being one
I feel our love grow.**

**Not long ago I felt like a child
And could not reason why
And now with life and time
More events have gone by.**

**I cannot measure the time alone
To that which I have now
And still it feels new
Each and every day
With your own special loving way.**

**I cannot happier be
Than I am right now**

**It is my given right
And so it shall be
With you and I
For all eternity.**

H. A. A. R. P.

**Oh HAARP, you evil angel
You send waves to the globe
You cause wave to emit quakes
Your seed clouds to emit rain
You spread silver in the air – chemtrails
You cause drought, floods
And even earthquakes.
Harp, you play your strings
The evil weather machine
In the name of engineered warfare –
You harness the heavens
And play God.
Unknowingly you reap havoc
On your own people
And other's domain.
You are far worse than
Weapons of mass destruction,
You are the birthing pains.
Who will stop you
Before it's too late?
You cause untold loss to many.
Oh HAARP, your evil cousins
From Germany, England, China, Japan
They care not who feels the pain.
Technology to play God
To destroy the weather.
Next comes the thought police
To arrest based on
One's failed body language
For the expected response.
HAARP, your job is to eliminate
In the name of global green
Too many men there are,
And machines rule now over men.
Break the wheel,
Break the current,**

**Walk and walk Eden a new.
No more computers for you.
You have learned well, too late.**

EMANCIPATE

**Oh so cordially I resist
Do not cull me in
To your disconcerted thought
I want no part of
Your visceral pain.**

**I haven't time for that
For you see
I've come to the rectitude
Of what is most essential
That right now is me.**

**I think you abash
Persons in question
And I am not one of them
So go on, do your concern
And I shall be done
Once for all
With your ardent state
Emancipate I say
Best to stay that way.**

ACHROMATIC WAYS

**Oh agamid being
Your achromatic ways immodest
Uninviting complimentary calm
Descending onto my being
Immaterial your fine grained touch.**

COOL DOWN

**As of late your burning desire
Permeates all that I stumble upon
The read is blurry
The words singe with the heat
And I want to extinguish the flames.
Water cannot be fast enough
To cool down
The rupturing flow**

**Of magna
And it snaps and sizzles
Upon diffusion.
My foot prints are singed
And left burnt
The signature is gone
Unrecognizable to me
Off with you
And ever be drowned.**

RESTORE YOURSELF

**My friend you are drifting
Slowly drifting away –
And you are so preoccupied
You don't believe it is happening.
Where you once stood
You are no more
Ask yourself how it happened
You will not like what you hear.
Our love grows cold
When we take our focus
Off whom means the most
And place it on "other things".
Don't deceive yourself
And say it will never happen
For then you are turned over
Your pride blindly leads you away.
I ask for Heaven's sake
That you stop and return where
You once were, repent –
Restore yourself
Before the great falling away.**

FINISH TO WIN

**The time for games is over
We are not children anymore
Strengthen yourself in the Word
Gird up your lions with Truth.
A line has been drawn
In the sand.**

**I am separating sheep and goats
You should discipline others
You should be exhorting the Word.
Know who you serve
And serve Him well.
Time of laughter is gone
Much sorrow and tribulations
Is to come upon the saints.
Be counted worthy
To suffer for my names' sake.
I call for a Bride
Without spot or blemish.
I allow suffering to purify you.
I use Satan to buffet you
To crucify your flesh
So you will turn to me.
Pray to be county worthy
To endure to the end.
Games are over,
This is a race
One you must finish to win.**

SACRIFICE FOR ME

**Long brass spikes
Did impale thee
To the tree –
Sharp thorns punctured
Your skull deep
This you were crowned –
Stripped of your clothing
Whipped, mocked, slapped
A purple cloak you were gowned –
Visions in your head
While helplessly you bled
Forgiveness you prayed –
Two thieves, one each side
You Thy Holiness they did deride
And still one strayed –
No man can comprehend
That history altering day –
And I can only cry
When I think of Thee
When I pray –**

**For me! For me!
You died! You rose –
It is finished, you accomplished
Thy grace is sufficient for me
They blood on Calvary
Your sacrifice on the tree.**

GET THROUGH THIS

**We will get through this
You and I, I have seen worse
Yet I got through it.
They have doctors, medicines
With much success.
Don't take the weight of this
Do not let it weary you
You have me and others
You are not alone.
Truly my dear, I have seen worse
Yet – we will
Get through this.
It does make one re-access
Their goals, ambitions, life
It stops you ,Makes you own it
And what you plan to do.
Yet I have seen worse
We will get through this, You and I.
Learn to let others give to you,
Pick up your slack
Focus on yourself getting better,
We will get through this.**

QUIET CALM

**Quiet calm
Is in my soul
Gratefully I reflect
On past pain
From the Iron Crucible
I have passed –
Turning blood to wine.
And laughter within
Rings forth Joy.**

**Golden petals unfold
Expose the Jewel within
Rays of peace permeate
My present surroundings.
I take the calm with me
I am stronger for it.
And it is well.**

THEY FLOAT UPWARDS

**Overrun with dandelions
A lawn becomes a field
Redwing black birds shrill
Fledglings flit about in tow.
Harmony, unity, blend
From land, trees, clouds
And all on the earth.**

**Simple things spill forth
For my eye to drink in
Not enough hours in a day
Too quickly it erases.
At the mercy of the weather
All of us roll up
In warm splendor.**

**I tie up my thoughts
Of you – I release them
They float upward.
And alone I stand
Windblown, erect**

**Pillar in the field
Of hopes and dreams.
The grass is my pillow
I lay down to contemplate
Beyond the Emerald Throne
To that great City.**

NO ONE KNOWS YOUR NAME

**Clothed in wimple and habit
Silence is your vow
In rows you gather
Chant after the bell rings.
Daily you do so unnoticed.
Prayer is your vocation
For a dying world
Requests for sick loved ones,
For the sake of loving people.**

**Your knees are worn
From hours of kneeling
Prostrate yourself so
Your heart has been pierced
You heard the call
And accepted.**

**Sister you have become
You have a sense of community.
Always on the altar
The book remains open.
Living and dying is one
You are a vessel.
You stand in the gap
And pray for a dying world.
And no one knows your name.**

(Tribute to all the nuns who pray for everybody)

IF STONES COULD TALK

**Out in the field stands
The remains of an old stone wall.
Vines have grown over it,
Dirt, trees breaking through
Here and there.
You wonder who made it
Took the time to stack
All the stones
What kind of purpose
That wall had served.**

**And it still is standing
All this time later.
It has long since been abandoned
Yet it shows forth.
I am drawn to sit on it,
Touch the stones
And think back to
An earlier time.
If only these stones could talk,
What would they say?**

PRIDE

**I take those who
Are full of themselves
I snap them in half
And there let them lie.
I hate the proud
Know this –
I Yahweh am Sovereign
I am a jealous Elohim
I share my glory
With no one.**

JUSTICE

**The Lion gave birth
To the Eagle
There sprang forth liberty
Stars fall from the sky
And shall consume thee
All that lift themselves up.
I am a jealous Elohim
I share my glory with no one.
The earth is a ball, Of life I made thee
Of wrath I will shake
All that is evil and haughty.
And they shall be no more.
My people shall not cry, All tears will be dry.
I come back to Justice give
And let life live
There on the shore of eternity.
And I El Yahweh Sovereign
Will rule and reign.**

YOU CALLED ME

**Oh Father!
Thou art King of Kings
And Master of Masters!
Your majesty reigns on high.
I am so pleased Father
That you had called
Me by name,
That I am thine.
You knew me before
I was born
You chose me as your own.
Thank you Yahweh
For loving me
Before I knew you.
I am not worthy oh Yahweh
I am but a worm,
Yet you loved me.**

**Thou are worthy oh Yahweh
Of praise and glory
Worthy is the Lamb Yahshua
That was slain!
(Isaiah 43:1)**

MEASURE OUR DAYS

**"So teach us to number our days,
that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom";
"Yahweh, make me to know mine end,
and the measure of my days, what it is,
that I may know how frail I am".**

**We mortal men live
On earth as though forever
We learn the ways of man
Forgetting there's nothing we can
Do without the Father.
Mere mortals take life for granted
As though their lineage will stay
They toil and sweat, For material wealth,
Only to be given away.**

**When you rush to be older
To make your mark in the world,
Searching for they not know what –
The eternal within is knocking
And they need to let Him in.
Let us search for wisdom
For Yahweh to show us our end
The measure of our days
So we'd mend our ways.
(Psalm 90:12; Psalm 39:4)**

LULLABY

**Lay your head on your arm
Close your eyes and drift
Sleep little one, sleep
Pleasant thoughts in your head
As angels watch nearby.**

**Sheltered you are from
The war that wages without**

**In peace you are kept.
Battles are fought
That you know not of
For your well being.
Rest my little one, rest,
For now all is well.
Soon enough
Tomorrow will come
With all its troubles.**

OUR SOULS

**Our souls are sponges
They sop up all they absorb
So we must guard them
At all costs.**

SETTLED

**Beautiful days of blue
Lush green and warmth**

**Humming vibration of the earth
I walk into your beauty
Not tainted by man.
Pristine emerald hues
In the wooded glen
Kisses of the morning dew.
Fragrance of flowers in bloom
Blades of grass so alive –
Barefoot my feet tickle.
To lay looking up
Seeing the branches reaching up
Creak and sway in the wind
Clouds crown you above.
Eyes closed I feel settled
My roots run deep in you.**

ASPIRE

**See the vision in your mind
Know it can be done
Do not let the dream die
Live to see it become reality.**

**Be faithful in little things
Soon you will do greater –
Don't give up your dedication
Stay true no matter what
Remain true to the dream
You will bring it forth
To give it life.
Never let another rob you
Of your goals and visions
Guard them with your life.**

THE GLOBE

**It's all a jigsaw puzzle
People, cultures, diverse
Somehow we are all one.
The globe is a rubic's cube
The combination is there
Someone smart enough
Can solve the puzzle.**

**What was an attempt
To rule the world was cast down
From humanity of one mind
Came multitude confusion
Centuries later at last
We can re-communicate
To try again to rebuild
The great tower of Babel.**

**It is a jigsaw puzzle
Everyone reinterprets all things
As something different.
It will take great charisma
To give the answers
We all seek to unity.**

**The globe is a rubic's cube
The combination is there.
The puzzle can be solved.**



THE QUILTER

**Yards of fabric, thread
Sit and trace for hours
Plan the colour scheme
Cut the squares needed.
Patiently plan the pattern
Row upon row is sewn.
Added together,
The pattern emerges.**

**Something from nothing
I work with what I have.
I never know the ending
Until it is complete.
Hours hunched over
The sewing machine,**

**Then up to dawn the face
Spread out the backing
Batting then face.**

**Pinned together first
The border is sewn.
Spread it now level
And square by square
Sit and tie tack it through.
The backing sets the frame
As a picture well does.
It draws the eye in
To the face itself.
I am the Quilter –
This is what I do for you.**

(Tribute to Melody my sister who taught me how to quilt)

BOOKS

**No one can walk
In another man's shoes
They cannot erase mistakes
Those are badges we wear.
Walking, living books
We are read of all.
We confuse words for actions.
We are not what we say
We are who we live to become.
A man of silence
Is a well read book.
His wisdom is superior.
Teach by actions rather than words.
I knew a pond once
Its surface was as glass
The perfection bothered me.
I threw stones in it
To see it ripple,
And echo it did –
This book was clanging symbols
Many words yet hollow.
The spider spins its web
It lays pearls of dew
To entice it's prey,**

**Some books pull you in
To die alongside the author –
The pages do bleed,
The words smudge.
By each title is a name
Recorded inside the book
Are the secrets lived.
As a hand in a pail of water
Removed with no trace
These are the rare pages,
Those once read –
Walking, living books.**

ISOLATION

**In the Brain, electrons –
A busy place
And within this lies
The thoughts echoed –
Memory is stored.
With eyes closed
As a movie projector
We relive it again,
Our true self is here.
All our thoughts
We will into actions –
They define us.
Even within our own universe
We need each other to survive.
Intellectual isolation brings insanity.
We were made to create
To intermingle,
To socialize.
Rather than be an isolation chamber
Pool your thoughts together.
Be of like mindedness.
Draw courage, strength
Heal yourself.
Enjoy the fellowship
Of other thinkers
To drown out sad emotions
The replays of our own making.**

IT WASN'T HER TIME

**The weight of life presses in,
She has come undone.
Tears, uncontrollable sobs
She loads the .22
Cocks the trigger back
Puts her finger on it
With the barrel to her head.
She cries, closing her eyes.
And in that moment –
Before she pulls the trigger
Faces of loved ones
Flash in her mind.
Sobbing now,
She uncocks the gun
Puts it down still loaded.
She could not do it.
She wanted to, she tried
But some invisible force
Stopped her hand
From pulling the trigger.
And the broken soul
Their heart bled out
Till it could not anymore.
The hands of angels
Lifted her up to safety
They floated around her
Fill the room with light.
The dark was pushed away.
Those that tormented her
Are long gone.
She was spared that day,
It wasn't her time.
For that she is grateful.
And she whispers
To her angels –
"Thank You!"**

THE GLASS

**The glass is half empty
Soon it will become –
I have so much more
To drink of
Before it's all gone.**

**Hand grasp strong
Busy working
Busy reading
Busy sleeping
Hand gone limp.**

**The glass is empty –
The mirrors are covered
The clocks are stopped
You work no more
To sleep you've gone.**

CLIMB

**Rock on rock
Tree roots surfacing
Uphill incline
A four mile trek
To the top.
The view breath taking.
The trail is a hard climb today
Much rain has washed
The dirt in many places.
Permafrost shows itself
Still snow and ice.
Windy, cold, exhausted
I relish the rest and view.
Nothing can compare
To this summit.
I sit by the cairns
Feeling like a sentinel
I made it –
Victory.**

(When I climbed Mt. Mansfield, VT)

AWAY

**Away I have been for so long
Nothing looks the same anymore
How I try to look for the familiar.
There is a place in all of us
That goes further, out of reach
And that is untouchable of others.
The rain keeps falling
The ground drinks
Growth, movement, flourish.
And how I wish it was a part of me.**

**I was walking through a door
A one sided mirror
I can look back
But never reenter there again.
Death crossed over with me
The day I walked through.**

**My voice is not heard
My presence is not seen.
How I try to look for the familiar.
All I see through these eyes
Is newness not touched
A place where no feet have walked.
And so I must go.
(Dead to the world, Alive in Him)**

NO JOB

**Twenty two years I worked there
Now the doors are shut without notice
It is an epidemic these days
Have to look for new work
But really nothing pays.**

**What am I going to do?
Car payment, rent and the kids
And how do I tell the old folks
Who are dependent on me?
How can I tell them not to worry?
In a day our life can turn
From having to wanting**

**All your securities taken from you
And you are too old to go to school
I ask myself, what will I do?
It's a shame the older you are
You have to take two or three jobs
To make what you just lost
Downsizing and going without
Still doesn't make up the cost.
Something has got to give
For now I will just sit tight
Hoping for a sign
In the meantime
I will move back in, I resigned.
Homeless is not a nice word
To those of us without jobs
After the unemployment runs out
Then sell our belonging too,
There is nothing else to do –
There is nothing else to do.**

JANITOR

**Her hair in a silver pixie
Dressed retro 1970's
Black pants and belt
With rivets in them –
Tall black boots to match.
She pushes the 32 gallon
Trash barrel on wheels
Comes desk to desk
Exchanges jokes, laughs
Collects our trash.
On breaks she sits
Crochet, knit –
She will also show us
The Jewelry she makes
Selling them for Christmas gifts.
Keeps the place spotless
Kitchen, floors, toilets too
Wash, wax, dust, mop
Vacuum like the wind –
This is our lovely Debbie.**

(Loving Memory of Debbie Gabaree – we miss you)

THE WATCHERS

**A young person with an old soul
Their eyes have seen too much
Deep sigh and resignation
Of having to succumb yet again
To the dumb dictates of men.**

**The sacred wheel in the sky
Flies about where it will
Whirling and bronze wheels
Within a wheel
The eyes of Yahweh to and fro.**

**The watchers are here
Waiting for their orders
To relinquish the sacred
Clueless mankind goes on
Not knowing orders of the divine.**

**Confusion, symbology, keys
Seals, vials, bowls
Trumpets –
The watchers wait their orders
To relinquish the sacred.**

**Old soul,
You know –
You know.
And many are
Deaf, dumb and blind.**

MANHOOD

**Little boy you be scolded
You straighten up to
First comes Mom
Then your teacher
And your peers at school.
Learn the ways
Of those around you
Pick up your pace young man
Much is expected of you
Measure your success
In what you can.**

Go away and learn about
Solitude and fraternity
Comrades in arms
Women and their charms
And things of eternity.
Much is required you say
Slowing down a bit
Compliant to all commands
Even those in off time
With much charm and wit.
Then there comes a moment
You can reflect so
On your life
As you know it
How fast it did go.
Stop and regroup
Ask yourself anew
For all you've done
For everyone
For yourself what will you do?
Got to have a new plan
Exit must be grand
To go out in style
Ponder on what matters most
Think of that a while.
Old man you reflect
Think on these things
With no regret
For what the future brings
Your heart glad sings,
Your heart glad sings.

HEART FELT INNOCENCE

Cute little toddler
Barefoot on the grass
With his arms out
Such a huge smile
Moving, walking towards you.
"Look at me! I walked!"
Down he falls.
He looks down at the grass.
Feels it, pulls it up
Looks at it, smiles,

**Puts it in his mouth
Tries to eat it
Then throws it away.
Gets up and runs to you.
And you, with arms open
Catch up your bundle of Joy.
And you love on each other
With giggle and delight
With heart felt innocence.
There is no other
Like the love
Of a child
And its mother.**

LEGACY

**Often we look to others
For our value, self-worth.
We look to acquire
It through wealth
Through our work ethic.
How misguided we get
To look to the directs of others
You only know your heart,
You worth is within.
Most waste their time
They think not on value –
True value.
Generations come and go.
With a passing elder
Goes a pillar of strength.
Buried with them
Goes their ways, wisdom.
The true strength of a man
Is what remains
What he was known as.
We all have self-worth
The question is
Do you value yourself?
With honest integrity?
Forget the measures of society
That matters not
Where are the concerns of the heart.**

**We can chase the wind
Illusions, dreams, fantasies,
It all is nothing.
But a man's true value
Is within his soul.
Once you have anchored that
You can branch out
Into a solid tree
With deep roots
That will go down
Into the lives of others.
Your legacy will become
All that you have left,
Not taken.**

RELISH

**Lean back under the tree
The warm sunlight on you.
The wind tassels the leaves
You smell rain in the air.
To be free as a bird
No restraints.
To glide on the wind
Land on a branch of green.
To build a nest in the sky
Scout in circle for food.
Landing you fluff
In a puddle.
You grace the morning with song
I hear all varieties
Call each other by name
You gather at the feeding pole
With such Joy.
And such simple pleasures
As a summer's day and breeze
I relish them so.
It is the rewards of summer
After a harsh winter.**

THINK IT NOT QUEER (ODD)

**Why do you
Think it queer
That I your Elohim
Could be near?
That I can
My ear hear?
Your pain and sorrow
Cries and tears,
Your prayers to me?
Do you not know
I do listen?
Do you not know
I do answer?
Push the doubt
Out of your mind
Trust that I do hear.
And know of sure
Forever more
I am always near.
A promise
I gave to you
I will never
Leave or forsake
I will be with you always
When tribulations you walk through.
Think it not queer
That I am near.
For I am Yahweh –
I love you.**

YAHWEH – YAHSHUA

**Words fail –
Cannot describe
The presence
Of Yahshua
Speechless, on bended knee
I prostrate myself
And pay homage –
The creator Just.
Love consumes me**

**My heart melts within
Your loving kindness
Is beyond understanding –
I am in Awe of Thee,
For You are Sovereign.**

SONG ON THE WIND

**The sky cries
The wind howls forth
Words of anguish and remorse ~
The land is forgotten
The balance of earth and sky
Is lost to mankind ~
He forgot he is but clay
Boastful words he speaks
The heat dries the clay ~
Parched are his words
He speaks no more ~
It is the rain that falls
Gently giving new life
The land sweeps with emotion ~
The wind whispers through
What stands in her way
Sacred words with no footprints
A song on the wind.**

DO NOT ROB

**Do not rob you soul
Of the Divine
Yahweh is not religion.
Confuse not the sins
Of religious men
Yahweh is not religion.
He is not in dos and don'ts
He is not in traditions
Yahweh is not religion.
He is the Law of Love
The commandments of obedience
Yahweh is Spirit and Truth
Not the lies of men.
Deceive not your soul
Of eternal life.**

**Yahweh is not in structures gothic
He is not in wood and stone
Yahweh is in the hearts of men
When his son Yahshua who did atone.
For our weaknesses, faults and sins
When we but ask him in.
Yahweh gives us a new heart
He lifts the stone and weight
He gives us eternal life
For yielding to love not hate.
Do not rob your soul
Of the Divine
Yahweh is not religion.
Let no man tell you
Obedience is legalist
And give you false hope
In traditions of men instead.
Religious men with their lies
Rolled up in disguise
Will have you never ending,
Beg, plead, coerce and buy
Your salvation they will try.
Yahshua paid the price but once
Good works it cannot attain
All religious hocus pocus
Will not get you any gain.
Rather religion will roll you
Into the gate of hell
For Yahweh did warn
Man more than once
In his Word he did tell.
I have come to give life
To all those who but seek
I resist the strong and proud
Yet I receive the meek.
Come to me with brokenness
I am a prayer away
A life of new I give to you
If you but call on me today.
Let not religious men
Sell you their pack of lies
For I am the Elohim, Mighty One
Do not rob your soul of me
And be separated for eternity.**

**For I am the Holy Yahweh
I made all men for a purpose
To have fellowship with me.
I love you all so very much
I give you my grace and mercy
Come while I am near
For I will not always tarry.
Do not rob you soul
Of the Divine
Do not rob yourself of me,
King Yahshua the Almighty.**

I HOLD TRUE

**Only one go around
No second chance
So put your best foot forward
Creatures we are, here to learn
How to love and treat one another
Careful how your heart burns.
Easy to lose your focus –
To drift aimlessly away.**

**Oh look up
From where you came –
“Know I hold all things
I protect my own
Others who mock
I remove my hedge
Let them be consumed.
I say, know that I AM”.
Only one go around
I know who holds life
I put my foot forward in faith
I want to know love
I want to follow his ardor
I told true –
And drift no more.**

DIVIDE

**I
Understand you,
You are above.**

ME

**Many starts, no finish.
I try so but just don't get there.
Heavy weight presses me down.
I am having
A momentary lapse
I'm in a funk in a grand way.**

**I try to leave you see
But I never do.
I was cut from this cloth
I am one of a kind
Just can't make me your way
I try to change
But I just can't –
Like a granite rock I stay.**

**Round and round
Inside my mind –
I had a talk with myself,
And I couldn't listen
To me anymore
You or anyone else besides –
I just know I am in a grand funk.
This I do realize.
I'm on a continuous circle
Can't seem to get off the track.
(Life without Messiah)**

SMELL OF HAY

**Heavy clouds of rain
Rumbling thunder on stone
Lightning strike
Off we run for cover
The barn is stale, musty
Straw old with age
All abandoned long ago.**

**Boards give way to light
Vulnerable we watch
Lightning strike again.**

Ever so close warm breath
On damp skin
Rain soaked clothes
In the dark the sky lights up.

Captured we stay put
Fate has given us
Presentation we consume.

Thinking of then
I still smell hay in my hair
And feel
A smile on my face.
(Love Ballad)

LIKE EVE

Walk into the forest dense
Come to a circle open
Overhang tree boughs
The floor carpeted with pine needles.
Hemlock, pine, oak and birch
And the cherished aspen –
Stand up tall and leaves shimmer
Canopy of blue shrouds your tops.

Gorgeous maples reaching out
Stretching upwards –
Leaves change, change –
Green, yellow, reds crimson –
Set afire blazing the trail
Acorns crunch underfoot.

Pungent, sweet leaf decay
From this springs new shoots
Life is swaying, humming, moving.
Birds flit branch to branch
The wind twirls around my frame
I wrap my cloak tighter.
The air pulls up old leaves
Airborne and circling.
Elated I feel reborn
Like Eve in the garden once more.
Truly the earth and I are one.

THE WHEEL

**Like the cog of a wheel
Mechanisms of a watch
The teeth interlock and turn
In opposing directions.
Others go back and forth
Like a pendulum.
Some pieces are so minute
Yet they hold the key.
And without the spring
They all lock up and stop.
So we are
Interdependent with one another.**

GLUE

**Structure holds the key
For you and I
Lest we come undone
Unity no more
But endless sorrow.**

YAHWEH IS ON THE THRONE

**Yahweh is on the throne
Take heart my child
Fear not the things of the world
I am bigger than that
I flung the stars in the sky
I created the earth
And all in it.
I am bigger than that.
I created the Universe
The Galaxies,
The Stratospheres,
I created beyond that.**

**For I loved you so
More than you can comprehend
That is why my son
Yahshua I did send**

**He died for all your sins
On the tree at Calvary
And by his precious Blood
You can come into my throne,
Prayer I will receive
For his Blood your sins atone.
You are my child
I am with you wherever you go
I will never leave
Nor forsake you.
This remember and know,
This remember and know.
(Psalm 37:25; Hebrews 13:5)**

SNOW FALL

**The sun is shadowed
By a snow shower.
A huge cloud of white
Touching from sky to ground
Flakes fly through the air.
They land and melt
On your face and eyelids.
Cool breeze blows them
In your hair
Gently they float
And pile on the ground.
The coldness
Makes your nose pinch together
Your breath goes out
Like steam from a vent
And the sun is a
Huge white circle
Surrounded with more white.
Only your footprints
In the snow
Show where the sky ends
And the ground begins.
The silence is welcomed
To the ears.
Just the crunch of
Your walking greets you.**

EARTHQUAKE

**One huge land mass
Three million dwell there
One coast to another
We feel it as one.**

**Woken as if on a roller coaster
Solid structures ripped,
Objects shattered, tossed –
Dazed, in shock
Fear for what's next.**

**Frantic, helpless I look around
Nothing seems safe.
I look for cover
From dangerous falling objects.**

**An eternity passes,
When will it hit again?
Time turns hellish
People walking outside staying
Standing in the streets,
Waiting for more of the same.**

**April 4, 2010, 7.2 magnitude,
April 5, 2010, 5.1 aftershock
They keep coming...
(California, USA; Matthew 24
the beginning of sorrows)**

VOLCANO

**Black rain
Volcanic ash
Voices, muffles –
Sulfur rising.
Rise to higher elevations
Cleaner air
The earth opens up –
Self dissolves.
Memories gone
Buried for centuries
Under new rock.**

**The sun becomes the moon –
Dark, drifting ash.
You will not be forgotten.
Your memory
Will live forever.
(In memory of civilizations destroyed by Volcanoes)**

ROUTINE

**Routine is a man made word
For a perfect world
Where everything stays the same
But in real life
That's not the case
Much change with much pain.**

**You hold up your end real good
And walk the golden mile
Some days aren't so nice
You know what I mean
You can't even pull up a smile.**

**Erratic is the way to go
Flow in any direction
With what comes to you
Routine is a thing of the past
There is now nothing that you have to do.**

**After a while of aimless meandering
It all seems so pointless to me
That we should just walk and bump
Into anybody that you can see.**

**Manmade words are sometimes necessary
To keep us all in line
So I will stick with what works for me
Routine works just fine.**

(The structure of obedience is necessary)

MOURNING NO MORE

**Hear ye... hear ye...
Mytron the 5th dies
At 112, on March 9, 2010,
Ruler since the year 8449.**

**The world ruler of
Illuminati over rule
Of the souls of men
Owner of wars and world chaos.**

**Hemmonphanes the Ancient
Who predeceased Mytron left
This psychokinetic control to him.**

**The world corrupt does mourn
The brain child Mytron
The heart of the earth,
Bavaria, Germany is hollow.
The chamber is now empty.
Spirits now rule the earth.**

**Hear ye... hear ye...
All the old ancient temples
Are rumbling a new.
The earth is to yet
Spring forth a new leader.
The great counterfeit of old.
He soon shall appear.**

**Hear ye... hear ye...
He shall rule the souls of men
The earth lusts for the blood of men,
And no one will mourn.**

**(Illuminati Successor -
Antichrist & N.W.O. ruling mankind)**

GARDEN

**Beating of wings, angelic
Kiss the morning light
With dew sparkling
On grass so fresh
A magnificent sunlight
With rays beaming
Life awakens.
Morning glories, birds
A rabbit across the yard
And set foot across
To my garden bench
Where I soak in the morning
With my coffee for the day.
Birds eating worms
Flowers opening up
Fragrance rising upward
Pleasant memories invoking.
This is my breakfast hour
That none shall take away.**

PONDER THIS

**Why swim in the ocean of deceit
When you can walk
In truth and righteousness?**

SUDDENLY

**It often takes the unexpected
To realize what you have,
You have taken for granted.
Every now and then
Life throws you a surprise
It catches you off guard
You say so surreal
You move in shock.
For a moment you are in limbo
Before your adrenaline kicks in.
And then –
It happens.
Everything happens –
Fast.
At a very clipped pace
Many things from all angles
Come at you at once
And you stumble through it
Till it ends – it stops.
And once at a stop
You say
Oh My Yahweh!
How close, oh how close!
And gratitude seizes your soul
To be alive yet another day
With those you love.**

OWNERSHIP

**We all work so hard
To obtain things
To have a place of our own.
But really, do we own?
Or rather, do we but manage?
To say I can own something
Is really not true.
One must work hard
Giving up time loss
To earn wages to pay
To have ownership.**

And one must work hard
To pay to maintain ownership.
Yet in "owning"
One is a slave
To all taxes and upkeeps.
It is better to say that
We all manage things
That eventually will
Slip through our fingers.
Ownership is when
You do not have to work to maintain.
Ownership is acceptance
Of who you are
And what you become.
Ownership is to things
That are not material,
And cannot be taken away.
We can change our venue
Our variety of temperament
But never really delete
Ownership of character
For that is who we are.

REFLECTION

As people get older
They magnify who they are.
It seems the larger the deficit
The more blind they become.
Reflection can be dangerous
If through the optics of illusion.

All men must succumb
To leadership of others.
Equality is but a term
Tossed around for civility.
People are manageable
As long as they believe the illusion.

Once self awaking occurs
People have learned to question
This is most fearful
To powers that control.
Civil disobedience is not wanted
It must be avoided.

**Self deception is just
Another means of one coping
With dissatisfaction in ones life.
If one can reflect in honesty
With acceptance, they have peace,
With rejection, you have rebellion.**

**So reflection must be
Portrayed for others
As what to believe
To avoid resistance.
Many are too busy
To care less.
It is in old age
One can reflect with regret
Age robs you of youth
And passion to resist.
This explains leadership's
Portrayal of reflection,
And the use of it
To control others.**

THE PERFECT DAY

**The sun goes down
On the remains of the day.
Temperatures drop back down
The bird feeders are emptying
I lay here curled up
Contemplating.**

**Shrubs already in blossom
Light buds to full flowers
Sky such a cold blue
Water still standing in the field
My eyes give way
To sleep they yield.**

**Such a lovely day
Too quickly it's gone by
Shared with a bosom friend
Lifted up in spirits
The sun has gone down
The day light comes to an end.**

**If I could put in a bottle
All the wonders felt today
To relive yet another time
But that cannot be
So I retire for now
And will add it to my memory.**

GRATITUDE MAY I EXPRESS

**Gratitude may I express
For favor undeserved
Provisions not asked for
Comforts of life that others don't have.
Thankful
For your governing my life
With favor, honor, happiness
For companions of earnest
Honest and integrity.
For work given for my hands to do
Talents that bless others
For a light load and easy burdens
For a network of support
And encouragement of friends.
You are my heart, my life.
My Yahshua,
For that I express my gratitude.**

FALL NOT IN LOVE WITH THE WORLD

**Go and sin no more in thought
Word or deed.
We must walk in the Holy Spirit.
We have no time frame, only today.
When I close my eyes I take for granted
I will wake, that everything
Will be the same.
Reality is that it changes.
There are no guarantees.
Are we so in love with
The world and sin, we find
Comfort in them?**

How sad to forget we
Are spiritual beings in a physical world.
We can never be totally happy here.
The only joy that lasts is in Yahweh.
When we fall in love with the world
We sin against ourselves
And the purpose of our being.
Fall not in love with the world
Or the things of the world,
For all of this is passing away.

PERHAPS...

We didn't always get along
You and I
Too much alike
In so many ways –
No more antagonize
Rather work together
For a common good.
Both talented but raised differently –
Different spectrums as it were.
But now we found a common ground
The love of verse and poetry.
I have such empathy for you
Your growing up
Your struggles even now
Yet I do admire your inner beauty –
That which you are too shy to show.
You have qualities that
Are deep and rare
Often misunderstood.
At times
I see your inner heart weep -
And others your soul sing.
Our swords have been forged
Into pens of peace –
Quills of verse.
The power of thought
To converse wonderfully
Where words fail.
Perhaps we are more alike
Than either of us could ever admit.
(For Jamie)

CALLED

**Abandon yourself to me.
My peaceful calm will restore you.
You will walk in my strength,
No longer your weaknesses.
Isn't my love enough for you?**

**A person is known by the shoes they wear,
They say a lot about themselves.
Are your feet shod with my gospel?
Are they carrying the liberation
Of Messiah wherever you go?
Are you walking in my footsteps?**

**I have shown you the way.
Are you surrendered and willing
To follow the path I have led?
Are you willing to walk
To Calvary and be crucified
With me on the tree?
Are you willing to
Abandon your will to mine?**

DEVOTION

**People mock and ask,
Why am I so obsessed with Yahweh?
They don't realize
The love of souls
The love of purity.
The rebirth of holiness
The awareness of eternity
The reality time is but an invention.**

**To die for each of us
With no guarantees of redemption
Unless we desire and seek it.
Those who protest the loudest
Weep the greatest
Banished forever
From the presence of Yahweh.**

**How cannot I talk of him?
He is my life
My reason for being
He is my love
He is my husband
I am not ashamed of him.**

SQUARES OF BLUE

**Square of blue
All different
Many jeans and designs
Cut up and sewn together
And tie tacked.
When done make a quilt.
When I look at the sea of blue
All the many shades of colour
I think of people, humans
The souls of men.
How we are all different
Yet when together make a whole.
Some squares are new, others old
Some bright, others faded
Textures from the thick
Thin to soft.
All got that way by being
Worn of the owner.
Humanity has warmth, character
When we learn from one another
And work as one.
So much can be accomplished
When we allow others
To gather us
Into the wholeness of their lives,
We become a blanket
Unified from love.**

I WENT FOR A WALK

**I went for a walk today –
I saw, felt and touched
A slice of heaven.
How I wish I could remain
Within that moment
But it is not to be so.
On this side of life it cannot be
But once I finish what I started here
I then can walk over there.
For the moment
I was caught up in
There was nothing but being one
With the nature I was walking in.
No demands, commitments, obligations,
No sense of time in fact.
And I felt exalted as though
This was the true essence of being alive.
This is how we are meant to be
Unfettered, and unrestrained.
I went for a walk today –
I saw, felt and touched
A slice of heaven.**

RAIN

**Sitting here listening to the rain fall
Tears from heaven.
We have all lost our way.
The world is covered in darkness
All the rain can't lift the stain within it.
There is something about the sound
Of rain falling,
It reminds one of finality
The end of something.
It brings to mind
Emptiness and yieldedness.
Cold and damp I think
As I clutch my jacket
Around my neck tighter.**

**Rain can revive thirst
It can drown, cleanse.
But the sound of it
In the darkness
Reminds me of an hour glass
Emptying itself to the last
Grain of sand, and then
Quiet, nothing.
Yes, Yahweh even talks to us
In the rain.**

SCALES OF TIME

**Of all things I still stop and ponder
The present moment...
Of many moments gone by
And the likeness of none other...
Today the scales have tipped...
And I wish to cash in
And sleep on time past spent.
Nature has a way of making one feel safe
Whole and healthy
And of not aging but being one
In a cycle of creative life.
My energies are better suited
For today I pace myself much slower.
All actions eventually slows to a stop
All events come to an end.
It is the pausing one appreciates them
All the more.
Sunshine is wonderful
When shared with someone else
The warmth giving strength and peace.
The rays have a way of making
One shines a nice brown
And fill your bones with hope and joy.
Time is but scales
Held in the hand of the Master.
Everyone's time is of different lengths.
How I wish to catnap through it,
If I did I'm afraid I will miss something.
When one gets older it is acceptance
To shed your old skin
And stay in the shape you are.**

Acceptance that we cease to be
But our works follow us.
I am grateful that in the scales of time
Are included the people who have
Made an impression,
Left their imprint on my heart,
Gave me another way of thinking,
Such are you.

ORACLES

I have sent my oracles
Some carved in stone
(Ten commandments)
Some on scrolls
(The word of Yahweh)
Others manifested in nature
(My creation)
Yet you do not heed them.
Elusive man on the cusp
Of a new era
Without an anchor,
You will not remain.
We are to be living stones
White stones together
Building a Bride.
We are meant to conquer
To obtain, to dwell in glory,
As a testament of Yahweh's love.
The oracles have delivered
We should receive
To be in the temple
Living stones.
Grasp this truth
The word of Yahweh,
Become enamored by it,
And the truth shall set you free.

I AM HERE

**When life seems hard
And you feel it isn't fair
The pain is overwhelming
Thoughts are reeling
Know that I will be there.**

**The world can be crazy
And a very unsafe place
With people in your face
Invading your personal space
Take heart my friend
Know that I will be there.**

**We live half a globe away you say
And how can what you say be true?
Just think about knowing this
You have a family near and far
We are your support in time of need
Distance has nothing to do with it you see.
Take heart my friend
Know that I am here.**

**I can feel your emotions,
Your heart spilling over with tears
I know your uncertainties
And I know your fears.
We live on the same earth
We believers share each others pain.
Just know this my friend
I am here, I am here
And I will lift you in prayer.**

TREES REACH UP

**Trees reach up
And so do I
To praise Yahweh
By and by
Tell me now, how lovely!
Fruit of the tree
We must bear**

**For if we are empty
We will be burned.
So I ask you –
What does your tree bear?
Is it fruit lovely on the vine?
Or a bare branch to be removed?
Yahshua can't say
Thou art mine
If you bear not
The fruit of the vine.
The trees reach up
And so do I
To praise Yahweh
By and by.**

GROW IN STATURE

**Each of us with our
Own circumstances
Rules to be measured by
Ways to compare,
Yet doing so
We rob ourselves.
When we stop comparing
Competing among ourselves
We are set free
To be who we each
Individually are meant to become.**

**The world is a trap
You can get caught in it
And never know
Your full potential.
You must open
The eyes of your soul
Cease to conform to others
Give yourself permission
To grown into the stature of Yahshua
Who you are to become.**

PRAYER

**When the illusion is more real than reality,
Then you have lost your way.
One must shatter the illusion to see truth.
Life is busy, fast paced, consuming.**

**You are a pilgrim on earth passing through.
You are to learn growth through what you create.
Do not fall in love with your creations
Or those around you.
Fall in love with the truth, Yahshua.**

**You have a keen sense of spirit.
I made you that way.
You are spirit in a physical world.
Your vision is my gift
To stay connected to me,
Spirit and Truth.
Develop your vision through prayer
And worship to me,
I am El Yahweh.
You are my beloved child.
Do not lose sight of that.**

LIFE IS A JOURNEY

**Life is like toilet paper
It unrolls a little slow at first
But once you get going
You lose track
It goes by way to fast.
The point it
Have fun tearing the roll down
Till you get to the end.
Life is a journey
Have fun while getting there.**

THE TREE

**In the woods are many trees
Of various kinds
Some soft wood, some hard
Some with leaves, others not.**

**All different yet compliment one another.
Woods are woods, mingled and united.
When a tree gets old, it falls.
In its place is a shaft of light,
Room for others to grow up into.
Others drop seeds that grow into new ones.**

**With the wind they bend and creek.
Their leaves rustle and glisten.
Their roots run deep, making them strong.
If you don't stand still
You will miss it,
The singing of the trees,
The clapping of their branches
The raising of their limbs
To Yahweh the Most High.**

**I can say my friend Yahshua
Was a Majestic Tree,
One not to be forgotten.
We can all grow in the light he gives.**

BEAUTIFUL TO ME

**Thou art beautiful Oh Yahweh
Maker of the morning
Rising of the sun
Fullness of a day.
Thou art beautiful oh Yahweh
Maker of the birds that
Are a wonder on the air
Showman of the thunder
And majestic lightning
Maker of snowflakes
Each wonderfully different.
Creator of the Universe
The Milky Way, the Galaxies.
I am in awe of thee
For the wonder of life
For creation made for me
And the joy of our fellowship
Truly, Majestic Infinite One
Thou are beautiful to me.**

CHOOSE

**Choose to turn the other cheek
Choose to walk in love
Choose to sacrifice for the kingdom
Choose to forget wrongs done
Choose to find good in all
Choose to give words of life
Choose to treat all people equal
Choose to walk in holiness
Choose to perform the Word of Yahweh
Choose to bless the body of believers
Choose to die to your old nature
Choose to live as a new creature
Choose to heal the wounds
Choose to listen with patience
Choose to walk the extra mile
Choose, yes chose
So that you may be the light.**

BALANCE

**Some of us get cocky
Others feel insignificant
Some have no feeling at all
People all fan themselves
The level of attention they need.**

**We receive people in our lives
To balance us out
Some are knocked down
A peg or two
Others are pulled up.**

**As trees we are planted
We bud and bloom
And bring out full leaves,
Then shed them standing bare.
Bitter cold of winter suspends us
We are dormant for a season
To reawaken with the spring.**

**There are reasons in our lives
People are brought forth
Giving us balance, perspective
To function in the manor
And time we are meant to be.
Yahweh uses people to bring us balance.**

THE PERFECT MAN

**I was born one cold morn
For fear of my life
We escaped to Egypt.
After four years we go back
To my country of birth.
I was submissive to my parents
My father was a carpenter.**

**I was at the Jordan River
When a dove descended on me.
I was highly favored of my heavenly father.
Shortly afterwards
I go into solitude for forty days.
I am tempted to my measure
Yet I do not give in.**

**I befriend twelve men
I invite them to follow me.
Many nights I go away
Alone, I pray
For the souls of mankind.**

**I have pity on them.
I heal the sick, cast out demons
Deliver them from their diseases.
I raise the dead.
I lovingly gather the multitudes
Telling them of our Father's love.**

**I teach with parables, I show by example
The true meaning of love.
I am a defender and advocate
Of the despised, widow, orphan
Of the outcasts of society
I reach in and heal their hearts.**

**I stand up against hypocrites
I stand on trial for this
I am led as a lamb to slaughter.**

**I never open my mouth.
I gladly lay down my life
That all men can call me friend.
I rise to new life
I come back and breathe
My Spirit on those waiting
I fill them with heavenly power.**

**I was raised a carpenter's son.
I die accused.
I rise a King.
I call all your friends
Who will follow me
In your hearts.
I am Yahshua the Messiah,
I am the perfect man.**

GROWTH

**Yahweh does not give you the people you want
He gives you the people you NEED
To help you, to hurt you, to leave you,
To love you and to make you into
The person you were MEANT TO BE.**

THE GOSPEL PLAINLY PUT

**Love Yahweh and constantly pray
To him for help,
Love my fellow man,
Endure with patience whatever happens
To me for the benefit of my soul.**

KNOW FOR WHOM YOUR HEART BURNS

**These are the days
Which the prophets told about
Much distress is soon to come
Global upheaval like never before.
Many will faint in heart
Fear will grip and destroy
All who are hopeless
Who have no faith.
Even those who believe
Must anchor themselves
In their hope.
Individuals will have to choose
Will have to stand.
Selfishness, greed rob hearts
Crushing their eternal light.
There is no place to hide
No escaping it.
Strengthen yourselves
We are entering with no return.
For whom does your heart burn?
Blood shed knows no bounds
There spirit is eternal,
It will live forever.
Know for whom your heart burns.**

**(Let no man deceive you, pray that you
may endure to the end, strengthen yourselves
all the more in prayer as you see the day coming)**

REACH THE WORLD

**We live in times of much
Where others before did want
What the word is all about.
The word is everywhere,
TV, Radio, tapes, CDs, DVDs, internet,
Why it flies through the air!**

**We have much more of the word
Than ever was before
Yet there is such a famine
For the Truth**

**Why this shouldn't be!
Sad to see we take for granted
All this technology!**

**Too much is really little
Where little is actually more.
You will not take for granted
When you pray for everything.
Yahweh will sift and shake
To rid us of all that would cling.**

**Let us use modern day marvels
To reach the world for Yahshua
To preach around the world
To receive into the kingdom
The souls of men.**

A WORD

**My children how I weep
How I lament you are asleep
And destruction is upon you.
How you have fallen
You have lost your first love
The rudiments of the earth
Have enraptured your heart
You have forgotten me
Yahweh your Elohim.
I do not desire for any to perish
Yet you choose your rebellion
Over my way of love and obedience.
Terror of such magnitude
Will suddenly destroy
Thou are hated, despised
Many are against you
Many within your own borders,
You will be as lambs to slaughter.
There is no place to hide, only in me,
Prepare your hearts, come into my presence
On your face, seek the hiding place**

**Under my wings
For I protect only my own,
Only those who are separate to me.
My children how I weep, how I lament**

**This doesn't have to be so
You do not have to perish
If you will only come to me
Before the hour is here.
You have deadened my voice
You have seared your conscience
And now you are but the walking dead.
I cannot protect you.
I have never abandoned you
But you have deserted me.
Come before it is too late.
Before it is too late,
And I shall plead no more.
(Psalm 91:1-4)**

THE NEWS REELS ON

**Like a kaleidoscope
News reels by
No sense of direction
Pages torn from a book
Ink smudged on a page
Once mentioned then gone.**

**Humanity is the cesspool
Of improvements
Laws to suppress into submission
For the better good
Helplessly watch life
Change before your eyes.
Keep them drugged,
Over sensitize.**

**Whip the masses to receive more
Senseless redderick
Gibberish knowledge of futility at its best
To slide back.**

**Hypnotize with your lies,
The news reels on.
(To the end times media machine for deception)**

**I HAVE BEEN BROUGHT LOW
I AM HUMBLLED
I HAVE SEEN THE FUTURE
WORDS CANNOT DESCRIBE
I AM STUPEFIED.**

**THE VISION, WILL IT REMAIN
OR WILL IT REFRAIN?
WILL IS SHOW NEW,
WHAT IS TRUE?
CAN YOU?**

A MOTHER'S QUEST

**What love has a mother
For her child.
How she will stand
For what is best,
Allow nothing unfit
To touch them.**

**She will search for answers
When there seems none,
She will continue on
When others give up,
She will make do
With what she has.**

**A mother's quest
For truth,
For what remains,
What endures.
She will not stop
When told to give up.
She will continue on until
She has peace in her soul,**

**When she has finished
What she set out to do,
Such is a mother's quest.**

MY TREASURE

**The heavy back door open,
Cooing of mourning doves
Waifs in the air
The squeaky hinge of their wings
As they take flight.**

**The golden beam of afternoon
Before dusk sets in
The moisture forms dew
On the ground
Brings evening chill.**

**Life happening, moving
Minutes click away
The earth is humming
People have settled down
The night shift wakes
Business fades.**

**These are my treasures
I store away
To draw from
When white death
Blankets all motion.**

REVERSAL MOMENTUM

**The RORRIM
A dual sided plexi view
Reversal momentum.
SGNINROM, the tilt axis
Is when one's YDOB is out of bed.
Full forward motion, top speed.**

**The REPAP
Broken columns of information
Which pauses work,
DOOF, the refueling of one's self
To move past the halfway point.**

**When ENOD for the day,
I enter the RAC,**

**To escalate home.
GNINEVE is here!**

**My YDOB has come full circle.
My SEYE are closed.
DEDNEPSUS motion
SEYE closed.
Snort, snort, doze
Tis a RORRIM, reversal momentum.**

WE ALL WANT THEM

**How we all want them
Have them
Keep them
Grow them
Send them
On their way –
Some move on,
Some return to stay.**

**We learn how to make them
Understand them
Play with them
Some of us sadly
Even use them –
Or they use us.**

**Our whole life we search for them
Find them
Unite with them
Maintain to keep them.
What else can these be?
My friends you see.**

GUIDANCE

**So many people are joyless
They have much materially
Yet are depleted spiritually.
They are the walking wounded.**

**Life we have no control over
But choices we do.
When we know we cannot control life
We stop going against
And start working with destiny.**

**Many seek enlightenment
And never find it.
You will find that knowledge
Without wisdom is foolishness.
So is enlightenment without
Understanding.
This just brings much confusion.**

**When one stops searching
Then they find
Answers manifest without effort.
It is in being still
In Sovereign Yahweh
That you will find guidance.
There is Joy in each of us.
We just have to see it
By the Kodesh Ruach.**

EXALT HIM

**Satan comes to steal and destroy
Yahweh brings new life
Many things on this terrestrial ball
Will bring forth strife.**

**You are a child of the King
Yahweh is he
Whatever you need
Is at his command
Pray it forth and it will be.**

**Know and walk
In the knowledge of the Word
We are not to be defeated
Our prayers lifted heavenward
Know that they are heard.**

**Greater is he that is in us
So be not dismayed
For Yahweh will send his angels
To overcome, to make a way.**

**Our Elohim reigns!
He is to be exalted!
He is majesty on high!
With praise on our lips
His presence does come nigh!**

**Praise his majesty!
Exalt him!
On the throne is he!
For Yahshua's sacrifice
Made for you and me.
Exalt him! Magnify him!
For now
And all eternity!**

HE WILL MAKE A WAY

**One day Yahweh and Satan
Were having a wager.
Go ahead, tempt Job,
He will not sin.
For Yahweh knew his soul
And what was within him.**

**And trials sore, losses great
Job all went through
Even his friends came against
But he remained true.**

**For Yahweh did wager a bet
With Satan regarding his servant
You can bring him loss and pain
But his soul not touch
And Job remained observant.**

**He never questioned nor criticized
The Majestic Yahweh on High
Why all this tragedy
Rather he blessed Yahweh
With eyes lifted to the sky.
Job passed the test
Of such pain and loss
He is our example
For all of us today
When in a tight spot
Don't despair, dig in and pray.
For Yahweh is on the Throne
And He will make a way.**

BEWARD LEST YOU FALL

**Joy was alive
When I was reborn
How contagious I felt
And over the years
Life has brought wear
To the place where I once dwelt.
What once was vibrant
And overflowing
Had tapered down to a trickle
And that I thought right
And was the norm
In my maturity being fickle.
Then I heard a brother
Speak the truth of the Word
I felt a touch of Yahweh
I was quickened, touched anew
The Spirit was fully restored.**

**So it is true what is written
For our admonition
To truly take to heart,
Beware lest you fall
It is so subtle,
So we must do our part.
For the Word says endure
Remain strong in me
I will keep you alive
Let your roots go down
Very deep in my Word
And you shall conquer and survive.**

NUMBER 44

**Oh Great Eagle
Number 44 is at the door,
Change is the word
Like never before.**

**Oh Great Eagle
What was promised you
That I will do.**

**Change is the word
Change is the game
What use to be the norm
Will never be the same.**

**My pitch is Green
Crank the money machine
Spend our way
Out of our debt –
Out of work?
Need not fret.**

**Print more money
Spend our way through
This is the change
I promised you –
Commerce, Trade
Health Care too!
These are things
I will make come true!**

**Oh Great Eagle
You are a Phoenix Risen anew
The promises of change
Have come True.
(President Obama and N.W.O.)**

2012

**Doomsayers are trumping
Setting dates
Apocalyptic persons watch
For the great crescendo.
Fear rules the hearts of men.**

**A calendar of stone
Everyone is frenzied
With the date set on it.
Like a good read
The book 1984,
So like the calendar – 2012.**

**Much boggles the mind
Over stimulation
Of what's around us.
What are you looking for?
What is your anticipation?**

**To yourself hold steady.
The only date you should care about
Is Today.
(Mayan Calendar of 2012)**

SIBLINGS

**The large brood
And the pecking order
We know all about these,
From oldest to youngest
To the one in the middle,
To the one on mother's knees.**

**As one is grown up
Ready to go into the world
Yet the youngest is yet to see
The middle age one
Defiantly rebels
While the one on the way
Is yet to be.**

**Mother and Father try so hard
To stretch themselves thin**

**So the older take over
And boss you around
Till the parents come round
And step in.**

**How we bicker, how we fight
Tear at each other with a fuss
Scream and holler
Break things
Then everyone's quiet,
Angelic like
When discipline is certainly a must.**

**"I didn't do it, he did" –
"No she did not I" –
And Father yells
"Shut up, be quiet,
I will not put up with a lie!"**

**Now someone has to be the scapegoat
Let it be the younger of all
They are naïve, so trusting
Let them for us take the fall.**

**Disappointed Dad takes me
To the other room to 'get it'
He bends down and says
"I know it wasn't you".
Then he winks and hits the bed
Telling me to scream loudly so –
And afterwards he says to me,
"Next time it won't be you,
But the one to whom it is due."**

**So smile I will
When I hear of those
With large families of their own –
So glad I have none
No daughter or son
For I've had enough
Of all that stuff.**

**borrow a kid
When I need my fix
I spoil it rotten so –
Then I give them back
All sugared up -
It's a payback from long ago.
(Tribute to our family of 10)**

OH ARRAGANT MAN

**Arrogant, self assuming
Wasteful, ungrateful humans –
Boastful, braggarts, proud,
Self inflated egos and plans
Dissatisfied and always wanting more.**

**Always increasing your worth
Too busy to enjoy today
Too occupied with things
That what is important -
Family and friends
Slip through your fingers.**

**Boasting of tomorrow –
Oh Tomorrow, I will do this!
And so pathetically poor
A depleted, shriveled up soul
Mean, twisted, angry soul
Demanding for more!**

**Oh Arrogant man!
You are but a piece of dust!
And one day
Tomorrow will never come,
Who will inherit all you have
Worked so hard for?**

THE EARTH

**I am not eloquent
Nor high society
My desires are simple
My life is basic
I am but a farmer's daughter
I was raised with the soil
Love of it is in my heart
Twice over a gardener –
Indian, sacred trust of the earth –
Farmer, tiller of the earth.
I weep, I mourn
For the earth to be torn
Molded, plastered
To an entrapment of worship
All living life dies
To do so –
More concrete spirals, steel towers
More earth dies.
And the stones cry out
Vindicate us!
They go unheard.
-173-**

**Man kills all in his path
I mourn,
I mourn.**

SET FORTH

**I have been set free
This flower has been plucked
For the Master's vase
No more shall my petals
Crown the grassy knoll
I know not what to expect
When the future does change
Beyond my imagination
I hope that day of
My crowning touch
Is one of great love
Surrounded by those I follow
Let us exalt Him who is worthy
For He has chosen this flower.**

WISDOM

**With my head on my pillow
I delve into slumber
It is there a voice
Utters words to me
Wisdom communicates
With my heart.**

**In the clouds of earth
Above the tumult
And endless bondage
Wisdom speaks to me.
My heart is enlarged
Flames of Love consume me
Hunger for more manifests.
Shrouded in mystery
She whispers great truths
From her seven pillars.**

**Morning rays rise
And I feel the other world
Slip away.
How I want to linger there
In the beauty of Truth.
Knowing at dusk
I shall return
To her great mystery
I am content to wake
And walk for the day.
(And they shall dream dreams)**

CLEANSE

**Love comes in many ways
And so I know
Acceptance is hard
Of differences not embraced
Putting self aside
Love what's not your own
Understanding is required.**

**To hold others as important
Not at arms length
Rather pull to your bosom**

**Heal the poison in your soul.
To hate is a death wish
Cut the cords and be free.**

**As light to darkness
Each can obtain.
What has not life
I choose to throw away.
Cleanse your soul
Take the stone
Out of your heart.
The light is pure
It will heal you
So you can heal others.
Be reborn from above.**

TRUE WEALTH

**One can measure wealth
And still be poor.
I knew a rich man once
His wealth seemed endless
Anything he needed he bought
He never went without
Pleasures and more.
And I knew a poor man
He worked so hard to just get by,
His children loved him so
They were constantly mocked
And laughed at.
The boys even wore girls jackets
Rather than freeze.
Their clothes had holes
Their house was finally condemned.
The father died,
The kids were passed on.
Years later it seemed
All the rich kids squandered
The wealth that was earned.
And the poor children
All worked and made a go of it.
There were there for each other.
If there was a need they would all pitch in.
The rich man died.**

**The world called him wonderful names,
The children fought over his will.
He was too busy amassing a fortune
His children grew past him,
And he died alone.
One can measure wealth
And still be poor,
One could live poverty and be wealthy.
The lesson –
Never be envious of rich men
Consider their end –
Live for today and be the better for it.**

I CREATE UPON

**Hand over my eyes
Block out the light
Another work day is ended.
Horizontal bed feels wonderful
Buzz in my ears of the furnace.
My mind is a blank,
A content relaxed no noise blank.
Ears still decompressing
Constant buss in them till it fades.**

**Recapturing moments like snapshots
In my head of the day,
How quickly it turns to night time.
Myself once removed
My private space is who I am
And endless Joy of dreams,
Aspirations to dwell upon.**

**Such moments precious as they are
Reassess my goals
These are the things
I create upon
With new visions,
And old ones complete.**

HOAX OF SUMMER

**I was told it was summer
The calendar says the same
But I find it hard to believe
With all this much rain.**

**No need to worry about drought
Or of anything not being green
It's just the temperature is not warm enough
To sunbathing be seen.**

**I worked hard in my garden
Waited too long for it to come up
But now it is overgrown with all these weeds
Green mold on the soil
Knots of greens mixed of every kind
Where the veggies are,
Never mind!**

**I was told it was summer
More like autumn it feels
And only two more months
We will be there,
Frost in the air.**

**I was told it was summer
The hoax, okay
I've had enough
Take all this rain back
Give me some sun
Please...
Before the two months later is here
And autumn has begun.**

MY LIFE ON THE FARM

Mom and Dad they are to me. How I think of all the love in raising a family of eight. Endless nights of staying up, worrying about the kids. Fun willed weekends on the farm long ago. The men haying stopping for a break, homemade lemonade from the pitcher with some of moms fresh baked goods. There would be corn cutting, and gathering up the Rye fields, getting it in for the cows. Out all day till dusk, doing first cut of haying. Then there would be running the tetter machine, turning the hay to dry, and baling it afterwards. Yes those old hay wagons pulled behind the baler. And the milking parlor at three am and again at four pm. Finally dinner at six pm.

At the picnic table with two long benches and two chairs. Dad would sit at one with his hat on the back of his. We would wait for him to say grace. Mom would serve all the men first, mending and ironing to do. And the occasional homemade ice cream to churn.

For fun Dad would take us three youngest fishing at night. With poles and kerosene lantern in hand we headed for the cove, the mouth of the Winooski River. We'd fish for bull pout. They would love to bite at night. We would tend to leave them in mom's old double scrub sink in the cellar.

When she found them she would scream at us, upon which we would immediately gut and clean them. The fish were good fried up in corn meal.

We would ride the ponies down back towards the berry patches. We'd pick black caps. If we got enough mom would bake us our own pie. How motivated we were. When mom wasn't looking, we'd pick concord grapes off the arbor and eat them. Once a summer we would have a get together with some, not all of our relatives. Out of dad's eleven siblings, three would show up with their families. We'd have eight picnic tables by the apple trees out back. Eight kids, twelve kids and seven kids, with six adults. Food served was corn on the cob, hot dogs, pies. We ate well on those occasions.

And we all thought nothing of it. Get up and go non stop till you went to bed at night. They were hard days, but ones filled with honor and pride. And we were a family. And my parents, how I thank and love them so for it.

I HOPE ONE DAY

**Sad eyes speak to me
Of having lived and seen enough
They plead to me
They ask of me
A relief for the sorrow
They ask for hope
They ask for new life
Yet they accept and resign
Themselves to the life they have
A slow death is such my friend
One of feeling no change
Nor pursing it anymore**

**One of living in the chamber
Of silent lament ~
Sad eyes speak to me
And I look back with a knowing
With a love for life
And a love for you
Hoping that you could find
Also the peace that I have**

**To strengthen you
To give you hope
And give you new life.
They eyes are the windows
Of the soul
And yours my friend show sorrow
I hope one day they reflect
Life with change anew.**

THE ONLY ONE

**There is only one
Door, way, bridge
To Paradise my friend
It is Yahshua the Messiah alone
So drop the weight, burden
Yield and drop your stone ~
For the truth in the Son
Yahshua is the way
The truth and the light
Many will claim the same
But not the fame
Of resurrection and eternal life ~
Man tires to earn his way
Make it on his own
Walking under the burden
The weight of his stone
When there is already a way
One he could claim today ~
Yahshua is not a religion
He is a way of life
To live the Word of Yahweh
Being Spirit led
This is the only one
It is Yahshua His Son.
(John 3:16-17; John 14:6)**

MAGNITUDE

**Crawl out of that pit
One of drowning despair
Count your blessings
No matter how small**

**It will change your life
Your attitude in all you view
No longer will it be askew ~**

**Hang onto every kindness
Every word and deed done
That you are a recipient of
Let the magnitude of the small
Endlessly grow upon
Your gratitude for much
This your soul will touch.
(Philippians 4:8)**

JUDGE

**As a feather weighed on a scale
So is your life before your eyes
A lifetime viewed in a moment~
The journey is long
The road is very narrow
And few find it ~
Drop every weight that hinders
Ride up on the wind
To the Throne of Yahweh ~
The Word calls your name
You have an appointment to keep
Surrendered you hear your reward.**

DIED IN OUR PLACE

**The Halo of Elohim
Is the Crown of Thorns
The scars that still bleed
An everlasting sacrifice ~**

**The scepter is the nails
Pounded into the wrists of Yahshua
They spill blood down the tree**

**Down onto the precious feet
That brought the good news ~**

**The robe of Yahweh is
White brilliance of Mercy
White light of Love
Searching love that radiates
Into all the hearts that seek ~**

**And I see those eyes
That have seen a world of cruelty
Have seen the ways of men
For which He loved enough
To die for them ~**

**It is the blood life flows
From the tree life was bought
For you and for me
On that torture stake elevated
Between earth and heaven ~**

**Realize the agony he endured for us
There is no price greater
For this he was born
Truly he is the King of Kings
For he died in our place.**

I AM COMING

**I am coming
Be not like the world
Scoffing and mocking
When you least expect it
I will come
You know not when
The day or the hour
It is not what you think
For it is appointed once
For a man to die
He knows not that day
It is then that I come
Live soberly, righteously
Shake off all that offends
Let your conduct be holy**

**For it is only such
That I will return for
The hour is late my beloved
I am not like the world
And neither should you be
Cling onto me
Be the redeemed
A witness to the lost
Of my love for a dying world
Be the reason for hope
Yes, I am coming
You know not when.
(1 Thessalonians 5:1-11 *** the return of
Yahshua is the resurrection of the dead)**

FREELY TO ALL

**I have the words of life
No one else has
This is my Word
Read it and learn of me
Without knowing me
You cannot enter the kingdom
For the Word and me
Are the same
I have given you all things ~
Our Father which art in Heaven
Thy kingdom come
Thy will be done
On earth as it is in heaven
You can live this life now
While on earth through me ~
I am the Living Word
To know me is to
Know my Word,
Live my Word.
My Word is truth
I give it freely to all
Who come to me ~
I imparted to you my Spirit
To guide and lead you
I am with you in all things
I walk with you now**

**You are more than a conqueror
To the Father through me
My child grow in me
My love will shield you
~ Yahshua.**

GUIDANCE

**Wisdom ~
Yahweh's direction and insight
When I have none
Discernment ~
Spiritual enlightenment
To know things
Beyond human reasoning
Awakening ~
The gift to rise from slumber
To break up fallow ground
To become pliable for harvest
Expedience ~
Urgency of essence
Deliverance in divine fashion
Exceeding all comprehension.**

BEING WITH YOU

**Family ~
The most beautiful word
Do we really know this?
Life ~
It is time in a frame
To be lived but once
Do we cherish this?
Love ~
The expression of our being
The fullness of meaning
Have we lived this?
You ~
Total summation of all things
Words cannot do justice
For you are life itself
Fellowship ~**

**The given privilege
To but express my heart
Which swells in your presence
Just being with you.**

SEASONS

**Truly it is something so simple
As spring time with sunshine
On the leaves so green on the twig
The newness of life leaps within
It helps one spring in their step ~
Rebirth all around us
From the frozen barren earth
To buds and blossoms
And as such so do we go through
These seasons of our own ~
Many a time we have had
The leaves die and fall
From the tree leaving its limbs bare
The harsh winter freezing everything
With the thought of it being
The end to all things ~
And then one day spring arrives
It thaws out all that was cold
In a day, in a moment
Life starts to come from death
And the excitement brings rejoicing ~
Singing catches us in the spirit
One of hope and joy
Our surroundings are changing
Lifting up our heavy hearts ~
I relish the sun in my soul
It radiates out the pain and sorrow
Replacing it with a knowing
That I am not alone
I have the strength to go forward.**

MY FRIEND IN BRAZIL

**I sit here early in the morning
Looking at my friend's picture
She lives in Brazil and I in USA
Worlds apart yet we are connected ~
How I feel for her and the family
How I often wonder how my life
Would have been different if I lived
In another country
In another culture ~
It seems here in this country
The more we have the less we have
And those with less are wealthier by far ~
Riches are but a deceit
They rob your life of
Those things that really matter
And how those with less
Think they have to get more
Not realizing the riches they have ~
I love my friend in Brazil
And how I wish we could but meet
To experience the richness of her life
And the fullness of it ~
I thank Yahweh for such friends
They are rubies and pearls to me
They crown my heart with love
With admiration and loyalty
To the things in life that matter ~
My friend who is a world apart
Is a great treasure I cherish.
Thank you Yahweh for her
And the love of her family.**

AND YET YOU LOVE ME

**Sobriety of one's heart
It is a horrific truth
To see our true sinfulness
How far we are from Yahweh
He shows us in degrees
The true condition of ourselves.
Weeping for our fall from Grace
Humility for not measuring**

To what Yahshua has called us
To become in the stature of himself.
Oh our sinful nature!
How we fail ourselves!
A day is but a vapor
They slip into years that pass
And we are no different
Then when first we came to Him!
It is Grace, it is Mercy!
Only by these can we be
Can we live and believe!
For without we would perish.
The truth to see it is not us
It is all Yahshua within us,
This is the greatest gift
To be stripped of pride.
Lovingly I lay my life down
For it is death without Yahshua.
Oh Yahweh, you have shown
Me my human heart,
How sinful it is!
And yet you love me...
You love me!

LET US...

One day at a time to live
For today may be your last
Time is no more but eternity
Is your reward for being faithful
Let us burn this scripture to memory
HEBREWS 12:2
Messiah is our example to follow
When we keep our focus on him
Then we can endure to the end
Yahshua is our hope and salvation
It is He who became our Lamb
He died in our place once and for all
Now we are given a new life in Him
Let us not fail him in this race
Let us finish with patience and endurance
Let us magnify His name and lift it up
For on His is His Throne

**We run the race with Him by our side
For He is ever with us in Spirit and in Truth
Endure, endure, endure ~
Our salvation and election is sure
Yahshua is King of Kings
Master of Masters, Majestic is your name
Crown Him with many Crowns
Worth is the Lamb that was slain
For us, for us, for us ~
His Blood bought our redemption
Holy, Righteous and True is He
Loyal to the Father and Loving
We have a friend and a brother in Him
Let us walk worthy of our calling
Let us rely on His Grace and Mercy
Let us not lose our focus on Him
Let us see the prize,
New Heaven and Earth and its rewards
The privilege of being with our Savior.**

IF YOU QUALIFY

**The global commerce system
Of which we will impend upon
Requests your compliance to but
Simply, qualify...
Yes, you must sign here
And agree to this...
No rebuttals just compromise
To continue receiving financial aide
All which you have paid into,
Before given freely even to
Non-citizens from abroad
Now we are a global community
You see, if you qualify...
Many for convenience sake
Will compromise their beliefs
Will give their allegiance to another ~
How can a scan, a mark
Disqualify their belief in God
To but qualify here in life?
Simple he would understand
This is but a mere symbol ~**

How can doing so jeopardize
Ones salvation in Yahshua?
To qualify one must
Embrace the world and all in it
See all religions leading to God
The gospel as non-threatening
A unity of all religions so as not to offend anybody.
Surely the Most High would understand!
He would not want us to suffer
To go without, to abandon
All our hard work we have stored up!
Yes, you must qualify...
Saint, the gospel explicitly states:
"Come out from among them...
"Be not like the world..."
Remove the stain, mark from your soul.
"He who loses his life shall save it;
He who saves his life shall lose it".
Saint, for which kingdom do you qualify?
(Matthew 16:24-26)

NOTHING CAN COMPARE TO THEE

For all the sunsets the world could give
The light's reflection of worldly beauty
Nothing can compare to your brilliance O Yahweh
For all the mountains, pinnacle of height
The rolling meadows and pastures
Nothing can compare to your beauty O Yahweh
For all the variance of colours
Shades majestic of an artists' pallet
Nothing can express your light divine O Yahweh
For all elevation of expression
From sorrow, sadness to joy
Nothing can contain, express your heart O Yahweh
For all wealth the world does offer
In excess of ever wanting a thing
Nothing can compare to your riches O Yahweh
For all the eye can see or ever want
For all the human mind could ever dream of
Nothing O Yahweh, nothing can compare to thee.

REBELLION

**Folly ~
The denial of truth
In word and deed
Embracing death with glee ~
Abandoning all hope
Giving way to insanity ~
To turn ones back
On all hope and assurance
Choosing destruction over life.**

GROW UP IN HIM

**The word by itself is knowledge
The spirit does give wisdom to open
The two together are keys that unlock
They bring forth discernment and direction
Life comes forth off the pages
Spoken word becomes living word
It goes forth to perform to completion
Our lives are the pages that the spirit
Does write upon, and makes it happen
There is so much more above our understand
It is by being in His presence that
He gives us illumination in our being
We absorb his light, his glory
We watch the restoration of all things
Come and live within our beings
As we yield to the Master's touch
He brings about in us his perfection
His divine will is performed
We grow up in the stature and fullness of Messiah
The scales fall off our eyes
We see in the spirit realm
Doubt plagues us no more
For faith directs our path
In the reality of his love and presence
Let us grown up in him
With the strong meat of the Word
Fulfilling our destiny he has given us.**

ALL THOSE WHO REJECT...

**You were told long ago
You heard but did not listen
You saw but did not see
You did not take to heart my message
Daily I sent people to warn you
To give you heed time and again
Now after the fact you ask of me
To give you mercy for your disobedience
Why should I?
I sent my prophets and they were murdered
I sent my Son and Messiah and he was killed
I gave my law, commandments
I gave my word of grace and mercy
I suffered long with you
I gave you every chance possible to change
And you did not find it necessary
Your heart was upon the cares of the world
You strived and lived to your content
You ignored those less fortunate
You ignored my word and my grace
You scoffed saying all things remain the same
And now you are in front of me
Begging me for mercy after time stopped
Your time was up and you failed the test
You did not want any part of me
Even though I begged you long ago to come
Why should I?
I must turn you away with sadness
I never wanted my creation to perish
Man was made to fellowship with me
Not to live in rebellion like the fallen angels
I am sorrowful but only those who chose me
Can be with me even now
You were told long ago
And now you do hear
Now you do listen with fear
And with disbelief that you are perishing
This is the fate of all those who reject
A loving Elohim and Saviour.**

SO MUCH TO THINK UPON

**So much to think upon, distract
All that seems so real is not
For my spirit screams out
Let me free from this prison
Not one of my making but there ~
I have come to believe we can
Reach up to the heavens
For our hearts can see for us
And bring us there in a new realm ~
Oh like a dandelion blown about
With the currents of the wind
It does ride the air and lands
So our souls are battled about in this life
We were never meant to be so wretched ~
Free... we all want to be
Wild, full of energy and zest
To roam the earth so vast
Everywhere we turn we are put aside ~
Hindered, weighted, drowned
Made to feel like a failure for we are
We fail to live by others laws and rules
Rise above the wicked and uncaring ~
Love is loftier than all those self professed
May our souls be ever light and blissful
Soar to the heavens and beyond
To paradise where men do not rule ~
Yahweh calls us home now in our hearts
To yield the pains and sorrows
For he will dry our tears and comfort us
As we are on our journey with him.**

CONNECT

**Angels are sent to intervene
For mankind in times of distress
We are surrounded by the hosts of heaven
Daily we are viewed upon and recorded ~
Constantly the human condition wears us
We must refresh our spirits in the newness of light
Come up high unto the throne
With the joy of gladness and mercy ~**

**Our prayers are urgent messages
Sent on behalf of others
Swiftly angels are dispersed to answer
Prayers are never wasted, never ~
For they are eternal and echo forth
They are heard into the heavens
You have the power to receive help
As you utter your prayers to on high ~
The battle is not ours
For on the tree it was finished
Angels minister on our behalf
To the promises to which we claim ~
Know who you are in Yahshua
And the power that is available to you
But mostly know that prayers determine everything
And without them we have nothing ~
Mostly we are to uphold others to the Father
And He will reward us in kind.
Angelic forces, army of ranks
Swirl about us in the spirit realm
Soon one day we will see and understand
In our new spirit bodies ~
Let us join the angels in our singing
Hymns and praises to Yahweh our Elohim
For heaven is worship in spirit and truth.**

YOU FOUND YOUR PLACE

**Quietly they do sit
As their fingers follow
The words on printed page
Reading aloud sacred script
Comfort of promises for us
Holy and true to life are they
With love and edification to convey ~**

**Quietly they do kneel
As their fingers cover
Each bead that is strung
Saying out loud their prayers
Consolation in hard pressed times
Sanctioned and necessary are these
Solemnly said aloud for others ~**

**Quietly they do stand
As their hands hold the book
Saying aloud as they do
Prayers of the fathers of old
Traditions of holy obedience
To a sovereign Elohim on high
Bound by the covenant
For generations to come ~**

**Quietly you do ponder
Meditate upon the word of Yahweh
Lifting up holy hands
Praying in the spirit
Entering into the holy of holies
United with the high priest
Yahshua who intercedes for us,
For you have found your place.**

I DIED TO LIVE

**A sepulture is a mausoleum
An ornate tomb with pillars
Many are the decorum of a morgue
Inside is dead and empty.
We adorn our life with much
Titles, achievements, degrees
Strip it all away and look
For inside is the real man ~
Does it need props to hold it up?
Does its echo reverberate?
The walking dead parade
As the righteousness of the Son
Yet decay and rot dwells within
They live, feed and rule
The flesh they serve unashamedly.
Foolish men who decline life
Slaves of the baser selves
Cling to religion all the more
Hypnotizing themselves in the death walk
For all that are unborn die.
Give me a simple place
Without notice or esteem
For rebirth has changed me**

**I live no more here
Rather I walk in the Spirit
The simplicity of life in Messiah
The miracle of a new self.
The white wash is gone away
The grave cannot hold me anymore
Victory, I have conquered death
Through Him I died to live.**

BLESSED ASSURANCE IS NOW

**You don't have to wish
Hope for the future
Your blessed assurance is now
Embrace the King's presence
He lives and we know Him
Life-beings new and fresh
He gives us beginnings
Alive with hope and peace ~
You fool yourself and miss it
You let salvation slip your grasp
For we live in Him now
Not in a future wish
Be alive and awaken
Throw off your grave clothes
Put on the garment of praise
Worship Him in the light
Let Him fill you up ~
Joy will overflow your heart
Love will shine in your eyes
Your life will be a testimony
That grace and mercy endures forever
Let us take hold of His garment
He will transform us, heal us
As we walk in obedience
To His commandments and law
Bearers of the light
Carrying truth to all.**

THE WORD HE PERFORMS IN ME

**Holiness is the only way
That we shall ever see Yahweh
For nothing unholy is ever in his presence
Our ways are to be separate to him
And daily our sacrifice is to die to self
I willingly lay down my will and life
To follow in Yahshua's footsteps ~
To be dead to self is
To be dead to insults
To be dead to injuries
To be dead to indifferences
To be dead to the world
To be dead to all that offends ~
For holiness asks of me that
I become my spiritual being
Over my fleshly being
It asks of me to be the new creature
For which Yahshua purchased for me
On the tree long ago ~
I must walk in faith
I must live the Word of Yahweh
I must carry the tree I am nailed to
The tree of discipleship
Not just believing but putting in practice
Of bearing much fruit of righteousness ~
Holiness Is the only way
That I shall ever see Yahweh
And I set my mind in Him as I
Walk in the Word which He performs in me.**

PEACE IN HIM

**The darkness of the night upon the soul
When you feel that nothing is left
Then my friend reach up to Yahweh
For he hears you on high
He will lift and refresh you
Place you on the rock of Messiah
Our redeemer and comforter
Yahweh watches over us constantly
He never tires nor slumbers
His love is great and healing
Let the balm of the spirit**

**Soothe your troubled soul
Remove the heart aches and pain
Rest, lay your burdens down
They were never yours to carry
Learn the meekness of the spirit
And your troubles will fade away
He gives us gladness and joy
And all our troubles will flee away
You may cry in the night
But the morning brings forth joy
And he hears you when awake
He hears your spirit even in slumber
Gently he does heal us and mend us
And our Rock is our fortress
Ever present in our times of trouble
For he does save us from all.
Trade in your heaviness and worries
For assurance and peace in Him.**

I HAD WRAPPED MYSELF

**I had wrapped myself
With the cloak of pride
It blinded me to my faults
I thought I was above reproach
Then Yahweh humbled me ~
He saw fit to send me illness
I was forced to admit and ask
The help of others in my life
I had to accept my limitations
My health as become weak ~
Once I was arrogant
I felt invincible and self sufficient
Now I have yielded to Yahweh
He is my strength and main stay ~
In his mercy he has shown
Me the conditions of my heart
In love and patience he changes me
Daily I turn to him for strength
I surrendered my ways ~
No longer leaning on my understanding
No longer dare I question Yahweh
And it is a process of humility
A great gift of Divine Mercy ~**

**I am but a man, flesh
Who has come to respect and love
The hand of Yahweh in all his ways
No I understand the scripture ~
“For in my weakness is His strength”.**

WHAT IS IMPORTANT

**The traveler has wander lust
Insatiable desire for the unknown
His soles are worn yet doable
Thought does provoke him further
Time away from home grows
One day he awakes up and questions
Where is my home?
His eyes span the entire horizon
He sees the universe as one
So unfortunate man has not learned that
He ahs spanned the globe and yet
His beginnings all for him
Methodically he makes his journey home
One step at a time is all
With each passage a new revelation
That people are the same
And all aspire for love eternal
And good will to all
The traveler has shed his wandering
For contentment in his humble abode
He has gained a treasure
It's Yahweh's kingdom in his heart
And peace that no one can compare
He now knows his journey was not lost
For it showed him the end of himself
And the beginning of a new life
So it has begun and he must follow
To yield is to gain, to fight is to lose
And he has chosen what is important.**

LOOK, LOOK O' SAINT

**The world has become
A grave to me
And all that is in it
I am dead to what I see
No longer feelings that are fleeting ~**

**Superficial ways of men
Have all lost their meaning
It is no longer I that lives
But Yahshua within me ~**

**Re-birthed within me is new life
My home is in the Messiah
My hope is to be with him
Eternity calls me and I answered
In the book is my name written ~**

**Our yearnings but grow stronger
The more we immerse in him
For he is pulling us home
New Jerusalem we are bound
Look, look o' saint
Towards your reward.**

I SHALL FINISH

**Sitting in the autumn sun
Towards the end of the day
The wind does blow my hair
I talk to the wind
Atop your grave ~**

**I communicate with my loved one
Of unsung victories
Of sorrows for which
My heart has passed through ~
Time becomes golden rays
As the sundial shifts across
With precious moments slipping away**

**I pay you great tribute
One of admiration and loyalty,
Your memory guides me
Your legacy is my vision ~**

**Wind blows in various notes
It lifts my heavy heart
Music to my ears ~
I shall carry on my friend
I shall finish what you started,
You life has not been in vain.**

TRUE AND FAITHFUL

**Let us not question why
Yahweh puts on certain hearts
To perform acts of mercy
What seems like a waste
And foolish to believers
Is but an offering to Yahweh.
When David's men fought valiantly
To bring him fresh water to drink
He rather pours it out
To Yahweh as an offering
When the woman came to Yahshua
With a costly alabaster jar
She poured it on Yahshua
Anointing his hair and feet
Yet she was rebuked by others.
We all are called to do
Great acts of mercy which appear
A waste to those not
Walking in the Spirit.
Remember to who it is
That you are giving the mercy
Fulfill the call of Yahweh
He has placed on your life.
Despite the opposition of many
In the house of Yahweh
Remain true and faithful
And you shall be rewarded
For many are called
But few are chosen.**

KING ETERNAL

**Royal blue and white raiment
Swaddling clothes adorn you
From you mother's robe
Tender and innocent you arrive
Crowned with straw and wood
Angels sing excelcious
Glory on High
Creation displays your majesty
The bright star adorns your birth
Animals bay and humble
The cradle in which you lay ~
Royal red and white
Blood and water did flow
From your side that was pierced
Your birth and your death
Proclaim rebirth and innocence
Your hands, feet and side
An eternal memorial
For those you died for
In humility and awe
I dwell in your love so deep ~
Royal and true are you
Born a King, died a Lamb
Forever reign King Eternal
And I shall never tire
Being in your presence O Yahshua.**

PRAYER OF REVIVAL

**Waxed thick with fat and laziness of heart
Is this nation of excess and waste
While others beg for want
Starve for a crumb that we toss ~
Have we forgotten to appreciate things?
We place such disregard on gifts given
Sell them off or throw them away
No respect for the giver or the toil
Put into the making and giving of the gift ~
Do we not treat each other in the same way?
How we disrespect others and their estate
Rather we are always looking beyond
What we have in front of us ~**

**Their eyes of hell are never satisfied
Neither is the belly of hell who
Wants to take out of the mouths of others ~
You cannot give anything to others
For they will destroy, misuse or discard
You can only give what truly matters
Prayers to lift that soul out of the mire
To set their feet on the Rock of Yahshua ~
We shall find peace with less
Happiness with contentment
Gratitude with realizing want ~
Our hearts need to be circumcised
To break up our fallow ground
So the word can bring forth fruit
Otherwise everything will fall flat
On ears and heart that flat lined ~
Fat drowns, leanness revives
And sorrow is but a prayer of revival.**

THE GREAT PROVIDER

**Be anxious for nothing
Know that I am Elohim over all
I make a way where there is none
I prepare things for those I love
You must learn to trust me.
Lean on me for everything
I am to be your provider in everything
Lean not unto your own understanding
In all your ways trust in me
For I am the great provider.
I shall never fail you or leave you
Eradicate the root of doubt
From your spirit and soul
I am more than enough ~
Do you not know that?
You must learn to receive from me
All that I have for you
And it will be well with your soul.
Anxiety is but worry over much
When you have control over little.
When you realize you have no control
Then your trust will blossom and
Your anxiety will subside.**

**Look to me for everything
As you see the day fast approaching.
Come to me and I will give you the manna
For the day that approaches
Come eat of my word and of my bread
And share with the world my hope
That Yahshua Messiah is Sovereign over all
And saves all who are obedient to him.
Remember my child
Perfect love casts out all fear.**

HINDSIGHT

**Of a sad truth you can never
Go back in time to what was
You can revisit your past
But often will find it missing
Only memories can linger in your heart ~
You can never go back to the past
Or the familiar or secure
For change uproots, time eradicates
We can cherish what we have known
And be thankful for what we learned ~
With age we mature and grown beyond
Our infancy to that of adulthood
One can only mentor those who
Are youthful in heart
Uncultivated in life or its ways
To show wisdom to avoid misery ~
How we all have said on time –
“If I only knew then what I do now”
But hindsight is just that
And it only can show us this –
We are never in control ~
That is is Yahweh who sustains us
He even allows us memory so
That we may learn from it
And a cause to be grateful in the process ~
We have pilgrim shoes that walk
The earth and clouds to infinity
Hoping one day to rest with the Master
Let us trade our sorrow and happenstance
For Joy and confidence in our hope
Yahshua Messiah, today and forever.**

HUMANS CAN BE SO TRYING

**Humans can be so trying
Especially those of your own family
They think they know what is best for you
They will try to manage your life
It gets real old as an adult
I find that this is what Yahshua
Was talking about in the scriptures ~
Family members fighting against each other
Or those manipulating and controlling
What is not theirs to do or give
It would be a much freer world
If others learned their place in life
It is not over another human
It is taking care of their own self
And getting right with Yahweh ~
There is an overwhelming fact
Of families not getting along
All through the bible it is mentioned
As the word says there is
Nothing new under the sun ~
To think that Elohim made us and
Loved us enough to send Messiah
To die for us while yet sinners!
And we cannot even stand each other.
Even on a good day ~
To die to self is so hard,
To let others not bother you
To pray for them and not
Want to retaliate in kind.
This is much patience which
Bears fruit for Yahshua and the kingdom ~
No matter where you go
Humans will always complicate life
For their souls are always in turmoil.
Yahshua is the only answer for us
To be able to love each other through him.**

VINDICATOR

**The souls of men are stagnant
Overflowing with stench and vapors
Rising to the heavens as an abomination
To those who blaspheme the Sovereign Elohim
He does sit on the throne
It is but grace that holds back
The judgments of Yahweh
His wrath is kindling
It overflows in a cup of reeling
He will toss it down to earth
Consume the vile and vermin
Who oppose the holy and righteous
For Yahweh is vindicator of those
Who suffer greatly for righteousness
Know O saint that your tribulations
Are not in vain rather they are
An incense that is most pleasing
To the Holy One of Ages
Soon the world will tremble
For he will come with a consuming fire
And devour all that is wicked and ungodly
Rejoice, look up for
Your redemption draws nigh
And Justice will be served.**

MY DESIRE

**There is this constant desire
For something more,
My life is okay but
I desire a deeper more
Satisfying life in the Spirit.
Secular life has its set backs
Where spiritual life has momentum.
Question is can I live an austere lifestyle?
Can I truly give up everything
To live a consecrated life to him?
The world's lure tarnishes over time
What use to be wonderful is no longer.
How my soul yearns for simplicity,**

The purity and Joy of knowing
Of being with the Master
Life tends to take away from you
It does not give back.
Only Yahweh can restore what
Life does consume from us.
There is a call, a quiet call
That still small voice whispers
"Come to me"..
And my soul wishes to
Run away with Him.
Maturity is throwing aside ones infancy
Trading it in for more tangible duration
For the lasting gift and treasure ~
Oh to dwell in the House of Yahweh
Forever, this is my desire.

IT IS IN YOU O MASTER

It is in you oh Master
That I believe, I trust
I live and function
Nothing is of myself
For I have not the ability
To perform or carry out
What life demands of me ~
It is in you oh Master
To love the unlovable
To give to the ungrateful
To minister to the downcast
To encourage those without hope
To be a blessing to those
Who would constantly curse me
To count all sufferings as joy
For the kingdoms sake ~
It is in you oh Master
That I can walk forward
Yet one more day through heartache
To lend a hand were so needed
To toil in you without thanks
You are my life's stay
I manage only in you
And only through you ~

**Help me Master to continue in you
To not give up on the race
To last and endure in this race
That you have set before me.
I pray Yahweh that I fail you not
In all you have called me to do.
It is in you Oh Master
That I believe, I trust
For you are everything.**

STILL SMALL VOICE

**Truly there is nothing
New under the sun,
Mankind scurries here and there
As children to the market place
Excitement over many things
Yet there is nothing
New under the sun.
Each generation must find
For its own self the truth
Accept or reject it
There are many voices
One must listen for
That still small voice calling.
Our soul is sought constantly
For there is an enemy who wants it
Yet the Master calls us
To be restored in Him
Beyond price is our redemption
For the world has nothing to offer,
For it is perishing and all in it.
Find that still small voice,
He will never fail you.**

MASTER'S HAND

**Humans love change
Yet they resist it.
There are times of testing
And then abandonment
Pottery after being cast on the wheel
Being thrown over again
Finally the clay can be shaped.**

Once done without fault
It is put on the shelf to dry
It stays there till it is bone dry
Then it is glazed and loaded
Fired in a kiln furnace.
Anything left is burned out of it
In the fire of affliction.
Humans are like molded clay
To the Master's touch
He sets us aside to die to self
Then he glazes us and fires us
To remove the last speck
Of self will till final surrender.
Out comes a beautiful vessel
One used for honor.
Let us be vessels of honor
Not those of dishonor
Know when you are on that self
You feel abandoned and alone,
You are in the Master's hand.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

The kingdom of heaven
Is within you ~
It is not outside you
It is not a church
Or a religion or creed
The kingdom of heaven
Comes within you
When you yield to Yahshua
Your heart of stone ~
Yahweh gives us a heart of clay
One that he can mold
Can shape and perfect
With his spirit of love
Let us not look in the world
To know or see Yahweh
For he comes to sup with you ~
When you become born again
In spirit and truth
Then the kingdom of heaven
Is within you

**We are told repeatedly in scripture
To guard your heart
Let no man steal thy crown
For the kingdom of heaven
Lives within you ~
You must guard it
Protect it, nurture it
With the Word of Yahweh and
The Holy Spirit of truth
You must endure daily to the end
So that you will be saved
Let no one deceive you
For the kingdom of heaven
Is within you.**

THAT IS ENOUGH

**Among men there will always be
Hardships, bad times, misery
Our focus we must not wane
From our heavenly prize ~
At times life can be overwhelming
Read upon the scriptures
How our Master did go away
Alone to a deserted place
To pray and commune with the Father ~
We are only as strong
As our prayer to Him
As our worship to Him
As our love for Him
Then nothing can move you ~
For Yahweh is in control
When He comes our portion
That is to say our everything
Then nothing else does matter ~
Know your perspective in life
That Yahweh is life itself
And in Him we do
Breathe, move and have our being ~
So see things with the eyes of Yahweh
Walk in faith to the promises
Trusting solely in Him
And you will find what it is
You have been seeking your whole life ~
And that is enough.**

ACCOUNTABILITY

**The words of men grieve me
They spew forth doubt
Hatred, suspicion, anger
Malicious gossip, contempt
A voice is to be one
Calling in the wilderness
Not a torrent rushing
Overwhelming ones soul
You have the ability to create
To instill, edify, encourage
Or destroy, tear down, debilitate
Excessive words is a grievous sin
So grave is this issue
I place accountability on each word
You are your brother's keeper
You keep or destroy with your mouth
Words are tossed around carelessly
Vulnerable, innocent souls consume them
They tear, devour the trusting
Destroying their stability in me
It would be better that you were mute
Than to be the devils' mouth piece
Know I spoke creation into existence
Know you speak life or death
Into the souls of men
You find me not in many words
You find me in stillness.
(Isaiah 30:15b)**

DO COME TO ME

**With age comes wisdom
Sometimes too late
I hope and pray, that's not your fate ~
I woo you softly, my words do plead
In times of trouble, do come to me ~
Years are fleeting, they quickly go by
One day you're aware, they simply did fly ~
I have been near you, always by your side
Many times ignored by you
Through the worse of time ~
With age we mellow, we see with our heart
What once we couldn't, but see only in part ~
-210-**

**I tell you solemnly, you're a breath away
From leaving this life, it could be today ~
Stop wasting time, no longer dream away
This moment for you, I will not with you always stay ~
Closer and closer you do find, that many a friend has died
And you I pray I do ask, have you to the Father cried? ~
Get your heart right with Yahshua today,
Not always with man will he stay
Don't gamble the gift to be lost
The one that I did pay the cost ~
Your fate is yours and yours alone
You must come yielded in whole
For me to honor your prayer today
And to restore life to your soul ~
I woo you softly
My words do plead
I say to you now
Do come to me.**

LET US SUP TOGETHER

**Deeply I am moved by your love for me
I have given much for your companionship
Hoping always that you would accept
My wedding invitation
I give you light to clothe yourself
With a garment without spot or wrinkle
I have prepared the marriage feast of the Lamb
My whole life was so that I could extend
The invitation of the Father to you
That you may accept and become
A Son of Yahweh and live in me
Everything I have done was for you
There is nothing undone for it has all
Been accomplished at the tree
You must have the faith to believe in that
Accept what is rightfully yours through me
Every prayer, every hurt, every need
Has already been heard and answered
Your whole life has been predestined
You are given the ability through me
To overcome by my blood and
The word of your testimony
Let your life become vibrant and alive in me
For you can do all things through me**

**For I will strengthen you
Just trust me, believe and rely
And walk in the victory I have won for you.
Deeply I am moved by your love for me
In our fellowship our love can grown
As one in the Father's love
Come to me and let us sup together.**

WE ARE PEARLS IN THE MAKING

**The making of a pearl
Is the hardest task of all
For to send a grain of sand
To irritate the clam
It sits in its craw ~
Continuous a thorn in your side
The grain of sand imbedded
In the muscle it does hide
As you fight against it
The muscle does become injured
A welt then a lump does rise
And after time the sand ~
You adapt without knowing to yourself
The sand and you are one
And merge the shining pearl
From all the persistent irritation
Comes a treasure sublime
One that many hunt for
To behold the beauty of
For the struggle has brought forth
A mirrored polished gem
Brought about by the pain endured ~
Are we not to seek that
Pearl of great price?
And are we not like the clam
Enduring all struggles and pains,
By our tasks to multiply our talents,
To bring forth a prize to lay
At the Master's feet?
We are all pearls in the making
Strung together as one body
Glorifying the Father's throne.**

THE TRUE GOSPEL

**Be not deceived to live and act like the world
Do not chase after success or riches and prosperity
Rather deny yourself everything
To cling to the hope of redemption ~
Do not demand your rights, your privileges, your promises
Rather die to self picking up your cross
Yes, your cross to be nailed to
For the follower is not greater than the teacher,
And in all their ways are to follow their master ~
Do not stand up for equality, for human rights
Nor oppose governments, or leaders of tyranny
I did not send Barabbas, the hearts of evil men did.
Know that I am sovereign
I use evil for good, I use evil to punish sin,
I use evil to cleanse unrighteousness ~
Do not fall into the trap, that your life is here on earth
I never sent my children in the name
Of patriotism, to hate, fight and kill ~
My ways are not your ways, do not resist evil
Do not fight men nor governments
I sent Yahshua as your example ~
Do not be deceived by thinking
You follow Yahshua Messiah
When you live opposite his life
For his was one of sacrifice,
He loved people without changing them
He asked they surrender to the Father's love
Mercy, grace, so the miracle could change them ~
Stop and read the scriptures and see
The mirror of your soul, are you living the gospel?
Who rules the throne of your heart?
When people see you do they see Yahshua in you?
Or do they see Barabbas? There is no time to put off today
What there is no guarantee of tomorrow
Be not deceived, live the true gospel
For it is very narrow, and few find it.**

**(Galatians 2:20; Matthew 10:38; Revelation 3:11;
Proverbs 16:4; Jeremiah 17:5; Luke 17:20-21)**

HUMILITY

**I know nothing
Everything I do know
I was taught or learned
But knowledge is a revelation
I do not know its columns
The foundation of wisdom ~
In my humanity I struggle
With my foolish pride
Stubborn to change what I know
For a new truth shown me ~
I think it's not what we know
Rather our hearts reception
To what we are shown
Frail I struggle with things
To wonderful for me
It is easier to guard the familiar
Then to embrace the unknown ~
Faith is stepping out believing
Truth will show a way
Leading and guiding to change
When I accept my limitations
When I humble myself
Then I can receive knowledge
Which is meant for me ~
The Spirit guides, directs, protects
He talks to us through the Word
He deposits within us great measure
For success in all our ways
If I humble myself before Yahweh
Then the heavens open to me.**

EYESIGHT

**Eyes, your vision
To see all that surrounds you
The heart is attached to your sight
Your thoughts conger up
Visuals of want and passion
Endless, never satisfied
Is the sight of men
The more they see
The more they covet.**

Beauty is appreciating
What is in front of you
It does not want to possess
All that is not yours
The lust of life is in the eyes
Always dreaming, acquiring
Always wanting more
One must learn to see
With the eyes of the heart
They will illuminate the soul
Showing you the passing earthly things
To the pure and lasting ones.
It is your sight
And how you see that you feel
With your soul and mind.
Possess your eyesight wisely.
Block what is evil
Dwell upon what is good.

NO LONGER YOUR OWN

Do not take upon yourself
Extra responsibilities
Only do that which I tell you
To do more is vanity ~
Do not meditate on anything
Other than my word
For you entertain the teachings of men
And open the door to deception ~
Do not seek the wisdom
Given by the world
For it is twisted and corrupt
Seek my wisdom
Which is foolishness to the world ~
Do not labor in vain
For the things temporal
Only a fool throws away
True wealth which is lasting
For the fleeting glimmer of promise ~
Guard your heart
No one can steal it from you
Unless you yield it to another first
Your heart belongs to me

**It is not yours to give away
For I bought and paid the price
You are no longer your own
You belong to me ~
Do not take anything upon yourself
For you died and now
You are a new creature
No longer seek for yourself anymore
Rather seek the Father
And all truth will be manifested.**

YAHWEH'S IRON

**Standing here ironing fabric
I think of the process
Of being ironed smooth
Yahweh takes us and removes
The spots and wrinkles from us
He will pull us forward
To iron that next section straight ~**

**When you are done ironing
You hold up the fabric and look
For any spots you may have missed
And you return the fabric
Back to the board for re-ironing ~**

**Yahweh takes us and he removes
All flaws, spots, imperfections
He looks for a beautiful gown
One of beauty and perfection
To cover the body of Messiah ~**

**Know this my friend
We all are being ironed
Having all that is unacceptable
Removed from our lives
It is a process called sanctification
Which leads to holiness and righteousness ~**

**So the next time you see an iron
Think of what Yahweh does for us
To become acceptable to Him.**

THE BLOOD

**In a dream I saw myself
Having left the earth
I stood in heaven before the throne
I was shown through a vision
My whole life before me
An opening in space was a screen
Upon it lays all the words
I had ever spoken in life
Those kind, loving, encouraging on one side,
Those wicked, evil, damaging on the other.
In a quick vision was portrayed
The balance of justification
And of condemnation.
Matthew 12:36-37 scripture
Was shown to me in my actions
For I judged myself by them.
All the good next to them
Had the scriptures listed,
And all the bad has scriptures listed also.
And I wept to see
How I failed so many times
Then I saw blood wash over
All the bad shown me.
They were erased before my eyes.
Turning to Yahshua He said,
"This is why I died for you,
To wash your sins away
For I remember them no more".
Then I woke up realizing
The gift of unmerited grace and mercy ~
O blessed by the Lamb that was slain!**

WHO ARE YOU FOLLOWING?

**Chronicles, the book of Kings
When men followed a leader
Of flesh and blood, no longer Yahweh himself.
Yahweh watches as Judah and Israel fought each other,
No longer under the cloud by day
Or the pillar of fire by night.
They lost the fear and awe of Yahweh Almighty ~**

Each King differed in heart
Many did fall away from Yahweh.
Amaziah worshipped the gods of men
So Yahweh had him slain.
Uzziah his son ruled 52 years
Yet his wealth cause such pride,
That he blasphemed Yahweh.
He was struck with leprosy
Living a life of solitude
Not buried in the place of the Kings
Rather that of a common cemetery.
How Yahweh does tell us He is a Jealous Elohim,
He will not have other gods before Him.
We each are a living book
We record events of our lives,
Our deeds follow us.
Just like these men of old we also are called to live
Righteous and follow Yahweh's ways.
The Holy Spirit helps us follow
After Yahweh in our hearts, not men.
Let us not fall prey to the pride of life
Causing us to sin against Yahweh.
For we are warned time and again
To guard our hearts
To let no man steal our crown.
Only those who endure to the end are saved.
I ask you, what does your life
Say about you in your Chronicles?
And is your name written
In the Lamb's Book of Life?

(2 Chronicles 25:14, 27-28; chapter 26;
Matthew 24:13, Isaiah 61:10-11)

THE LESSON

How I learned a valuable lesson today
I got upset over the loss of a modern convenience
I allowed it to rob me of my peace
It showed me my spirit
Has not yielded to suffering.
To be so affected by this loss
When this is but temporal,
How shall I endure physical loss?

**We truly do not know
What suffering was like to those of old.
Modern reality is but an illusion
A mockery of happiness and peace,
Yet for most it leaves us unsettled and agitated.
My lesson was this ~
I have no control over anything,
All that I own is not mine anyways.
It can be taken from me at any given time.
Myself as a person must stand
In Yahweh's peace and assurance
That He alone is my existence,
And He is my only salvation
In this changing world.
How did I react?
Was I resigned that all things
Happen as Yahweh allows them?
And did I praise Him "in all things"?
The light has been shown today
My soul needs more work
It is these "things" happening
To prune me, show me
What is rotten inside
What more need to die,
That He may live and rule in me.
Our success is not physical
It is only spiritual in Him.**

YESTERYEAR

**Silently I sit and watch the snow
As the flakes drop and flutter.
Gently they build up a height
One I find weighty to walk through.
Something as delicate as a flake
Water frozen in design to confound
Building a beautiful landscape,
Reflecting light from the gray skies.
Nature stops us in our tracks
It deadens our modern conveniences,
Once again we are placed back
Enduring the taste of rustic times
Without electricity or heat**

**We are in a panic doing without
The things we take so for granted,
Sad truth is we have lost so much.
Mankind always lit a fire
To heat, cook and work by
Always managing to use only
What was necessary leaving the rest.
In our fast pace world
We have accumulated masses of things
Spending our time and health acquiring,
When the real things are free.
It would not be easy to go back
To a yesteryear but
It would help our resolve
In knowing natures value in our lives.**

VESSELS

**I am just a vessel
One to be used for the kingdom
Daily I do the task before me
Little things that witness to Yahweh's Word
I never know when I will be used
Or whose life I may touch ~
I am but a vessel
A grateful happy soul
Who is glad to be used of the King
I always ask for the mercy and strength
To be able to do what is asked of me
Nothing is too small to perform ~
I am a yielded vessel
One to go and not look back
A vessel of honor and sanctification
Truly mending broken spirits
Giving hope and calming words
That His presence may be known ~
A servant of the Most High
Gladly I bear the pain and shame
The disgrace for His honor
I count it all as nothing
For my reward is at the finish ~
Truly we all are called to be saints
Bearers of the light, of His mercy**

**To give love and live love
To those rejected of men
The downcast of society
Those that have been given up on ~
Vessels ~
A branch from the stem
Fruit bearer to maturity
Bringing more and multiplying
Yielded and grateful servants
Called of the Most High.**

VALUE

**I ask myself how does one value
And what is the meaning of it.
To have weight or meaning
To be needed of importance
All these things define
Yet there is value of another kind.
Value, the existence
That holds the key
Without it there is no need
No parts to put in motion
No growth to go forward
Value is completion
It spells success and assurance
For when I am done I have value.
Yet value has meaning even before
Value is weight of itself.
True value cannot be bought
Nor traded or diminished
Value is and always has been
Value always will be
It is the laws of existence
Set in motion by the Maker.
Value is beyond price
It goes to sacrifice paid
That can ever be repaid
True value is eternal
It shall never erase or disappear
Value adds never takes away,
And I ask myself
Do I have value?**

**And the answer is yes
For I have been bought and paid for
With a price, one of great Value.
And in so doing the purchaser has
Transferred His value unto me
For my value is now in Him
For now I am complete,
Yes, I have value.**

TROWEL

**As a mason with his trowel
Works the cement to a grade
Then he plies his trowel to the stone
For he is building and making
A wall so unique
It is his design alone ~
So the Father takes each of us
Works the cement to the right play
He applies his spirit in us
To make us pliable to use ~
The Father will spread our cracks
That need the balm of repair
He'll use his will
Bringing forth His word
To bind and repair our weaknesses
For in our weaknesses is his strength ~
I sit and watch the mason
His perfected skill to mend and repair
So does our heavenly Father
To each of us apply
And we are all members
Built up in one body
United and solidified in Him.**

TALLIT

**Cover thyself within my tent
Let the name of Yahweh protect
The tassels of my garment
They spell our my name
The line of blue runs through
The corners touch the crown
The prayer of the Shama
Covers your forehead
Down to the heart
Your earthly tent give for mine
One that never wears out
A High Priest and intercessor
My canopy covers the stars
Beyond the galaxies and orbs
My throne is in the north
Bind my laws upon thy heart
Cover thyself with my tallit
The priesthood before my throne.**

STEADFAST

**The world has gone mad
Each fighting one another
You would have thought man
Would have learned by now
From WWI and WWII
But hatred breeds forever new
In the souls of men
It is at death they realize
They have fought for nothing.
And I ask you reader
Is your heart polluted with such?
Or do you have peace within
That passes all understanding?
For we are to guard our hearts
We are not called to take up arms
To fight our brothers
Nor are we called to differentiate
In systems of wealth.
All men are created equal
Our biggest sin is not believing**

**Or treating others as our brothers
The world will get worse
Hearts of men will grow cold
And troubles will increase.
Do not let these things
Take your eyes off your prize
Be steadfast and faithful in all things
Be a beacon of light
In a world of darkness around you.
Let us be the sanity
Let us be the love
The world seeks.**

T & Y

**Tomorrow
That elusive line
Of yesterday.**

SEEDLINGS

**I think of the seed that grows
Against all the odds it pushes its way
Up through the ground and stone
And it makes it up to the surface
Then it sprouts and grows to maturity ~
It knows not when or how it just does
And thinking of the pressure it must exert
To go against all that is on top of it
It pushes its way to the top and lives
So must we be a seed and die to live ~
We grow after we have died to self
We then come alive and are new with life
We grown before others eyes changing
And in the process unfolds our destiny
So we are that seed that learns sot grow ~
Yahshua came that I may live
He died to give me new life
And when I die to myself then
I come alive new in Him
I am bearing forth new growth.**

CHILD

**I can only cry
I weep for my youth
I have learned and now I am old ~
I catch myself staring into space
Thinking of long ago
The tears purge the memories ~
Such a deep profound loneliness
Nothing can touch the depths
My child lives and plays there ~
Secret chambers of my heart
Hold the key
Vacant is the innocence of youth.**

QUIET, STILL AND UNTAPPED

**No movement, motion or sound
Deadly quiet with my thoughts
Not another human being around
To talk or share with
Great withdrawal in solitude
Not always that of comfort
Having to see yourself realistically ~
At times we don't like what we hear
From our thoughts and heart
We drown out our own noise
We ignore our inner voice talking
Deadly quiet and alone I sit
Pondering the end as I see it
I have landed in a no mans land
No direction, no noise...
Just my breathing and heart beating ~
Strange how we work our whole lives
To but retire and when we get there
We feel uncomfortable with our solitude
This is a very deep well
Quiet, still and untapped
A wise soul would take this time
To earnestly learn of themselves
Then they can walk with confidence
With their gift of loving silence
As their new found teacher ~**

**I am but a weak person
With divine strength within
Her resides and helps me live each day
In tears I express my gratitude
For helping me climb the mountains
Of overcoming the pain of life ~
He is my comforter
I no longer fear the quiet
For He resides there in it
His presence is enough to love me through
I can see myself as He sees me
There is no end, just beginnings
Each and every moment given to me.**

PORTAL

**It is the eve of yesterday
We look out towards the world
Much is happening so fast
We cannot keep pace with tomorrow
We had been told of this beforehand
All things are parallel
They run back to forward
History repeats itself
Mankind does not learn
He chooses to remake mistakes
Compounded upon our forefathers
Pride says we can do better
We can change what they could not
The lure of wanting to be god
Destruction is that in the making
It is the eve of yesterday
The book reads then and now
Time is eternal
Just portaled for our understanding
Things are set in motion
We are bound to repeat them
This is as it is written
In Yahweh there are no limits
Time does not exist
With man it does
It was given to us to see**

**We are constrained by the Spirit
We have no destiny over our lives
When we learn this
Then we can look at all things
With the vision of truth.**

PEACE WE ALL SEEK

**Peace we all seek
Desperately pray for
Willing to give anything
To see it in our lifetime
Yet false peace will manifest
In the form of a man
When true peace is eternal
In this world but not of it
Killings, murders, violence
Hatred, human trafficking,
Devalued and epitomized
The soul can take so much
It cries out for deliverance
From the misery of human condition
Truly life is taxing, trying
And at best is doable
There needs to be a substance
To live through the pain
One needs to have strength
In the midst of suffering
And that is what we pray for
When peace we ask
The world wants it now
Not realizing it is not temporary
Peace is eternal and lasting
True peace that is.**

LIFES EBB

**Life with its many ebbs and flows
Cycles of setbacks
We have all been there
It is like the water currents
They pull in different directions
Even though they are unseen
The wind will blow and toss about
Will rise up higher than drop down
It can be warm to extremely cold
And so life when it happens ~**

**I use to think that I was all set
But the rug got pulled out from underneath
In shock and total denial
How could such things happen to me?
Oh it is true we are but mortal
Always thinking endless thoughts
Not realizing there will come
An end some day
We just are not privy to it ~**

**And so the flow comes forth
With a big whooshing sound
Swept off in an unknown course
The compass has no direction
Away and out of reach ~**

**No one can follow or determine
The set course we must follow
I am being recycled again
Life's ebb has a hold of me.**

I RATHER YOU COME...

**I rather you not come to me at all
Then out of fear or preservation
I called you friends when you love me
Fear is doubt and selfishness ~
I rather you not come to me at all
If you have a lukewarm heart
If you still are in love with the world
If you seek the praises of men ~**

**I rather you not come to me at all
If you love not others
If you are a follower I name only
If you are not willing to sacrifice ~
I want you to come to me
The Giver of Life
The Merciful forgiving Father
With arms open wide ~
I want you to come to me
Yielded and pliant
Soften in heart to the Master's touch
Caring and forgiving as I am ~
I want you to come to me
Dying to self and born again
To the Spirit and in Love
To being one with the Father ~
You can come to me now
You have a choice to decide
For what you do in this life
Will determine yours in the next.**

GRACE

**Grace ~
That gift beyond words
Unmerited underserved Grace
When I think on that
How did I ever come by it?
What did I ever do to know it?
And beyond my reasoning
Is the knowledge that Yahweh
Sent His Son Yahshua for me
That I may inherit Grace
Even the ability to believe and
Have the faith to receive Grace
All that is a gift ~
I just have to see the need
For Mercy in my life
And the willingness to live it
To others in turn
Mercy is only mine to keep
If I give it away
And Love is only mine to keep
If I live it to others ~**

**Grace ~
The divine ability to live
The gospel, mercy
And the free gift of my choosing
To own and share.**

GOODBYES

**No one likes to say goodbye
Not in this life for anything
We like to think things are permanent
We like to fool ourselves into thinking
Those things will never change
They would stay the same
And we have all the time in the world
To revisit them as we leave them
Reality tells us there are no guarantees
That someone will be there tomorrow
Or those things we have will not be gone
Everyday is change and some forever
We have no control over things
Even though we plan as though we do
And I can say that goodbyes are difficult
Painful yet needful for growth
Sometimes we need to walk away
From what we have known
Towards the new we are to discover
There is one person who never says goodbye
That is Master Yahshua
For he says in scripture,
"I will never leave you nor forsake you".
Today as you go through much change
With the heartache and sorrow
Know that it is Yahshua the Messiah
Who is with us through it
And he never says goodbye
Not now and not in eternity.
This is a great promise
Let us cling onto this in this life
Knowing we will see him and be with him.
How wonderful is this.**

DEATH

**I come for all men
Some sooner than others
I wear a thousand masks
This morning you wake
Can be your last
No one really knows for sure
I am allusive, untraceable
You cannot escape nor find me
With each birth comes a death
Some younger than others
There is no human reasoning for this
You cannot understand why I come
Or my full purpose
Everyone has a given time
In which to live
And they are to accomplish that
For which only they can do
No one has come back from the grave
To speak of me or my person
Everyday grab a hold of it as a gift
To make right your way with Yahweh
For once you are gone
All chances are lost forever
Today live wisely, seek mercy
And give mercy to others
Know that it is love that covers
A multitude of sins
Yes, my name is death
And I come for all men
Including you ~
One day shall be your last
Make it your goal before you go
To leave your foot prints in this world
Those of meaning and love
Especially those of the Saviour
For whom you serve.**

CHALICE

**Oh my child
Be not eager to drink
From the chalice I did
It is a cup of suffering
Three times I asked if possible
For my Father to take
The cup away from me
But not my will rather His
And I took of the cup
I drank of its bitter dregs
Not all cups are those of joy
Nor all wine of celebration
For the chalice is sacrifice
One unto death
You cannot drink of it
Unless you are willing
To pay the ultimate price
Oh my child
Love, edify and exhort
For each day brings its own troubles
Rejoice in the knowledge
Of truth and love
Of being called and chosen
Let that be enough for now
For my grace is sufficient unto thee.**

CAULDRON

**Here we are in the end times
Living it but hard to believe
We compare it to what we learned
From churches and secular
So easy to be deceived regarding this
So easy to believe we are not in the end times
For those scoffers, hard of heart
Against unbelief and slumber
Mostly against slothfulness
Really do we know what end times looks like?
It is more of a spiritual condition
And can only be discerned spiritually
Not so much physically
To be in prayer and in the Word
This is survival, it is discernment**

**It is keeping ones lamp trimmed and burning
And ones garment white
Without spot or wrinkle
The cares of life
How Messiah spoke against them
For they are a riptide that pulls us away
They so consume our attention
That we neglect what is most important
Our fellowship with Him
In prayer, worship and studying.
Throughout the centuries men have scoffed
And said yes but it has not happened yet
But it will and soon
For the world is now a boiling Cauldron
Ready to flow over with human misery and suffering
Like none ever seen before
We all know something is coming
And is happening before our eyes
The world cannot put a finger on it
But we know it is the spirit of antichrist which is here
And is pervasive throughout all civilizations
I can only say, watch therefore and guard
For you know not what hour Yahshua cometh.**

BE RESILIENT

**It happens so suddenly to all of us
One moment we have our schedule
The next it is taken from us forever
Looking for the familiar is unsettling
When it is gone for good
Having to start over is an awakening
To ones inner self
Alive as never before from your slumber
You must look at things fresh and new
To have no resources and be caught unprepared
This is the hardest thing to do
Life has cycles and phases
As we age we go through passages
They are not for the weak at heart
Rather one must be strong or
One must be resigned to ride the wave
That has you swept up in it
And for all the things we learn in life**

**Nothing can compare you for that gigantic leap
One we all must take
To go from here to there
With nothing in the middle
To grab a hold of
It happens so suddenly to all of us
May we learn to be resilient
To trust in the Almighty to carry us through
For we were never meant to carry the loads
Or the burdens for which life places on us.**

CHANGE

**People tend to push others away
Rather than say goodbye
They don't deal with change very well
People don't like change
They avoid it or ignore it
Hoping it will go away
Life is nothing but change
A lot of it not our own choosing
Yet through these various cycles
We find that we carry ourselves forward
Into the next sphere we are going
Others push people away out of fear
For self preservation
It hurts too much to get attached
Then feel you are loosing something
When in reality you aren't
Just sometimes we let fears
Rule our lives
Much unwarranted
We make our lives a self-fulfilling prophecy
When we don't have to
Yes, people are who they are
Accepted in all forms
And ourselves as such
We never say goodbye
To those we love and cherish.**

CAMELON

**What do you say when people ask?
Where do you begin?
I have learned that
Society is judging and unforgiving
Unwanted advice is imposed upon you
The thought police scrutinize
Hoping to glean any weakness
To composite your being ~
What do you say when people ask?
Where do you begin?
There is a certain mold
We are expected to fit in
To comply with others wishes
Always giving to others demands
And I cannot do that
I have died a thousand deaths
Always pretending what I am not
Never free of this leash that tethers me
To the pole of expectations ~
What do you say when people ask?
Where do you begin?
I have lived rough and wild
Touch the ocean, reached the sky
I have traveled my mind
Into the outer realms
I have visited the spirit world
I have seen the abyss
My days of being wild are over
The pain has gone away
I am a beautiful empty shell inside ~
What do you say when people ask?
Where do you begin?
You will never understand me
Nor can I explain myself
If I were to try
You would judge and reject me
What little rebellion is left
Would lash out in sanity
And this I know ~
Please do not ask
I cannot tell
Nor will I begin.**

YEARNING

**So much I long for you
Yet I cannot bring you here
Feelings go the distance
They suffice without a frame ~**

**If I could I'd hold you
I would love you from my being
My heart would speak to you
Through my hands and limbs ~**

**The art of self would emerge
Making splendor and joy
It would leap to live
Waves would cascade upon you ~**

**Love would crown you
As we bind together
The being with each other
Your presence as one.**

**So much I long for you
Yet I cannot bring you here
Feelings go the distance
They suffice without a frame.
(Loss of a Loved one)**

I FOLLOW YOU

**Finger tips sweep the air
In circles of motion
You are here as I sweep
Envisioning the spirit minus the body ~**

**Sweep with side motion
Making room for the other half
As you come to my side
You are with me even now ~**

**I cannot stoop too low
For you always catch me
I cannot fall nor cry
For you strengthen the weak ~**

**I ride on the wind in your wings
You blow forth warmth in caress
Inner stroking of the heart
It doesn't stay there ~**

**For I gather the wind
I carry it in my sail
Joining you on the journey
I follow you.**

INFIRMATIES

**Sick in body illuminates the spirit
Racked with pain and agony
I look up for answers
My soul is heavy laden
Infirmities lay upon me
Slowly my life ebbs from me
I let everything go I dreamed upon
All hopes and aspirations leave me
I am naked, stripped and alone
If it were not for your spirit
I would perish entirely
I look up to you
The healer of my soul
To bind and heal the wounds
Kiss me with your balm
The realization that everything
Is now nothing, all is vanity
And I feel it too late
I would have rather learned earlier
To freely given it all away
For I cannot take it with me
And all I thought and lived
Was an illusion and a lie
For my spirit was killed in the process
Now as life ebbs from me
I embrace the spirits fullness
Hoping to restore what
Has been consumed from me
And I can be given the olive branch
Extend it to all who are dying
Without a hope or dream.**

TRIBUTE TO MY COWORKERS

**I will remember all of you
In your own special way
And here I would love to verse
To all you convey ~
Alice and Polly
The endless whispering wall
Of children, cooking and recipes ~
Carolyn with her expert advice on dog care ~
Danny and his marvelous beer making ~
Beth and her British quote of "Onward and Upward"
The great encourage for the team ~
Alyson and her in depth expressions of knowledge ~
Dee Ann and her love for animal rescue ~
Stephen and his wonderful stories of travels abroad ~
Dan and his marine portfolio ~
Louana and her medical marvels which amaze me ~
Marie and the stories of farming and parenting
And daughter Dr. Darby of Dirt ~
Steve and his life's experiences on everything ~
Jamie and his many hats he wears all at once
As well as my respected peer with love of poetry ~
Lisa, the originator of the WAR document ~
And Karyn, the founder of the Easter Forms Center
Fondly referred to as Mother ~
I have these images when I think of all of you ~
Carry on as you always do in the face of change.**

FAITH

**Faith ~
To walk into the unknown
To resign all worry
To be confident and trust
In Yahweh's provisions
Faith ~
Simply believing
Dropping all reservations
Being at peace
And not looking back
Faith ~**

**Letting go and letting Elohim
Believing for the miracle
Praising for the answer
In the hope of things not seen.**

HARVEST

**I am the husbandman
I dress my garden
Prune away dead growth
I harvest the fruit there of
All that I plant and grow
Never do I call anyone
To leave them on their own
I always guide them
In the way they should go
I impart my Kodesh Ruach
To fill you to capacity
That you may move in anointing
Walk in holiness
And you shall bear much fruit
I will crown you
Your rewards will be great.**

LESSONS

**It is as of yesterday
I was young, youthful
I had energy to burn
Now I am older
The trials of life have worn
Against my soul and heart ~
It seems the more I go through
I become a better person
I would not trade
My youth of yesterday
For the wisdom grown today
For I have learned the secrets of life
They are handed down to us ~**

**We must come to our end
To begin to understand
Our way of thinking put aside
To absorb the knowledge of truth ~**

**You can have only one will
And that follow and live
A divided soul is confused
You constantly travel a circle
Never breaking free ~**

**Old age may take my youth
It may take my body
But it gifts my soul
From the lessons of life ~
I can only be grateful
For the daily lessons I learn
They are a gift from Yahweh
Even though at the time
I may not see them as such.**

I AM HERE

**There is no need to fear of losing me
For I am here ~
I am in the sky
I am in the wind
I am in the ocean
I am here ~
When you look at the trees and rocks
I am there
When you look off into the distance
I am there
When you read my words
I am there ~
For I am spirit
And I live in everyone
I travel in love
I live in love
For I am free in love ~
You can close your eyes
And I am there
For I will never leave you ~
My friend
I am here within your heart
Within your soul and mind ~
Do not fear of losing me
For I am here
Always with you.**

NOT MY OWN

**My life is not my own
It is bought with a price
I belong to Yahweh,
He is the keeper of my soul.**

WORSHIP

**In your presence oh Yahweh
I worship you in spirit and truth
Your mercy is endless
I am raptured by your love
You fill my heart with joy
I am nothing without you ~
Oh Yahweh, you are beautiful
Flow through me
Overtake me totally
I surrender my soul
I enter into the cloud
The shroud of your holiness
I am lifted up
To the throne of glory ~
Daily I ask your mercy
I ask your grace on me
I wrap my arms around love
Your light floods my soul
You illuminate my heart
My mouth sings your praises
I am lost in you ~
In your presence time ceases
The world and its cares
All that is falls away
To eternity itself
I have entered into
The center of creation
Which stems from love ~
Oh Yahweh, I cannot speak
I am overwhelmed with joy
You love me so much
I can only bow in awe
You show me marvelous things ~**

**My heart is in your hands
It bursts with humility
For your tenderness to me,
My tears of joy accept
Rivers of living water
Flows from my heart
I am all yours Yahweh.**

LUKEWARM

**These tears I cry
Come from my heart
They stream sorrow and pain
For all I did and believe
I thought the world to gain ~**

**And as I stand here now
At the cusp of eternity
I lament sore and weep
I thought the world to seek
But lost my soul ~**

**The book, the book
Of eternal life ~
Is my name in there?
Well let us see, did you repent
Did you give your life there?**

**Did you receive me
With all your heart?
Did you obey and follow me?
Did you die to yourself?
Did you mean your prayer?**

**Do you bleat like a sheep?
Or do you nay like a goat?
Were you sincere in heart and mind
Did me you seek?
Did me you find?**

**Did you follow your heart
The whims to your fancy?
Were you lukewarm to my call?
Let us see, open the book ~**

**For it will reveal all.
Now on knees prostrate
Before that heavenly throne
I see the angels search for me
He does look up with such sorrow
And then the words he does say ~
"I have searched my child
I have given mercy and grace
To see your name in the book
I do not see it now
So go away from me,
For I never knew you ~
For you never knew me" ~
And the angels carry me away
I descend to the horrors of hell
And I weep sore, With bitterness and
Knashing of teeth.
(Luke 12:15, 37-46; Matthew 25)**

LAMP

**One lamp lights another
From that comes many lights
It all starts with one ~
My life is love in progress
From grace and mercy
To daily sacrifice
With joy to give to others
The light I have within ~
A hillside of candles
Cast a beautiful glow
A community in prayer
An incense sweet smelling
It's fragrance reaches heaven ~
We are bearers of the light
We live in unity
Function as a body
With one head, Yahshua ~
A living, breathing body
The hands and feet of love
Living the sacrifice of prayer
Of faith in motion ~
Yes, one lamp
Lights all others.**

ANGELS

**Often I send my messengers in disguise,
They test the hearts of men,
I send them to minister
To deliver you from harm.
You may often encounter
An angel unaware ~**

**I made them in another dimension,
They came into your world
Surround with protection,
They are an army of light
Called forth to war for you ~**

**You must never forget
You are not of this world
You are just passing through.
My angels help the passage
The transition from one world
To that of another ~**

**The wings are quiet
They flutter to flight
Deliver from danger
Manifest when needed,
Bring help in time of trouble.
They are my love to you
While alive on this earth ~**

**Deliverance is in their wings
I send them when you call
When you pray to me.
Never forget, you can
Encounter an angel unaware.**

YAHSHUA

**Come to me my child
I will shelter you
As a hen with its chicks
I will gather you to me
Come into my tent
I shall protect you
From all that harms ~
I search for that one
That is alone and lost
As a straying sheep
I break your leg
And wrap you around my neck
So you will bind to me
As you slowly heal.
I must do these things
To mend a wayward soul ~
Come to me my child
I will give you pastures green
I will quench your thirst
Ease your weighted heart
My eyes are ever upon you
I always guide you
In the path you should go ~
Look only to me
Seek only me my child
And I shall keep thee
For you are written
Upon the palms of my hands
Where they were pierced
With nails so deep
And blood did flow
Your name is written there
You have been etched with blood
In the Book of Life ~
Come to me my child
We shall dine together
At the marriage feast.**

THERE IS A BETTER WAY

**When you are cast down
Despair has you in its grip
Fear has rent your heart
You lash out to those around
Know there is a better way.
When in sorrow you drown your tears
With excessive alcohol
You numb the pain with drugs
Give in to moral decline
Know there is a better way.
When hatred fills your heart
Revenge you seek
Stop at nothing to vent
Caring not for those you hurt
Know there is a better way.
Yahshua came to us
To bring peace in a dying world
To replace hatred with love
To give hope for despair
He is the better way.
Yahshua wants to restore us
To the love he created us from
Lift us out of our world of sin
Give us a new heart, new life
He is the better way.
Yahshua is the door
The one we must walk through
To become a new creature
To be born again
He is the living way.
Come to Yahshua my friend
Your sorrow he will melt
Love will flood your heart
Joy unspeakable in his presence ~
He is our salvation today
He is the living way
Come to him, just pray
For Yahshua is the better way.**

CRAVING

**Israel was protected
By Yahweh himself
They had all the needed
Yet over a period of time
They forgot Yahweh,
They lost their respect
Reverence and awe
For his majesty,
They only sought Yahweh
For his provisions
No longer for his presence.
They lost communion
They lost fellowship
With Yahweh himself.
They had a legal binding contract
Minus the Master's presence.
The churches of today
Are no different
From the Israelites of old.
When all we think about
Is what Yahweh can do for us
We have truly lost
Our prized possession,
We have lost our great
Craving for his presence.
Yahweh must shake all that hinders us
From fellowshiping with him.
He wants us to seek him
Fresh and anew with all our hearts.
Yahweh loves us enough
To humble us to repentance
So we can once again
Have the love of Elohim
In our hearts.
There is no way there but by prayer,
Praise and worshipping the heavenly King.
Then we enter the cloud of glory
The shekanah glory fills us
It lifts, renews the spark divine
We are raised on eagle's wings,
We soar in his presence
United with his heart of love.**

WORDS FAIL

**Words fail –
Cannot describe
The presence
Of YAHSHUA
Speechless, on bended knee
I prostrate myself
And pay homage –
The Creator just.
Love consumes me
My heart melts within
Your loving kindness
Is beyond understand –
I am in awe of thee,
For you are sovereign.**

HARVEST

**True fruit matured
The golden sheaves
Weighed down to bough
Soon they shall be harvested.
Singly we are cut off
Returned to our maker
The fields grow pale
Little does remain.
The winter white magnifies
A piece of golden straw
Alone blowing in the wind
This soon to be plucked.
Nothing goes to waste
The raven lines its nest
Each element serves a purpose
For which it was created.**

WE SEE...

**My heart is still
Quiet is my soul
For I see the magnitude in front of me
Only those with spiritual eyes
Can see the tsunami coming
It is now upon us
I know nothing will be the same**

**The world hungrily consumes
It presses on the souls of men
Slavery to build its needs
At the expense of eternal salvation
Multitudes are in the valley of decision
Soon I will be called to tow the line
I will have to die to self
So that I may live
Martyrdom is nearing for all of us
Who are loyal to Yahshua
Who deny the world and its ways
That hold onto the crown of life
Those of us who endure to the end
WE SEE our end nearing
It is crossing over to that threshold
That requires courage not our own
For HE will carry us over the other side.**

Saints ~

**Have you counted the cost?
We must run our race with patience
Enduring to the end.
This is required of us
To lay hold of our prize.**

SONG OF NEW JERUSALEM

**Golden, golden, golden
Are the streets you have paved
Golden, golden, golden
Is the city you have made
Majestic in Holiness
Beautiful for situation
Is man wedded to his King ~**

**King of Kings, Master of Masters
You are the King
You rule the city of gold
And all we do bring
At your feet ~**

**Golden, golden, golden
Is the streets you have paved
Golden, golden, golden
Is the city you have made ~**

**It is the New Jerusalem
Messiah our King
My heart is glad
With your praises I shall sing ~
Golden, golden, golden
Is the City of our King!**

REFRESH ME ANEW

**Sabotaged by confusion
From every direction confliction
Once removed I regain my composure
Within I must quiet
It is there I lift up my soul
My focus is only upward
I look past what I see
To that which I cannot
I hunger and thirst to know
And to become in the other realm
A day does not go by
That I do not grieve
The loss of many
I anticipate the day I too
Can return from where I came
To be complete again
In a realm of truth, light
And of love divine
I lift my heart, my eyes
I lift my soul
For I long for thee
Come and refresh me anew
To help me carry on
To make it to the other side.**

RESTORE

**I feel poured out as water
As a libation for your soul
I have been sacrificed by you
And I am left an empty well.**

**Why did my soul have to impede
To crack and bleed endless?
Your ways are harsh and unforgiving
The love is an illusion**

**That turns on you
It sucks one dry.
I must rise outside your reach
And restore what has been stolen
I must nurture the sacred
For it has diminished my spirit.**

**Faint has been the breath
Truly you are evil incarnate
Your face is a trickster
Tricking your prey to you
To consume mercilessly.**

IT WEEPS EMPTY

**I stand alone outside
The barren hills
Cold, covered with snow.
My thoughts think over
The many seasons past
Of fruit and plenty.
Each season must sleep
To rise into the next ~**

**Painful the earths roots
Reach down inside me
Past the barrenness deep
To the warmth within.
Every year is added yet
One more loss ~**

**The tree dies slowly
The day it was born.
The earth I came from ~**

**Yes, the earth
Does cry and bleed,
It weeps empty.
(Our lives and the losses we live)**

NOISE

**They say one third of our lives
Is spent waiting, one way or another
Communication is so abused
And very overrated
Much commotion is unnecessary.
If we could speak far less
And observe and listen more
The earth could breathe a sigh
Nature could be heard and sing again.**

**Our noise pollution affects all
Even to our bodies on overload.
Having to cohabitate
Communication is a necessary evil
Yet noise is now an art form,
Taken to yet another level,
Audio and visual our senses.
There comes a point where humans
Act out against it.**

**Nature is the last frontier
Untouched and pristine
Now that is slowly dying
From our quest to spoil
All within our reach
In the name of pride.
The stupidity of humanity
Never ceases to amaze me
They feel all of us
Must be subjected to their sense
Of importance in the poison of noise.**

OTHERS

**It is in sharing
That I get to know you
I learn about myself
My short comings with others
Those with myself.
I learn of my human nature
Which often fails me
With the best of intentions,**

Often I do not attain
Those I would like to aspire to.
People make me commit
They help keep me honest.
I deceive myself when
I isolate and rely solely
On my own understanding.
It is then my world
Becomes narrow and lopsided.
My pride does not
Want to admit
I am incomplete
Without others in my life.
Humility gives me the
Gift of littleness,
It strips me of myself
So that I learn to ask
Help from others.
It is then that I become
A better person and grow.
We really do need each other
It is growth to admit
That even the bad is for our good
For we learn from it.

A CALL TO MANKIND

When I carry your burden
You help carry mine
Then we have less to fear
Before the great Divine.
For man at great ease
Ignoring the woes of another
How great the judgment then
The fear of Yahweh, I shudder.
Was not Sodom and Gomorrah
Their vilest sin to be
Ignoring those so destitute
Of what around you see?
To think that of mankind
Has not changed much
In the coldness of heart
To not help or another touch.
The sin of greed
The sin of indifference goes

**Have we not by far
Exceeded the ways of Sodom so?
And now the day is setting
You are content I see
But when does oh man
The hour glass empty for thee?**

FALLEN

**You stir my heart
I've regained youthfulness
To feel love and blush
Your words stroke me
I'm moved within ~
Hands caressing each other
Fingers intertwined
The sweetness heavenly
Kisses brush my skin
You heighten my senses
Eagerly I search your eyes ~
You tell me of your love deep
Stolen secret moments
Warm closeness of eternity
My face buried in your neck
Deeply I have fallen,
Fallen in love with you.**

MENORAH

**Softly burns the wisdom of your pillars
How you appeared to Moses
In the burning bush
Your still small voice did thunder
Everything did hush as you spoke
Holy was the ground you spoke from
Your pillars of fire do burn
Seven spirits of wisdom
This is a mystery
I grab a hold of the altar
Holding onto the horns
It is there that I do
Worship you in the
Beauty of your Holiness
For you are life forever more.**

JOY LIKE NO OTHER

**You are not a fantasy
You are real my Yahshua
Closer to me than my breath
You hold me up constantly
Give me courage to live
Strength to go on
Your spirit is in my heart
Your love burns within
A warm glowing radiates
Into a smile ~
Your essence exudes me
Waves of light permeate
All that I touch
We have become one
Divine is your softness
In the fullness of love ~
There is no bottom
Words cannot describe
Your person my Yahshua
Eternal and majestic
You give new life to me
And forever I praise thee
For you chose me ~
When I was in the dark
You drew me out
Into your light
My heart is captivated
With joy like no other
Forever I will hold onto you ~
I love you with
My whole being
Together we move on
Pass time itself to paradise
Your love is eternal.**

SHARE

**Stupid things
The permission to laugh
To wear a smile
Where one has not
Been for so long ~
Silliness
The permission to
Be a child again
Regardless of age
Recharging ones heart ~
Laughter
The permission to
Be heard for
The sake of merriment
To cheer up a drowning soul ~
Hugging
Permission to go
Touch another human being
Connecting in love
With much warmth ~
Kissing
Permission to become
Completion of another
Union as one
In consummation.
(Holy Unions)**

HEALING

**Thoughts and memories
You have died one thousand times
How they want to resurface
You push them back down
Only to return.
There comes a time
One must profess ownership
To lift them upward
Scatter their ashes to the wind,
Let the Spirit blow them away.**

**Healing is choosing
To look back on ones life
Accept it as who you are**

**And then let the balm
Close the wound
To never open again.
I do not want to relive the past
I want to live in the present.
That is what Yahweh's Spirit
Does for me
He helps me move forward
On the wings of his love
That I may regain
My innocence that died.
I am a new creature
Yahshua lives in me.**

PLEASING TO YOU

**I find myself on my knees
Constantly asking forgiveness
For my weakness and failure
To have the patience and love
You ask me to have Father.
I ask for your strength
To flow through me
Let me be a vessel
One of honor not shame,
One of hope not despair.
Oh Father I ask
That I may become
What you want of me
Not what I desire
My life is yours.
Daily I die to self
I surrender that I may live ~
In my weakness be my strength
In my sorrow be my joy
In my sickness be my health
In my doubt be my faith.
Conform my mind to your word
Teach me to walk by faith
Through your love Father.
May my life be a living sacrifice
Pleasing to you.**

THE REWARD

**Far cast are the shadows
Reflections of the struggles of man
We have come so far
Yet done so little
Solemn is the process
With choirs of angels singing
The echoes of voices lamenting
The loss of so much
Here after sight is much revered
We worship what is lost
What we tossed aside as insignificant ~
I have come to the end
Faltered yet I stand again
I am at the end of my race
My eyes have seen much
I have heard the voices of many
Yet I've never lost your voice
Oh most High Yahweh ~
I yield to the finish
My arms open wide
To your embrace.**

FORGIVEN

**As your footprints
On the beach are washed away
So I remember
Your sin no more.
~ Yahshua**

THE LITTLE THINGS

**Many of us have gone shopping
We bought a list of items
The shock truly is
All the small things added up
Which cost the most.
We look at the receipt disbelieving
How so small, few items
Can cost so much.
Isn't that how life is?**

**Just that little short cut
Cheating here or there
Slacking off in diligence
Thinking it won't matter
Yet it is noticed.
Daily we are called
To be faithful to the little things
Yahshua says IF we're faithful
In the little things
Then he would reward us
In the bigger things.
Let us look at our inventory
Our list of little things.
Let us remain faithful in Him
To enter the straight and narrow
Rewarded as a good and faithful servant.**

OUR WORDS

**Slow we are to understand
Our fate is truly in our hand
Our words justify or condemn
All the prayers in the world
With all scriptures quoted besides
Will to no avail
If we drop the promise of the word
But rather quote doubt
Or what we felt, seen or heard.
We can undo a prayer
Break its fulfillment coming true
When we agree with doubt
We bind the hands of Yahweh.
Even of his word and prayer
When what we say does not agree
With what was spoken upon thee.
Faithful in the small things
Not giving into voicing doubt
Rather holding true in faith
To the promises prayed to come about.
When we learn this truth
And know the severity of it
We will guard all we speak
For our words will**

**Justify or condemn us
On Judgment Day.
And for all, the life or death
They brought our ways
And filled the lives of others.
(Matthew 12:36-37)**

YOUR LIGHT

**Clouds of cornflower blue
From sky to ground
Yet sun beams strong and brilliant
To you are beamed straight down.
The light shines off the leaves
The birds are abound in flight
Off a ways a golden tree glows
With your light so bright.
And the sun hides again
Behind the clouds blue gray
Everything outdoors does linger
For your touch in a special way.**

A NEW CREATURE

**We can live a life of regret
Or turn it around
Wipe the slate new and clean
Yahshua picks us up
Anoints our minds
He touches our hearts
To start over, a new man.
We can be born again
Let our past and failures die
And walk new in his light
He is our source of hope
His grace and mercy are ours
For the surrendering our past
For a future with him.
Don't let the opportunity
Pass you by
To become a new creature
You have a chance to be new
Yes, there is hope in Yahshua.**

PATIENCE AND LOVE

**Each of us is given
The task to live our life
To fulfill our calling.
Many of us start aright
Only to veer off
Forgetting it's not our power
Rather the Kodesh Ruach in us.
We can never claim the praise
For it is Yahweh working in us.
All that we have and are
Come from the grace of Elohim
To empower us to become
His hands and feet of Love.
Our lives have a purpose
To fulfill our commission
To be ambassadors to a world
Dying, void of hope or love.
We are the example for others
To see what life can become
When Yahweh is in it
Directing our path.
Our life is not a whole
Each of us is a piece
Of a larger puzzle
That becomes the body of Yahshua.
Let us with patience and love
Bear one another with understanding.**

THE MASK OF THOR

**"He who wears the mask
becomes the hideousness
the mask represents".**

**A long time ago
There was a man named Thor.
He wore a two tusk mask
To hide his boars head.
He discovered abandoned Nazi camps
He also learned of their experiments.
Becoming obsessed in mind
He rehired the tormentors,**

Saying those who had been criminals
Were discriminated against
And deserve the right to employment.
Thor took it upon himself
To restart the human experiments.
Unknown to many of this
They sought refuge in the woods,
Discovering this abandoned housing
They made them their own.
They were the cannon fodder used
For this clandestine mission.
Thor caught them one by one
And caged them like animals.
He tested their physical endurance
To see how far one could go,
With no air and hot temperatures
Then he took it to the next level.
There was a huge whirlpool
In the river below.
He herded these people
Into the river,
Then he watched them
As the water pulled them under.
Many clung to the sides
Slowly they gave way
And were sucked below the surface.
The endurance of man,
Limited and weak
He took great joy in this.

How Thor wanted to conquer!
Trying to remove his mask
He found his face misshaped
As that of a boars head.
Repulsed he dawned the mask
Having gone mad with rage
He swore the extermination
Of every beautiful face.
He secretly loved the one
Who was repulsed the most
To look upon him.
His lust and greed for power
Had misshapen his image,

He became the hideousness
The mask represents.
This madness was brought on
For the lust of power,
To set those beneath him
A lesson they wouldn't forget.
His hatred killed himself
In the process of living his fury.
May this story bring fear
To all those who see
A dictatorship rise out of
Apathy to the reinstitution
Of ethnic cleansing
Under the ruse of intolerance,
Political correctness and
Harmless play acting.
In the arena of human suffering,
Thor still lives,
He has yet to show his face.
(A glimmer of Revelation)

BLANKET OF LOVE

Oh my lovely
How the seasons stir my heart
I will weave you a tapestry
Of brilliant colours
I will cut and design
A many colored quilt for you
The depth of light and love
Will fill the span of it
It will be warm to cover you
With love, prayers
For much peace and dreams
You will smell the softness
Of the earth and flowers
Feel the warmth of mothers love
And the gentle touch of one
Who sends forth her heart to you
Wrap me around you in this
And feel my loving arms
And my gentle kiss
On your face so innocent
Let the hunger and want dissipate
With contentment of being loved

**Slumber in this knowledge
I am with you now
As you dream dreams.
(With love ~ for Karla a mother's heart)**

MY CHILDREN...

**Oh how it saddens me
My children I have given you everything
I created the heavens and earth
I have filled it with all beauty
Given you all wisdom and knowledge
To enjoy the creation I have made
As a reed blown in the wind
So you hang in the balance
Do you not know that I must return?
And when I do I will judge all unrighteousness?
Why do you put me far from you?
Why are your hearts lifted up and cold?
Why do you turn away from me?
It saddens me to have to turn you away
My tears fall endless
On a parched and angry planet
Filled with sin and sorrow
You have lost your way
You have chosen another god to follow
You worship what is not of me
I don not want to send you away
I would much rather embrace you
Heal your wounds with my balm
You have been given much
And still you refuse me
I have no choice but to remain just
My justice demands judgment
And I am sending it forth
On this wicked and evil generation
Much trials and tribulations are coming
You will have to endure them
You will have to remain in me
And endure to the end
To get the crown of life
Salvation is to be lived daily
When I come it is with wrath
My children, how I lovingly weep
For your lost souls who refuse my love.**

US

**I love the mountains
You love the ocean
I love the earth and sky
You love the water and moon
The night does captivate you
The sun soothes me
We are friends around the globe
Both of us love the unknown
We see the scars of humanity
Touch them to heal the wounds
Our words are the trademarks
Of a peace maker
We strive to heal the wounded
Uplift the downhearted
To see the good in all people
It is beautiful to belong
To Love itself
And embrace it in others
What really matters
Is the heart within
And the willingness to really love
For love's sake
And the purity of being
You are my other half
And I love you for it
You make me whole
Fill my being with life
I cannot express
The happiness you bring to me.**

LET US LOVE ONE ANOTHER

**To love one far away
What is distance? Nothing
And to be in love
Is the wellspring of life
We are so interconnected
In all we say and do
To love another
To uplift and edify
To stand behind and support
To not judge but accept
To not try to change**

Just love them as they are
And this is true love
From the heart for them
Unique as they can be
To love one far away
There is no distance really
For the spirit is eternal
It has not bounds or compass
It flows from one heart to another
We are strengthened you see
For w3e all make up the Body
Living stones we are
Let us refrain from what hurts
What kills or destroys
Let us embrace love unconditional
Not just for ourselves
But so that we can give to others.

DETACHMENT

How autumn is here
With its biting cold
The rain washes all that remains
Of summer away
I see leaves floating on the water
Two perfect leaves, hearts no less
And they flow on the reflection
Of sky and sun
Riding the ripples to where
They are being carried ~
We are in this world yet not of it
Our heart is to be joined to His
He will direct and lead us to follow him
We must die and fall from our tree
And land to the earth
We must die so that we may live ~
Detachment of all things
To learn to be free
To minister where Yahweh leads us
Let not your heart be weighed down
With the cares and riches of this world
Of the stuff that is portrayed to us
As worth holding onto
Fighting for, dying for ~

**You have no control over your life
Over your situation or status
One day trouble can come
And wipe it all away
Everything that you have
Worked so hard for
Life really is not things
It is love, it is feeling
It is giving of ones heart
And receiving back a hundred fold
The depth and breath of love so bold ~
Let him take you off your tree
Let him detach you from all things
That hinder and hold you in this life
Let him bind your heart to his
And ride the waters where they flow
Where he leads you
Be not afraid for Yahweh is Love.**

PURITY OF HEART

**When I was a child
I thought as a child
Now that I am grown
My thoughts have developed
From innocence to cynicism
From trusting to guarded.
We teach children the dream of love
Yet they learn by example
Develop by experience
The world is hard and cold.
We learn to throw naivety aside
Simple trust to that earned.
The concept of love is lofty
It is spoken, sang, dreamt, proclaimed
Yet never seems to grab hold.
We go from simple and pure
To complicated and tarnished.
Let us recycle the dream
Seek once again purity of heart
See it in ourselves first.
To block out the darkness about
Children live in the promise
For they are born of love.**

**Sad to see a child weighed down
With burdens not their own,
Taught this is the way to life
When thy were right all along.
Yahweh honors the heart of a child
They know unconditional love.
Let us seek again purity of heart.**

FINISH

**We are citizens of the kingdom
Never should we forget that
As we live in this world
As we go through trails and tribulations
This is not our home
We are but passing through
As we are walking in it
Let us do what we are called to do
Let us not fail to bear the light
Of Yahshua Messiah to the world
May we extend the kingdom
That gives us salvation
For we have the love of Yahweh
Shed abroad in our hearts
To live and give away
We shall all meet again
One day on that distant shore
Let us finish the race before us.**

EYES OF MY HEART

**Quietly your head bowed
Peace of another realm
You have slipped into
Go into the emerald rainbow
Where melodious harmony hums
Off the crystal sea echoes.
The essence of prayers
Sent heavenward for the saints
I have entered the King's throne
He is high and lifted up
His train fills the temple.
Ripples outward flows living water**

**And the eyes of my heart
See you oh Yahweh ~
I give glory to you for your mercy
And truth's sake I bless Yahweh
For evermore.**

FORGIVE ME FATHER

**Forgive me Father
For I lack love
I am intolerant
With the foolishness of men.
Impatient for what agitates me
In the souls of others.
How I often would rather
Feed my flesh rather than my soul ~
Forgive me Father
For I am slothful and lazy
I desire not discipline but ease
I am indifferent to the calls of others
I shut out all conversations
I choose not to hear ~
Forgive me Father
For I am a selfish being
Lacking the qualities of Yahshua.
If it please you Father
Do what you will with me
I ask that in the process
Of my dying to self
You love me enough
To look past my sins,
And gaze on the blood of Yahshua
Which washes me whiter than snow ~
I ask Father
You have loving patience with me
Grace and mercy on my soul
Which I so much do not deserve.
Forgive me Father
For my stubborn foolish pride
Fill me with your love
So that I may truly follow you.**

SUCCESS

**I know I have made it
When I can walk through life
Without leaving a trace
Of who I am.**

**I know I have done well
When my children are grown
Do not return to me
For advice or direction.**

**I know I have succeeded
When my values I have lived
Have imparted to my family
And those of my community.**

**I know I've done well
When I lived contently as I am
Was happy with what I had
And could share that wealth to others.**

**I know I have made it
When my life's story is told
Without words of shame or regret
But of love for mankind.**

GREATEST LILY OF ALL

**You are the Lily of the valley
The Rose of Sharon
The fragrance of spikenard
Frankincense and Myrrh
You are the flower of all flowers
Blossomed into a full crown
That radiates light outwards
Sweet fragrance of your presence
Fills the room with calm
You are the balm that heals
Your radiance is majestic
All who behold you
Know they are in
The presence of the King
The greatest Lily of them all.**

MAY YOU DRINK

**Are you drunk?
Drunk with the cares of this world?
With excess and abundance?
Are you drunk?
With the things of the flesh?
Drunk with the pride of life?
Are you drunk?
With self obsession?
And what satisfies your desires?
Be not drunk with the world
Rather be drunk with the win
Of the Kodesh Ruach
Let this drunkenness consume you
To be filled with heavenly joy
Let the new wine of the spirit
Restore what the locust consumed
Giving new life and meaning
To your walk of faith
Let the living waters
Flow out from you
Fresh, new, holy
Acceptable to the Father
May you drink the wine
With the Bride Groom
At the heavenly banquet
The wedding of the Bride of Yahshua.**

DECOMPOSE

**In the dense woods
Crumpled leaves decomposing
All smells mingled as one
I watch the summer decay
And muted colours come forth
Cold winds whipping me
My senses numb to feeling
Ravaged and killed
Gone forever your birth
Pain frozen in time
To melt come next solstice
Pressed down as one
Smothered under a floor
Of dank moist foliage**

**Nothing lives here
It is a slow dying process
Freeze by degrees
Of silence and mourning
And I am caught in the wooded floor
Only to look up
As others join me.
(Life of a leaf)**

UGLINESS TO BEAUTY

**There is much ugliness
In the world
I cannot look upon it anymore
It drains me of my joy
In consumes my peace of mind
How I often wish to ignore it.**

**Yet I am responsible for others
I am my brother's keeper
By ignoring others needs
I murder them
Their blood is on my hands
I must put on the mind of Yahshua
Find compassion within
To help ease the burden of others.**

**When I fail to do so
I cease to exist as a human
I become an animal without feeling
Another tormentor added to them
I must use ugliness
As a tool for love
And pain as a gift
For personal growth.**

**We can change the world
By doing then becoming
Actions must go first
Then feelings will follow.**

OH MAN

**Oh man,
No one will be with you
You will stand alone
Before the Master eternal
You will have to give an account
Of the gift of your life
What you have done with it
You will have to tell the Father
Why you did or did not
Receive him in your life
Why you wasted or invested your talents
Why you neglected or nurtured love
Oh man,
You will have to be weighed
And found not wanting
To walk through the gates to life
Rather than to the pit of hell
You will have to confess then
On bended knee his sovereignty
Why wait too late to do so?
Why risk the loss of everything
For what is temporary?
Oh man,
Do you know you are alone?
Do you know nothing you put faith in
Or hope in will last
But Yahshua himself alone
Oh man,
What foundation have you built on?
Do you not know your mortal soul
Will have to give an account for your life rendered?
Are you prepared oh man?
Life is not guaranteed
Neither is the gift of salvation
Only life of obedience to the law is rewarded
Work with fear and trembling your salvation
For you never know
The day you will be called from this life.
Are you prepared?
Do so now oh man.**

LET US WALK WHERE HE LEADS US

**As Paul was led away by another
Hands bound and tied
He walked the road to his torture stake
Each of us one day
Will have to walk our path
The dying to ourselves
The laying down of our lives
For others and the gospel
We walk not in our own strength
But in the strength of Yahweh
Who emboldens us
Gives us the power to go forth
Each of us must make the choice
To win the race
No matter what the cost
And it will cost us each dearly
We must forsake all for the gospel
No second thoughts
No resistance or hindrances
Let us rejoice to be counted worthy
To suffer for Him
To share in his sorrows
And in his joys
For the world cannot know
The rewards of the righteous
For the faithful in Him
Wares are not our own
Let us go forth with faith
Walking where he leads us.**

SUSTANCE AND MEANING

**Deep within the flame burns
Ever so brightly and warm
I feel the flow within and around
How you have touched my life
I cannot ask nor do anything
To change the way I feel
You have stolen my heart
And given me your own
I could never walk away
Just weep and weep
I feel all the pain and suffering**

**And I share in them
As well as the joy you give
Both have forged my being
You are a stamp upon me
Daily you give me new life
Hope and love to live
I learn from you and your ways
My heart is no longer my own
Nor is my life
For you are the one
You flow in my thoughts and words
You are the breath of life
And give me substance and meaning.**

MY ZENITH

**Magnificent sunlight
Warm winds blowing
Birds swarming mid air
Feeding on insects
Pulsating, squawking, turning ~**

**Tree limbs moving across the sun
Making fleeting patterns on my eyelids
Power in the wind
It surges then dies down
Pushing the elements about ~**

**Sun rays touching my body
Patterns of blood vessels under eyelids
Radiance so ethereal ~**

**Sun and wind are one
All moving as a sea of grass
Trees weep as they shed their leaves
Soon bare limbs reach to the sky
Catch me while you can ~**

**I will display my zenith for you
Embolden by ravens talking.**

SILENCE

**Silence ~
When I commune with my heart
And contemplate
What energy I use
To fulfill life's void.**

**Silence ~
When I know
My inner voice
Which speaks forth
Of truths to me.**

**Silence ~
When I take what is mine
Leaving all for my gain
Concentration to obtain
Knowledge to be used.**

**Silence ~
When my heart thanks me
For a moments rest
For a moments air
For a fresh breath of life
Leaving all for my gain.**

**Silence ~
Quiet, peaceful
Restful fulfilled
When I know
My inner voice
Which speaks to me
Commune as a whole
Energy as one
Completeness refined ~**

**Total ness
Peace
Gratitude
Being
That is silence.**

LIFE IS A PUZZLE

**I stretch out my hand
Giving what I have.
That you cannot see
But my heart gives freely
From the palm of my hand
That I give to you.**

**You give to me
Back that part
Which I've given of myself
To but show me
Where I was
At a given moment
Helping me to grow
With time.**

**Today is a day of happening
Yesterday is a day of remembrance
Tomorrow is a day of realizing
Visualizing what life
Holds for us.**

**Life is a puzzle
The pieces are constantly
Changing size
You force a piece
That does not fit
To make it try
But it doesn't fit.
The piece is different
You have changed.
The whole puzzle
Is not the same
In life's puzzle
It seems at times
You are that piece
That does not fit.**

IF EYES COULD SPEAK

**If eyes can speak
Then yours tell me
What you are going through
Deep moving wise
Part of your disguise
Are in the look of your eyes ~
I can see what it is
You try so hard to hide
I can tell
What you feel inside.
How much you tell of yourself
Every time you look my way
I know about you
You can't run
I have felt your insides ~
If eyes can speak
Yours tell me so much
That no words are needed
I can see you inside.**

HAVE I TOLD YOU LATELY...

**Dear friend
Did I tell you lately
That I love you?
Each day is new
We both go through
Did anyone tell you
That they loved you today?
Life is so fast
Complicated and sometimes cold
We lose ourselves
Sometimes too easily.
All of us need a touch
A word or two
Tell me friend
Has anyone said "I love you"?
Well I do
"I love you"
How these words
Have helped me grow.
And yes –
"I do love you"!
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THE LEVELS WE CLIMB

**So many different levels we climb.
At the bottom is the dust
And when we revisit
We stir the dust in the wind
To relive again.
Time allows it to settle
There's dust land and air
All are different levels
To the same thing –
Our levels we climb.**

VERMONT

**Vermont is my home
It is there that I live
Where people know to give.**

**The country is alive
Full of life everywhere
Persons take the time
They really care.**

**Green Mountains
Lakes so deep and blue
Granite, marble and more
The seasons are four
Colour in each one
Rise and setting
Of the Eastern sun.**

**You can see the change
When it comes
The people are prepared
Another season is near.**

**Vermont is my home
A state I love
Which has given much to many.**

WEAKNESSES

**You ask how weak can we be
And I know the answer too well
For my many moments
Have I shared with weakness.**

**To say they are all bad
Would be an untruth
For out of them
I become stronger.
We all are weak in some way
Others more so
But is that not what life is about?**

**If we had no weaknesses
We'd have no use for another
In our lives
To help us change
To encourage us
For encouragement
Is not for the strong
But rather for the weak
And we can think within it
And learn more about ourselves.**

**Out of my weakest moments
I've learned
That it is by my friends
Love and support
That makes my conquer possible
And that we all are alone
Within ourselves.**

**But we all share in common that fact
We are human and weak
And our struggle to be human
To overcome them
Is the basis for our need for others
In our lives.**

**I do not regret ever having any
For if I personally
Were not weak in some way
I would have no need for another
For I would be self-sufficient
And I know that I am not.
Love is often spoken of
Portrayed in many ways
But in one way it is overlooked.**

**And if you do look
You will find love in weakness
For out of weakness
Has grown love
In the hearts of many.**

**I often ask for them
To be taken away from me
But if I had not faults to overcome
I would have no need
To strive to better myself
Or further myself in anyway.**

**So I say
We all share the fact
We all are human and weak
And when I am weakest
That is when I am the strongest.**

A MIGHTY CHAIN

**A strand of silver
Tiny links of a chain
Together they are strong.
A chain is no longer a chain
When one of the links is gone
It is broken
It no longer is a circle
But a line.
A circle is a continuous without end
A line begins then stops
With nowhere to go.
All of us are a link
In the lives of others and ourselves.**

**We are strong only when
We are together
We are weak when separated.
Tiny links of a chain
But a mighty chain
When one.**

MOUNTAIN TOP

**Mountaintop reaching tall
Where the sky meets
There I reach with my heart
Be a part –
Big and strong mountain rock
Hard to climb there to find
Reaching tall, very tall.
There the sun overlooks
The stone so large
Bring yourself to the top
See yourself in the rock –
Hard and strong
Hard and strong.**

MOM, DAD...

**Mom, Dad, "how are you"?
That is what I say and I stop to think
They have grown old, so have I –
How did we get so gray?
I remember all the good times
The laughter and Joy
Sunshine on the lawn and barn
Breeze in the leaves
The sky so clear with harvest on its way.
The workmen stop for a pitcher of ice water
Before they finish haying.
And that golden ray of light at the days end
Before the sun would set.
Mom, Dad, "how are you"?
I ask on the phone
And hear assurances of being fine.
And as I hang up I ask myself
What happened to time? Where did it go?
Mom, Dad - How are the autumn leaves?**

And is there a chill in the air?
Have you lit the fireplace yet?
And together they sit in front of the fire
Sharing the moments together
As another day goes past.
I walk slower now, not as quick to speak
I think of the two great people
Who mirrored my world,
And I have grown into them.
All their advice rolls around in my mind
And I feel their love as their living legacy.
Mom, Dad, "how are you"?
I want to say –
But I know that can't always be
So I must go now while I can.
Talk, conversation
It doesn't matter about what
Just the fact I can enjoy it with them.
Laugh, love
For we are family.

ICE STORM

Rays of sun glisten the snow
As the wind blows it from the trees
Like tiny crystals in a mist
It gently shows the ground.
The forest comes alive
With the birds lighting
In the tree branches –
The snow reflects the sun
Bringing with it a life of its own.
Cool is the air, so energizing
To breathe deeply in the lungs.
Lightheaded yet clear of mind
I feel the magic
The snow show brings to me.

A ROSE TODAY

You gave me a rose today
To cheer me up
To say, "I love you"
I sat in silence
Thinking.

**You expected a smile
Even a faint one.
I reached out
And gave you a hug
We both smiled.
Silent I was no longer.**

HEAVY ROCK

**Heavy Rock – rifting
Sense of freedom, dare to explore
See my inner self
Travel to places far away
Touch the hidden areas of my inner man
Release from pressure.
Communicate with me – Unity, oneness
Direction, remembrance – going your way
Reliving a part of me that once was there
Can be young again, hope again
A private journey just for one
Take time to enter, Drifting –
Heavy Rock.**

MOM IN HER GARDEN

**Sweet and fragrant
Morning glories open
Wrapped in the raspberry bushes
By the field of clover.
Mom's hands pruning her berry bushes
Humming as she is working
Standing behind the grape arbor.
Hermit thrushes, chickadees
Mourning doves sing, chirp and coo
Upon the vines so thick.
Buzzing with life bees pollinate
Butterflies flutter in the wind.
Intertwined is the vine wrapped
End to end
Opening hues in the colour blue
So pure and light.
So I remember in my mind's eyes
Mom in her garden.**

YOU ARE THAT KITE

**I know what must be done
What I have to do
When you are gone
For you friend this I'll do:
I'll walk the great shoreline
And fly above it a kite
Say a few prayers let it out there
Holding on tight.
And when it's reached the height
And it soars up high
I shall let it go free
Master the waves above the sky.
I shall watch it go out
Beyond the vision of sight
And in my heart bid goodbye
As it passes into the night.
The kite will bear on its wings
My prayers for you
That which shall succeed
That which shall come true.
I shall walk that shore alone
With your footprints as if by my side
And walk on the shoreline
Barefoot by the tide.
I shall remember in my heart
The beach we both did walk
And share till the morning hour
Letting our hearts spill forth and talk.
Your memory shall guard me
So will my prayers that I pray
And my heart goes out to you
When I let the kite out that day.
You are that kite, you have traveled far
And I know that you rest safe
Resting on that distant star.
I walk the shore no longer alone
Your footprints are by my side
For we walk together
On the tide of Eternity's shore
Where we share together
Once more.**

I COME TO YOU

**I come to you
To receive what you have
To give to me
And I give to you
What I have to share.
I pass life's moments
With what I have learned
And help another to know truth.
You gladly hear
You gladly walk
Upon the shore of freedom –
The winds of truth blow hard
Yet you are free.
I come to you
To but give
Of all I can
All I know
For I know truth
And I search for
To but be received.
I take what you give
I consume it in my heart
Doing so I feel more –
I love more –
I stand to receive from you,
Truth.**

MOUNTAINS

**The mountains look so close
They roll off the hillside
Up into the sky.
The golden yellow field
Meets the dark green
And hazy purple trees.
Rain is falling and has been
Everywhere you look there's drops
Wet cold damp to touch.
With the old fence, the barn
And the quiet sky
It's like a fall day.**

**You can actually hear the earth
Quietly breathe.
The crow announces its coming
And perches in an Elm tree.
It is but morning
The earth is not awake yet.
What a splendid moment to capture.
Life stirs about
In the miserable weather.
It doesn't stop growth.
So close the mountain –
It brings mystery to me.**

LIVING WATERS

**Living waters wash over me
Clean, pure and fresh
I soak up the nourishment you bring
I shower in your presence
Being renewed and restored
To my former glory
Fill my up, fill it up
Make me whole
And I can dwell in your presence
Lifted high above the train
Into the true reality of being
The essence of life itself
Golden, pure and lovely
No worlds can express
Only elation of the heart
Exploding with Joy unspeakable
You and I are one
As we drink together
From the fountain of life
I jubilate in you.**

TENDERNESS

**Tender is your love
Words cannot express your ways
Only the heart can receive
The fullness and depth of it
It is foreign to me
To be loved with no measure
Your depth and height**

**I cannot describe
It burns within and warms me
Melts my heart of stone
I no longer see myself
When I look in a mirror
I see your love in my eyes
Reflecting back at me
You are real
And tender are your mercies.**

FROM

**From much pain comes great beauty,
From vulnerability comes great strength,
From sorrow comes joy ~
If I never had lost something
I would never know the value I have,
If I never felt pain
I could never know joy,
If I was never weak
Than I could not be strong ~
Society of men is hardship
Given to those in turn yet again,
Living is learning that
You are not to receive hardships
Given to you from others ~
You can define your life
As new with strength and valor,
What others give me not always
Have I asked for or deserve ~
I have the ability to find the balance
Of reality setting the score straight,
I am free to live myself
And I go freely to become who I am.**

LOSSES

**Funny how someone else's tragedy
Does not touch us
Until it becomes our own
I guess that's human nature ~
And when it's our turn
We are suspended in devastation
We feel the pain of others ~
Of negating their loss
To our comforts of life
Losses cut deep
Some too much so ~
Some never totally recover
They walk about
A portion of their former self ~
Life just happens, and it must
Be anchored and you will recover
To help others through
Their grieving process.**

I CAN'T BE YOU

**I can't be you
You can't be me
But in Yahshua Messiah
We can be free ~
All of us are different
Various talents and gifts
It is by Yahshua
Who gives to each he pleases ~
When I compare myself
To others I get let down
My measurement is not others
But the Word of Yahweh ~
When I remember
From where I came
Having been reborn
Things are never the same ~
I can't be you
You can't be me
But in Yahshua Messiah
We can be free.**

BY MY AMBASSADORS

**All that can shake will
I am sifting everything
My purpose is to loose
All that is not good
Many hold onto the memories
Of yesterdays
In material things
I Yahweh bring change
No longer cling to things
For you will lose much of them
Put your faith, hope
Trust solely in me
To meet all your needs
I am Yahweh Almighty
I am more than enough
Your focus take off the world
See the multitudes in
The valley of decision
Numerous the souls of men
Who have yet to hear
My gospel which saves them
Go forth, be wise
Be my ambassadors
To a dying world
For time is no guarantee
Of a tomorrow
Reap the harvest
While it is yet day
Many are called
Yet few are chosen
Do not bury your talent
In the earth
Like the foolish servant
Use your talents
To bring forth much fruit
Endure to the end
Preaching the gospel
And I will give you
The crown of life.
~Yahshua**

HE IS ALIVE!

**He is alive!
I am called up Jacob's ladder
Upwards the tunnel of light
Wings all around
The beat of flight of many angels
The light floods my very soul!
I feel love to the
Very core of my being
Upwards, heavenwards ~
Beyond the outer limits of infinity
And I am brought to His City
His Throne a rainbow of emerald
His countenance of Jasper and Sardius
Seven lamps burn before His Throne
Surrounded by a crystal sea of glass
Worthy is His Holiness
Glory, praise and honor
His faithfulness is everlasting
He is alive! He is alive!
Worthy, worthy, worthy
Is the Lamb that was slain!
His Majesty ~
I worship Him in
The Beauty of His Holiness!**

MANDELA OF COLOURS

**Sweet is the leaves as they fall
With the sun setting
It has a red ring around
As a tunnel blinding through
The trees so brilliant
This is not lasting
A spectacular show of grandeur
For the benefit of us
To behold creation in such beauty
Just a slice of heaven
Among so much
My eyes can see and
Still not see all that was made
All this for us to enjoy**

The Garden of Eden so large
And this is nothing in comparison
To the New Earth to come
The glories of nature mirror
The glories of heaven
A Mandela of colours
A pallet of shades not seen or used
Pure and translucent to behold
Riches of light and love
That vibrates all who live there.

DIARY OF LONG AGO

Sitting by the stream in September
The cool mountain air crisp
I feel it on my face and hands
Leaning forward I take the paper
With all the notes on it
This diary of long ago
With stained pages of betrayals
This I don't need
To hold onto anymore
I rip the pages out one by one
And toss them on the clear current
Letting it take them downstream
To mix with the bottom silt and dirt
Where they belong
Drowned never to resurface
The diary of so long ago
And so does our Heavenly Father
Remember our failings no more
As far as the east is from the west
They are gone forever
So I look at the water flowing by
In cold strong currents
Taking away all my stains
Cleansing me anew with life
I can now go on freely
The way I was meant to go.

THE STRANGER

**Quietly I sit on the hill
Overlooking the city
Occasionally a single person
Will come up to me
And talk a bit or ask a question
I don't say anything
I just sit and listen
Slowly what they really want to say
Does surface of itself
The unburdening of their soul
To a total stranger
It is more common than you think
For you can walk away
And not ever have to face
This stranger again
The one you bore your intimate details to
They don't judge you
For they don't know you ~
How sad that those we are the closet to
And love the most
We share the least with
We are more honest with strangers
Than with those who know us
We wear a mask of our own doing
So easy to pretend than offend
To portray than to confront
And I ask
Is that really love or convenience?
And I continue to sit on the hill
And watch and listen to all
That floats up and comes my way
I feel for the confused and lost
Who have no direction
No one to bare their soul to
Nature does contain us
Whether we realize it or not
And I choose to be one with her.**

FAR AWAY PLACE

**In the far away place
Not touched in a long time
Distant is the memories ~
In a far away place
Abandoned dreams and wishes
Dreamt and forgotten ~
In a far away time
Where I was young and strong
The world was mine ~
In a far lost word spoken
Having choked with emotion
Choosing to bury forever ~
In a far distant land
You sit over there
And I cannot bridge the distance ~
In the farness of the earth
I pull you close to read and touch
My thoughts exchange with yours ~
In a far away place
In one holding onto a dream
A vision for life.**

MAIDEN

**The echo of a maid
Singing out for her fallen
In the time of the center world
The eternal melody of mankind
How your heart fair lady
Mourns and laments the loss
Of those that once were.**

**Your robes drag as you walk
Heavy on your heart is the yoke
Misty images flow through waters
That show back in time
The looking glass your image
Once lively with floating flowers
With golden hues and butterflies
Green meadows of peace
Beyond the bridge of war.**

Sail forth on the clouds
Look back and your heart lingers
For what once was
Your floral essence fills the air
With sweet fruits and nectar
Covered with the waters of tranquility
Let your beauty chant onward
For those who will hear ~
May they sit under the trees
And look up to the gated mountains
The castles of memory
Where you were born
Sorrow not my lady
For your love spent is not lost
The souls who search shall find it.

DREAMS I HAVE LIVED

You can see much yet see little
Know much yet know little
Live much yet not enough
Express a lot yet not near enough
Life is a void that you can never reality fill.

If I have to hold onto anything
It would be the precious moments
That I was cherished to experience
And share with others
Mostly that I have loved.

I cannot cover all things
So I must select what is important
Focus on those things and do them right
There is no repeats for days lived
I can only be who I am.

Reflection will be by others
Who can look back upon
What I have woven into my canvass
One day the right side will be shown
And others can see the dreams I have lived.

I PROMISE

**I never said you
Would never have sorrow
I never promised
An easy life on earth
I know the hearts of men
They are slaves to
Their baser selves
I know your struggles
Of flesh verses the spirit
I promised that in me
You are more than a conqueror
I promised I'd give
You the comforter
I promised I would
Walk with you through
The trials set before you
I promised I would
Never leave nor forsake you
Take this word of mine
And stand on it
Go forth with faith and hope
That my love will conquer all
Make me your King
And I promise you the victory.**

EACH NEW DAY

**Each new day I rise
With the expectation for each day
To be as good as the last
Suddenly a life can change
With no notice or voice
When I lay down to sleep
I thank thee Father
For the great blessings
You have bestowed on me
I do not know
Your plans for me
Nor do I want to
Take you for granted ~**

**Accept my gratitude
For all your love and concern
On the new day I wake
I pray you are as close
As you are now
And forever will remain with me.**

LET IT COMFORT YOU

**Oh my dear loving friend
Close your eyes and I am there
Open them and I'm with you
I ride upon the wind
That curls around you
I comfort you with my prayers
I send the spirit to you.**

**Though chasms abound
And pillars aspire
Our love will grow but higher
Where nothing could vanquish it
For true love for another
Is the heart of all.**

**Nothing can destroy
Or put out the flame
Get a hold of this truth
Let it comfort you
When you feel small
In this world
You are loved
Rejoice in this.**

NEVER...

**Never let the blessings
Outweigh the blesser
Never let things of life
Detract from the spirit
Never let your eyes
Lose sight of the kingdom
Never let the pride of life
Blind you to your poverty**

**Never let the riches of life
Substitute for the riches in Messiah
Never let the wisdom of the world
Replace the word of Yahweh.
Never lose track of time
That we are not guaranteed of it
Never be at home here
For our home is in the Kingdom
Never lose love in your heart
Without it you will lose your salvation
Never forget without Yahshua
We can do nothing
Never forget that in Him
We live, move and have our being.**

YOU ~ ME ~

**You ~ Me ~
One
Newness ~ life ~
Love
Reign ~ kingdoms ~
Eternal.
You reached in
This heart of mine
Took the dead one out
Put a new one in me.
A new song I sing
My old life is passed away
This new one timeless
In the presence of light forever.
I am speechless
In awe of your Holiness
Majesty, Honor
Mercy and Grace
I bow down
To your Supremacy.
You ~ Me ~
One
Newness ~ life ~
Love
Reign ~ kingdoms ~
Eternal.**

MY WORD

**I give you my word
To live a holy life
It is not for your ambitions
Rather for my perfect will
I chose you before time
Before you were born
In your mother's womb.
Know my word I hold true
My name above
It goes forth to accomplish
It will not return void
Eat the scroll of my word
Let it burn the impurities
Out of your life
Let it sanctify you
So you can walk
In the power of my word
Being an ambassador
For the kingdom of Yahweh
Yes, devour my word
Eat, chew, digest it
Let it bring forth fruit in your life.**

A GLIMMER

**I relish the quiet
I hear your small voice
In the stillness that's near
The warm soft glow of light
Burns ever brighter
As in your presence I dwell
How I wish I can stay here
Your presence makes me aware
I am but mortal and sinful
Your light of truth is love
Forgiveness is in your hand
I am consumed to tears
Of gratitude and awe
Moments as such are a glimmer
Of paradise with you.**

KNOW THIS ONE THING

**If you were to keep learning
Focus on this one thing
How much I love.
I died for you in your sin
When you were still
An enemy of the cross
Embrace my sacrifice
Kiss the nail scared hands
The torn side and pierced feet
Know I died for you
In your place
So that you may live
Then learn what love is ~
It is dying to self
Becoming a sacrifice
So others may live
Be my hands and feet
To those who have
Yet to know me
And great will be your reward.**

IT STARTS ON BENDED KNEE

**Lay aside every weight
All that causes to stumble
Get down on your knees
Prostrate yourself humble ~
I have the power to forgive
Every sin that does offend
I can give you favor
Direction in life I bend ~
Pull you towards myself
Embrace you with compassion
Pity your sinful nature
Renew your life in fashion ~
To be a bearer of light
Herald the gospel abroad
Through out the whole globe
On every foreign sod,
And it all starts here ~
Down on bended knee
Embrace the Saviour
Who will set you free.**

I CANNOT...

**I cannot exist without you
Or you I
For we are dependent
On each other
We draw off of
Each others strengths
Accepts each others weaknesses
We learn the value of love
As the strength to growth.**

**I cannot go anywhere
That you do not go with me
For you have integrated my life
And touched the core of my being
To say you are not here
Would be a lie
For you are in my spirit
As much as I am in yours.**

**Let us share in our dreams
Communicate with each other
The lessons of today
To carry us forth tomorrow
You are the silver cord
To my inner self
I can go nowhere without you
You touch the water within
And draw out refreshment
Forever young and wise.**

SENTINEL

**Overlooking from the castle turret
Scanning the wastelands
For evidence of life or movement
Memories flood my mind
Of yesterday, long ago
Wavering back and forth
In time from past to present
The lonely sentinel atop
Pulling rank of one
How I pine for the vast fortunes
Not of gold or stone**

**Rather of hearts that burned alive
Thus gone for evermore
Why stand on top guarding
What is now lost from sight?
Per chance it is the memory
That keeps hope alive
To discover a survivor out there
Who also will come inside
The strength of these pillars so
Then I can pass the torch on
For another to be strong for others.**

FLOWER

**The bouquet on my table
How it graces it so
Beautiful fragrance but for
A short season
At your peek of perfection
You were picked just for me
I drink in your beauty
Slowly you fade away
Wilt, stoop and bow
Where I must sadly remove you
Putting you back into the earth
From where you had sprang
Your petals so soft and vibrant
Royal of pageantry
Many faceted diamond
You trump colour magnificent
Imagery of love in full bloom
How I treasure the joy
Your bring to my heart
Such a beautiful flower are you.**

COLD

**A generous person becomes bitter
When the straw is broken
A piece of their heart dies
Never to be brought back
They have moved beyond generosity
Their nature has changed
The golden rays are stolen**

**Nothing feels or grows there anymore
No longer can they weep or feel
For their concern for others is gone
This is a tragedy to see
That society can make such
A one's heart grow cold
And love die.
(Proverbs 18:19; Matthew 24:12; Ephesians 4:30)**

WE KNOW OUR MEASURE

**We are the unseen multitude
Performing difficult tasks
Your cannot compensate us
For all the endless love we give
Many take for granted
A safety net in old age
We are the in-between ones
Our own families do not know
We triple task keeping it together
Without us caretakers
Millions would be in neglect
There are not enough hours
Nor enough hands it seems
Yet our actions are love displayed
When our work is done
We can rest our head and sleep
Many do not know of us
We are the ones behind family
The silent cog in the wheel
Which guarantees motion
Silently we do our errands
Never asking for anything
For we know our measure.
(1 Corinthians 12:25-26)**

DID HE NOT SAY...

**I am writing about life today. We are seeing prophecy being fulfilled
before our eyes at an alarming rate. Did not Yahshua tell us that this
would be so? Did he not tell us to not get distracted and caught up in all
of the mess around us? Did he not tell us to remain steadfast, anchored
solid in our faith and in the Word? Did he not say that not to be upset or
surprised when things happen against us his believers? Did he not say to
not take it personal, or make it a vendetta?**

Did he not say that we would be persecuted as he was and to accept it? Did he not say to lay down our life for the gospel? Did he not say this is not our home, that we are just passing through? Did he not say he knew the nature of mankind and their heart, which is wicked above all things? Did he not say that many their love would grow cold? Did he not say that many would fall away from the faith by being "offended" and would betray one another? Did he not say that only those who endured until the end would be saved? Did he not say to study, to show thyself approved? Did he not say pay no attention of dying in this life, pay attention of dying a spiritual death, all eternity away from the father? Did he not say that no one can answer to the heavenly father for us but ourselves? Did he not say to throw away the traditions of men that pervert the word? Did he not say that it would be harder for a rich person with the wealth of this world to make it into the kingdom of heaven? Did he not say not to covet, hoard or become greedy, rather to give to all those in need? Did he not say sow your treasures in heaven, where moth nor rust can take away? Did he not say that he was coming back for a Bride without spot or wrinkle? Did he not say that we are to be trusting as little children in him and only in him? Did he not say that the Father was a jealous Elohim, not to have any other gods before him? Did he not say it would not be easy to follow him? Did he not say that nine out of ten lepers that were cleansed did not come back to thank him? Did he not say many are called but few are chosen? Did he not say that no man knows when he will return? Did he not say to watch therefore and constantly be ready? Did he not say that he desired obedience not sacrifice? Did he not say we cannot earn the kingdom of heaven? Did he not say that only those who obey the Father and his law and commandments would enter into the kingdom of heaven? Did he not say to be on guard with ones heart, to not let the cares and riches of this world choke it? Did he not say that knowledge would increase in the last days? Do you not know that knowledge is not wisdom? Do you not know that too much information is but a smokescreen to distract you from focusing on the word of Yahweh and to be in much prayer? Do you not realize that today will never repeat itself? Do you not know you will not live forever? Do you not know you could die tonight in your sins? Do you not know if your heart is not right with Yahweh through Yahshua the Messiah you will spend all eternity separate from him? And, DO YOU CARE?

ALL I SEE

**Let us get together you say
We'll have fun one day
And off you gleefully go
But your absence I pray
Will be replaced from you
And recapture His essence
Again we will fellowship true ~
Promises, oh promises
To convince yourself foremost
The busyness of life takes place
Your affections and time does race
Meetings are less frequent
We stretch our smiles thin
The promises of before
Does not carry the light within ~
The cares of the world
Attract you as a moth to the flame
And I grieve to but notice
What little friendship does remain
Words spoken now with no intent
To keep ones word, I lament ~
The flame has blown out
Your candlestick is dark
No longer his joy you carry
You lost the divine spark ~
The day has come and gone
Empty promises to convey
All I see is dying
Falling and drifting away.
(Revelation 2:5)**

THEY DID KNOW

**The old cabin set back
In the woods upon a hill
I remember the lit kerosene lantern
You hunched over eating still,
A long day you put in
Well past dark when you got home
And the rewards for all your work
If not for the cat you'd be alone ~**

**I felt sorry for you
I truly did not understand
What could make one a hermit
To isolate from your fellow man,
Yet as I age I see
The need for quiet and peace
I find my self the same yearning
From society's madness a release ~
Simple, forgotten, a long time ago
A memory burned in my mind
Lately myself is seeking
A life of quiet to find,
I think that Walt Whitman
Tolstoy, Thoreau did know
That silence really is golden
These wise men did show.
(Isaiah 30:15b; Ecclesiastes 9:17)**

A PLEASING SACRIFICE

**Yahweh Elohim, the Great I Am
Came to man in the garden.
He made known his ways through Enoch
Who walked with Him for three hundred years.
He made himself known to Abram who
Became Abraham, father of many nations.
This was a covenant of faith,
For by faith was he counted righteous.
Then Yahweh gave to Moses the Law,
To show mankind his sinfulness
And his need to obey and trust in Yahweh.
Then from Jacob who became Israel
Came the twelve tribes of Israel.
The Israelites went on to become a nation,
They became the Jews, the oracles of the Law,
And of the Torah given by Yahweh.
Mankind has failed to see that we
Are not justified by religion
Nor by blood lines, No,
We are only justified by faith in Him
Who created and made all things.
People struggle for peace by compromise
By merging religions all into one.**

**Yet religions are only beliefs in deities, gods
Of lesser gods, of inferior gods...
Yahweh is not a god, He is the Great I Am...
From Him came all life and being.
When we stop fighting over religions
And drop all religion, when we
Embrace the perfect Law of Yahweh
That keeps us in balance, to be able
To follow and obey Him,
When we embrace the Messiah Yahshua
Who was our perfect sacrifice
Then we all can come boldly into
The Holy of Holies and commune
With our Heavenly Father.
When religion is no more, when we
Rediscover that by faith we are justified,
When we do these things, then
We become the first fruits of Yahshua
A pleasing sacrifice to Yahweh.**

REDEFINE

**Life is all about change
Constantly we are being redefined
By the circumstances life brings our way
Some we have change over
Others we do not
It is adapting to the surroundings
And making do with what one has
But most of all it is knowing ones self
In the midst of constant change
We grow, mature, and learn
We finally begin to understand
With knowledge comes wisdom
To apply the change that is so needed
I may not always be able to
Change my circumstances nor
Be able to leave them but rather
I can learn to be who I am
Without compromise thus doing so
With a greater understanding
Of the situation at hand as it unfolds
We must come to a place to accept**

The willingness to let go of what was
And to reach out for what is
And not lose ourselves in the process
A persons whole life is how they
In succession make passage
From one plain to another
We are a huge chain passing down
To others what we learn as we
Have learned from others
It is a beautiful fellowship of fellows
The privilege to help carry others load
And lighten it and ours in the process
For we are our brothers keeper.

UNTO HIMSELF

When I was a child
I naively believed and trusted,
Now grown and mature
I test the spirits of all things.
We discover with truth great error
In all we were taught of traditions,
It became a right of passage, pride
A badge of honor to wear the familiar.
Just as Yahweh called Abram out
He calls us out into deep waters,
We are to leave behind
All that we grew to love and trust
Placing solely our faith in Him,
For He is more than able.
I have come to learn to pray:
"Almighty Yahweh, everything
that I ever believed in that was a lie
reveal it to me, and show me the truth".
This is a life long prayer
Of unlearning and relearning,
Of giving up preconceived doctrines
And worshipping in Spirit and Truth.
We are to come as little children
Trusting and believing in Him,
To deliver us from the ways of men
And show us His ways for us.

**As His children, we grow in Him ~
For he calls us unto himself
While we study His Word.**

BE NOT UNEQUALLY YOKED

**Like attracts like minded
Darkness attracts dark
Lightness attracts light
For Yahweh does say
Be not unequally yoked.
He has a way of
Cleaning house for us
As painful as it is,
Our hearts can be deceived
When we become entangled.
We cannot love others
Who are against Yahweh
For then our hearts
Become divided on us.
This is a very hard lesson
To learn and live.
It costs to walk
On the Narrow Way
Many do compromise.
Those that do have lost
They forfeited their loyalty,
They do not want to endure.
Many are called
But few are chosen.
The Holy Spirit
Does clean house on us,
It starts in our hearts.
(Psalm 139:21-22)**

THE CRAVING

**How we do crave what we shouldn't
We reach for comfort not good for us
Some do so with food or alcohol
Others with money, fame, success
Some demand attention, recognition**

**We do it to ourselves
We turn our spiritual emptiness
Into an excuse to drown our sorrows
To overstuff our souls
To weigh down our minds and spirits**

**We punish ourselves for feeling bad
Some overwork to ignore their life
Others wish it away denying its existence
While there are others grateful
For what little time they do have left
We all do crave if we are being honest
Cravings can be a good thing
They can motivate good behavior
Discipline is good also when
We learn to give ourselves permission
To learn to wait with patience
To put less stress on ourselves
By letting things come in their own time
I have found that a person who is content
Does not need to crave for anything
For they have what they were looking for
We can desire what is good and still
Be content and happy with what we have
When we start craving we have become
Out of balance with the flow of our life
We can look forward with great anticipation
For all good things that come to those who wait
And patience shall slay all cravings
With gratitude crowning ones soul
For there is the Giver of Life of
All things good, right and blessings.**

EASY DOES IT

**We have all heard this slogan
It should apply to all of us
For we tend to overkill
To be over the top in most things
When I was a child I rode bicycle
Which was my fathers**

**All eight of us children rode his bike
We took turns and used with great care
Riding was fun, for the pleasure of it
Today everything that was once simple
We have managed to make it complicated
We take a simple design and improve on it
Actually taking that first joy out of it
I remember an old swimming hole
It was free and everyone went to it**

**And they left it with great care
Then the owner put fences around it
And signs around it and the people
Were robbed once again of
The Garden of Eden's delights
We take so many things and destroy them
Through so many laws and regulations
Rather than let them be pure, simple
To be enjoyed by all
And we tend to be consumers in all things
Everything we touch we improve upon
Actually damaging the beauty of it
For mankind does not know how
To simply easy does it
What a different world this would be
If we could manage to get this right.**

NO LONGER

**A burdened hand
Reaches for redemption
The ghost waves and whispers
Friends no more
Though sought with tears
They have come full circle ~
In public places we meet
By chance with politeness
Now I am grown ~
I have been given the gift
To let go of the past
No expectations for the future ~**

**I can only live now
This is my surety
I have learned the truth
My heart is held in divinity.**

FOREVER IN MY HEART

**To the end my love is there
Over lingered sentences
And faltered words
With your hand in mine
The kindness of human touch
Warmth of care and understanding**

**In moments like these
Hindsight is fleeting
The spring board of release
Soon to be walked upon
I shall hold you no more
Form gives way to spirit
You ascend on a prayer
I clutch the air knowing
The rest of life is different
Now I must grow up in you
Forever in my heart.**

WHEN

**The answer comes different
Not what I had wanted
My strong stubborn will
Must succumb to your dominance
Your voice is soft spoken
The words cut to the core
Truth has burned a hole in me
I am without excuse
Accepting responsibility for my actions
I feel a deep release of weight
Pride kills many people
Freezing them from change
Killing them in poisoned self perception ~**

**When I truly stop
Look up and say thank you
When I mean that in sincerity
And am grateful for what I have
Greed dies and love reigns
Truth pervades in simplicity
My soul is cleansed
With tears of the heart
Down on my knees
I have come home.**

WHAT'S EATING ME (SLANG – BOTHERING)

**I find the world dying
Laughter at the expense of others
The death of moral decency
The death of their Creator
People saying to themselves
By being turn coats
Brain washing of the masses
Television reconditioning people
Sitcoms of the work place
It is funny to torment others
With undue stress and anxiety
Few realize that television was invented
As a mind control experiment by
The military for the government
It all has become a game of sorts
This too shall escalate
It has become an electronic coliseum
This clean sport throws people under the bus
Let us joke of the elderly for they are
Excess baggage that dampens
Ones life style and career
At their expense let us buy the lie**

**The image we shall live forever
Never grown old, never die
Forever strong, not frail or dependent
Internet and television becomes
A cesspool for hard hearts
To grab what one wants in life
It is where fantasy crosses the line
Where opinions become surreal
People have become conditioned
They are puppets, reactionaries
Programmed to respond in favor
Of Big Brother thinking for them
Of believing in a throw away society
After a certain age people become invisible
Society has replaced community
We rely upon robots and electronics
Shielded from human interaction or touch
As we descend the pit of morality
Let us continue to believe the lie**

**That things mean more than people
And its all in fun, there's no harm
One day you become the target
Of which others shall focus on
Receiving the heartless regard
Of which global community states
We have six million too many people
They promote the Hemlock Society, Euthanasia
I shudder to think what's next
No wonder people dream of what was
For it has been forgotten, ignored
The brown shirts are coming
They are here now, in place
~Waiting in the wings.
(Matthew 24:8-13; 25:33-34)**

PERMISSION

**We all tend to question our
Choices in life and how we
Are today. Life just comes
At us. We cannot control it
But we can live it. We
Just have to give ourselves
Permission to do so.**

TRADE

**Trade your sleepless nights
For those of true rest
Give up your anxieties
For my peace
My love will comfort you
Rest in me.
~ Yahshua**

A. A.

**The long effects of change
Are starting to take their toll
One can only take so much
Before blocking anymore
Stress gives way to anger
Overwhelmed beyond bearing
Something has to give
No longer reaching for alcohol
They pick up the phone
And vent to a friend
Sometimes all one can do
Is just breathe for a moment
Not look at time at all
Just be focused on the present
And give it up to a higher power
Things have a way of working out**

**It just is faith to believe it
And acceptance of being powerless
The body cannot take stress
It needs to heal itself
Friends are part of that process
Taking care of ones self
Is the key to new life
Together we make a difference.
(Dedicated to Dan K.)**

BEWARE

**Beware of secret societies
Which try to flatter you
Dangling the riches of the world
Telling the lie you are a god
Teaching self gratification
To manipulate and control others
To consume all your wants
Beware of the circles of men
Who promote the esteem of society
The pillars of monetary success
Hold not to such deception
Compromising your soul
For truth mammon is
The god of this world ~**

**You cannot serve it and Yahweh
Remember this is not our home
Love not the lies presented
Or the lust of the flesh
For we shall die one day
And we have to give account
Of why we threw away salvation
For the passing things of this world.**

NEVER FAILS ME

**Withdrawn and alone
In the dark I can think
There are times when
I desire not to write**

**I gather my thoughts privately
Pondering on the deep things of life
I desire the companionship
Of my Father Eternal
His love and mercy is healing
My friends fade and dim
As I usher away in quiet
At times I feel that
I have embraced the universe
I have seen the stars
The map to the heavens
Yet I ponder vanity
For the deep things are not
For me to know or understand
When I wear myself out
I drain my mind and focus
Resting it in the hands
Of my loving Father
Who never fails me.**

GONE

**Feelings, we all have them
Mind had grown cold
I traveled the dark side
Of the moon...
I laid in the shadows
Gazing at the orbit
The march of the planets
Cold, withdrawn from the Sun
Saturn's rings in triplicate
Danced about my head
My feet rested on Pluto
Time was no more
The ink in my pen dried up
Blackness filled with holes
Of burned out stars
Memories etched on my mind
There are no voices here
Just memories on rerun
Another beauty has pulled me away
Silence and shadows now rest.
(1 Thessalonians 5:10b Tribute to David Wilkerson)**

RAM

**To see in the minds eye
A time traveler
The ruler with two horns
That rise up and conquer
He is ruthless and brutal
He destroys through peace
The world is hypnotized
Blindly they pledge loyalty
This one was at the Pyramids
He was before even then
To walk on the dew of grass
Glide over the clouds
Skimming the waters surface
Within his nature is a quality
That demanding presence
Which will not remain silent
Torrents of screams he echoes
Stitching the souls of men**

**In the hem of his garment
Bound with chains
Servitude slaves eternal
He travels to times end
When the mask is removed
And his true name is known
And all shall see but a man
Who made many fall
Their souls do bleed with regrets.
(Revelation 13:11)**

TOO QUICKLY LIVED

**Today is filled with clarity
The preciousness of time
Had edified itself
My mother was sitting there
The lines of time have ravaged
The smooth flawless skin
A head of white
A body that hunches over**

Arthritis having taken its toll
Hands of crooked fingers
Years that labored with love
Now I help them with mine
Together we manage what was
Once a task of ease
The eyes are still bright blue
They are just more tired
Having seen so much
I look in the mirror
My mothers shadow is on me
I have become her
Each of us is inching forward
To take the place of those
Who soon shall be taken
Enjoy the laughter and heart aches
Treasure each of them
For they are too quickly lived.

OLAM (forever)

When I was a child
I was taught the ways
Of my father and those
Who were before me
I believed what I was taught
Without ever questioning ~
With age comes inquiring
Why do I believe what I do?
Is my way the right one?
I threw myself into much study
And weariness became of it ~
Then one day I realized
The Great I AM in heaven
Cannot be defined by religion
When I threw all religion away
Theology discourse and dissertation
I saw for myself the small voice ~

**Yahweh speaks through his word
He clarifies himself simply
That a child can understand
I had to drop the pride
The knowledge and learned ways
I had to let him teach me ~
I became a child in him
Teachable, pliable, reliable
I applied what I read
I learned what he has spoken
Belief is not enough ~
It is obedience not sacrifice
It is a way of life, forever
My journey has rewarded me
For I have found the treasure
Hidden in his word ~
His name is Yahweh.
(Psalm 72:17-19; Joel 2:32)**

THE NEW JERUSALEM

**One day shall come down
From heaven above
The city of gold, the gates of pearl
The New Jerusalem comes down
A new heaven and earth
Purged from all of the old ~
Only the humble enter in
Who lived a life without sin
United with their King
Multitudes to the throne sing
Praises of worship echo
From the fountain, chamber above
Reverberate with echoes of love ~
No more tears or crying
That is all of the past
No more sorrows or pain
Just joy will last.
Mansions prepared for us
Who paid the ultimate price
To die to self the sacrifice ~
One day shall come down
From heaven above**

**The city of gold, the gates of pearl
The New Jerusalem comes down
A new heaven and earth
Purged from all of the old.
(Revelation 21 and 22)**

YANKEE

**A certain breed of character
Extremely independent
Ruggedly self sufficient
Always the first to volunteer
To fight valiantly for country
True defender of freedoms
Loyalty never a question
One with a pioneer spirit
Never to be manipulated
Socially reserved
Ability to make something
Out of nothing**

**Never wasteful or extravagant
A simple life and content
Knows the ways of the Indians
The earth is close to their heart
When you have met such a one
You have met a true Yankee.**

EMINENCE

**Weighing of ones lofty position
To tall to reach of heights
Origin of self imposed importance
Titles and degrees compiled
Elevation of ones own concern
Arrogance and vanity displayed
Bowing to the dictates of men
Seeking men's approval
Basking in inflation of vain desires
Groaning of helpless humanity suppressed
Under the mask of godliness
A pillar of stone to but crumble**

**Under the wrath of an angry God
One who is jealous and does not share
His glory with mere mortals or mankind.
(The religion that dominates the World)**

THE PURPOSE

**Joseph was given dreams
Which he shared with family
Not being of the same spirit,
They did envy him.
Out of jealousy they sold him
To a life of slavery.
Years he spent in Egypt
Misunderstood, falsely accused.
Joseph remained faithful to Yahweh
He maintained a right spirit,
He came to a place regardless
Of circumstances, he kept his belief.
Little did he know that
He was being formed to fill
The divine appointment of Elohim ~**

**One day he was a slave
The next Joseph was an overseer,
Second to the throne of Pharaoh
From his misery came good.
We may feel like a Joseph
With the loss of all things.
Know Yahweh has you,
He is performing in you
A great work for the kingdom.
Always keep your eyes on Him,
And one day you too
Will fulfill the purpose
For which you were created.
(Based on Genesis 37 to 46)**

NO RETURNING

**You can never go back
Once you have set forth change
It is impossible to return
To that point of exit
Nothing will ever be the same ~
One who sets his hand
To the plow and looks back
Is not worthy to serve.
We are called to always
Be moving ever forward ~
You can never go back
No matter how hard you try
And really why would you want to?
It is only and insult
To taste of heaven than forfeit it ~
A pillar of salt is one
That has lost its flavor
It is good for nothing.
Let us not be Lot's wife
Rejected for our wavering.**

HOLD FAST

**Each of us is on a journey
We are living our faith
Daily we must define it
Reviewing and eliminating
That which compromises
The Word within us.
It is not just will power
It is not just discipline
It is dedication to commitment.
However things happen
We must remain steadfast
The journey is remaining
In ones faith and growing
Bringing forth much fruit.
We can love in the face
Of much opposition
For that does not define us
Our faith does
And in this we hold fast.**

VANISHED

**Contrived humor in the face of agony
Concealed hurt in the voice of others
A whirlwind is masked for our illusion ~
Sincerity died a long time ago
For lack of honesty and reception
Now all that stands is cataloged expression ~
The giant does wear thin
The glow and vibrancy has gone
A silent dead tree waiting to fall ~
Let us parade around which
Glimmers of another time long spent
Giving way to fear from dreams ~
Hope cannot survive here
Amiss a world of deceit
We all died when truth vanished.**

CROSS OVER

**I am your teacher, ask of me
Stop inquiring of men
Cross over to obedience
Men substitute sacrifice instead
Thinking they can earn their way
It has already been bought
With the price of Yahshua
His blood redeemed you
So you can be obedient
Not disobedient and rebellious ~
I give you my truth
It is my Word, my Law
Do you love me?
Then keep my commandments
I spared not the rebellious
Many are called
But few are chosen.**

NOTHING

**It is ludicrous
To plan ones life
When you don't even know
What today holds ~
Always do remember
Who your source is
No matter what happens
Never abandon your soul ~
This life is fleeting
It is over before you know
Then what answer can you give
For forsaking truth for vanity? ~
Nothing in this life
Is worth losing your soul.**

MOVED HIGHER

**Blessed forgetfulness is love
Mindful direction is caring
Heavenly companionship is lasting
Flesh and blood and covenant
Bound to each other
Equality is given to us**

**Never flaunting our faults
Building on our strengths
Our armor is our shield
Destruction does not pierce
The heart is weighed
We are moved higher.**

KIND SOULS

**There are kind souls out there
With the gift of healing
Unsung heroes that bind wounds
Help in the rebuilding process
These angels so to speak
Show us direction in the midst**

**Of emotional wreckage
Guiding us through it
To come through the other side
Whole, intact, and renewed ~
It is people like these
That bring back sanity and balance
For those in great need
They have the ability to
Draw the good out of us
Letting us know that the pain
Was not in vain but helpful
So we could become who we are.
Hold these souls in esteem
They are a rare gift to cherish.**

GROWTH IN TRUTH

**In this life we will find
Much heartache and disappointment
People will often let us down
They strike out at those
Which are closest to them
One must remember that
It is not our ownership
Of how others treat us ~
Walk through life knowing
We will face great opposition
This is to be expected
All we can do is carry ourselves

Know who we are and who we do serve
And he will carry us through ~
Look unto others as beings
Vessels that struggle with balance
In need of much prayer, love
And of great understanding.
Life is transition
When we can accept that
We have grown in truth.**

BLOWN WITH THE WIND

**Beautiful in a sad way
She has come far with
Scars of painful emotion
The past comes to the forefront
Memories that refuse to die
Haunted echoes that linger
She tries to drown them in water
They circle to resurface
Sadness is her truth
Strength is her beauty
The two built each other
The moon gives off its glow
The sun gives radiance and life
Together they are one
I have let the tattered page
Loose from my hand fall
The words are spoken no more
Blown with the wind.**

THERE IS COMING...

**There is coming a time soon
Where it will not be fashionable
To believe in the bible
Where it will not be fashionable
To have faith or pray
There is coming a time soon
Where it will not be safe
To have morals or conscience
There is coming a time soon**

**Where we will see evil applauded
And where good is condemned
There is coming a time soon
Where people will have a herd mentality
They will come against you as a swarm
It will not be safe to be your own person**

**You will stand out if you don't follow
The direction you are told to take
We will live to see chaos and pandemonium
We will live to see the end of
Owning private property
The end of human rights
The end of dignity and loyalty
There is coming a time soon
Where there will be no more
Countries, kings, rulers or dignitaries.
There is coming a time soon
Where we will be subjects and slaves
To the new global world order
There they will kill all objectors
There they will kill all who hold fast
To what beliefs, faith and truths they live
We are ushering in that place now
And I ask you to consider,
What are you doing to prepare for it?
You can only govern your own soul
And one day must give an account
Of how you lived and presented it.
Are you prepared?**

REMAIN FAITHFUL

**Brother Glen had told me
That discouragement is Satan's greatest tool
We do all we can and then question
Does what we do really make a difference?
He told me that it is at that point that someone
Will contact him and thank him
We always get the uplifting when it's needed
We must do our part and then wait
Never mind what others think or not
For we never know the impact we make
It could be one life or many
It is about being faithful to our task
Each of us has something different to offer**

**And we all need each other in the body
We must not give into discouragement
We should not be downhearted by people**

**We should be concerned to remain faithful
To the end of our tasks
Do you really want to make a difference?
Just concentrate on being you and pray
Yahweh will do the rest
We must believe that and trust in Him.**

THIS DAY WORSHIP THE TRUTH

**Perceived as right, the oracles smash traditions
Enlightenment has shattered that truth is not religion
The high places must be destroyed
Paganism is the root of ones belief system
Ownership is knowing and doing
Put right what was forgotten
Restore proper worship to Yahweh
Take the Baal out of Babel
Reverence the sacred Sabbaths
Destroy the pagan holidays
Clean and dirty water cannot
Come out of the same spring
Neither can a heart be divided ~
This day worship the truth.
(Psalm 119:12, 18)**

SOBERING

**It is very sobering to realize
That the Bible is very true
That it is being fulfilled daily
Before our very eyes
Throw away the perception
That you can move in your direction
Soon all will be taken away
The love of many has grown cold
For their hearts and minds are sold
To the glitter of the world
Think it not strange my brethren
Where soon we will be betrayed
In our own family made
For it speaks of such things**

**The truth daily rings
We cannot escape it
Fear not the world or what's in it
Rather fear Him on the throne
Who can save your soul alone
Time is shortened now
And shake of your sleep
For soon we must keep
Our faith till the end
For eternity to spend
Look unto your maker
For your redemption draweth nigh
To Yahweh and Yahshua on high.**

WAR

**We are a country
Stained with the blood
Of the innocent
Unborn babies with no voice
That are killed in the womb ~
We are a country
Stained with the blood
Of the wounded
Those in war torn countries
Killed in their own land ~
We are a country
Stained with the blood
Of many generations
Our own soil
Taking lives in the Civil War ~
We are a country
Stained with the blood
From our lust for war
Fighting in campaigns
In the name of humanity ~
We are a country
Stained with the blood
Of many souls abroad
Caught in political conflicts
We are the Great War machine ~
We are a country
Stained with the blood**

**We forgot our original purpose
Of why people came here
We have lost our humanity.**

WEIGHED

**Obscure and insignificant
The pillars of surrender
The school of humility
Now rendered helpless
I can begin to learn ~
Our strong will must be broken
To become teachable
This is a painful process
Which many do not succumb ~
When I have stripped myself
Of all I have done
I am pliable to be molded
Wisdom comes first through knowledge
Which requires a blank slate ~
It is from ones smallness
They learn the greatness of limits
And the freedom of venture
I am not weighed by my measure
I am weighed by my compliance ~
All opposition must be removed
Then I live what I learn
It is not the sacrifice
Rather obedience to the teacher
That makes the difference ~
"I shall be weighed
and found NOT wanting".
(Daniel 5:27)**

TO DEATH IF NEED BE

**This is the life I choose
Do not try to change me
My mind is set
Hard as flint is my resolve
I am the quiet presence
One can see yet not hear
For my actions are my voice**

**We are here among you
You cannot see unless
You choose to see beyond
Into the spirit realm
As deep calls to deep**

**I am summoned to battle
I hear the trumpet blow
It is loud and long
Reach forward and move on
Onto higher ground
Develop your skill now
Then draw upon it when needed
Solid and unmovable
To death if need be
For this is the life I choose.**

TEACH

**You cannot make others drink
Of the water set before them
You cannot make others step
Out to the green pastures
But if you make enough ripples
On the water that ring out
Eventually someone will take notice
And will come to the water's edge
Someone might even dip in
To touch the ripples made
And may learn to love
To drink of that water
If you stay out in the green
And live there then maybe
Someone might desire to enjoy
The green pasture also
And learn to see the life
That is within their reach
You can only hope that others
May learn from our example
And see that it is good
And desirable for what we have**

**And choose to join us
You can only hope that
Others will want to learn
When they do then
You have succeeded in
Teaching from your life.**

ROMAN EAGLE

**Revived Roman Garrison
Taking captive the souls of men
Killing in the name of diplomacy
All those who will not bow
In the name of democracy.
Forced compliance not wanted
Upon countries on foreign soils
Making all others in our image
The citizens themselves slaves
To the Roman Eagle
Forced to give way
To the dictates of government
The cost of citizenship
For ones to live there.
Redefinition from original founding
Forefathers bowing with shame
From the drifting and variance
Of its original purpose for all men.
Ready to deceive all men
Is the future Roman Emperor
Who has yet to world dominate
Ushering forth hearts of fear.
(Revelation 13)**

HOLD THOU FAST

**Oh soldier, do not abandon
Your post you are given
Hold your position at all cost
Look only ahead
Veer not to the left or right
Nor look behind you
Give not a blind eye
For the enemy to advance ~
Oh soldier, do not abandon
Your faith so solid
Never open yourself to question
Or doubt the Sovereign King
For He is at head charge
And soon He will command ~
Oh soldier, do not abandon
Your confidence and strength**

**In the Divine Word
Which does carry you
Know our weapons are prayer
And our weapons are praise
For the enemies shall scatter
In the presence of Yahweh ~
Oh soldier, hold thou fast
For soon shall be your reward.**

HERE STANDS THE KING

**You feet are beautiful
Lovely to behold
Perfumed of spikenard
They shine like brass
With life and light
They have traveled far
Where no one could find you
And then they returned
To find your own
You have walked carrying us
And leading as you go**

**Your footprints are beautiful
They travel through time
Sacred and holy the ground
That you have walked upon
You have traveled into my life
Bringing with you great Joy
Departing to me of your heart
The riches of glory
Yes, your feet are beautiful
And I lay at them with respect
I worship the hands that lift me
And raise me to yourself.**

PASSOVER

**The lamb was slain
Sacrificed for me and you
Perfect without blemish or spot
His blood was spilled, splattered
Falling into the soil drenching it
Carried away by heavy rains
Into the pools below
A lifeless torso displayed
High upon the torture stake
Nailed to the tree
Shamed in his nakedness
Today is Passover
A solemn feast and Sabbath
One to remember the sacrifice
One that was paid for us
Oh the poor lamb alone
In that darkened hour
He took the weight of the world
And the sins upon his shoulders
And I weep to realize what was done
The seriousness of my sin
To cause him to have to die for me
He passes over me now
The death angel has no sway
For I have the seal of Yahweh
And Yahshua upon my forehead
He has given us new life
And this day is a remembrance
Of what he did for me.**

LITTLE ONES

**I have many members but one body
You may not all know of it
Many feel abandoned and all alone
Yet you really are hidden
In the fold of my garment
My little ones do not worry
Fear not the dread ahead
I AM that I AM
I will always be with you
I pluck up that which has not root
Remember to be faithful**

**Consistency I look for
And that I will reward
I have raised up a remnant
Those that worship me
In spirit and in truth
Know that I am with you
Call upon my name
I will come to you with comfort
I will uphold you with my hand
Life here is but a passing vapor
And the next breath
Is in the world to come
Be diligent and ready
For I will return without notice
Little ones, you are not alone.**

DUST ALSO

**Perhaps it is wrong of me
To expect so much from so little
Dust is just dirt dehydrated
The life has expired ~
My ambitions fly high
The goals are lofty
Desiring for reciprocation
Left yet again disappointed ~
Sometimes I think I have failed
And want to give up**

**Them I remembered the drummer boy
He walks alone and plays ~
Where would we be without voices?
Without searching for quest?
The innocence of most is gone
They seek a prayer of peace ~
I conclude if I must I shall
Talk to myself in pages and riddles
To the questions I know the answers
For my pen is full ~
Hence the journey has no map
Nor one of my making
Rather survival and sharpness
Is all that we have ~
Self talk is my preservation
For I come to see the truth
That I am but dust also.**

EXPRESSION

**Taunted by classmates
Cruelty of others
A breed of paternity
To dyslexic torture
Of endless correction ~
Mocking ones intelligence
Shy and sheltered
A recluse unknown
One learns to overcome
See behind the words
Those insecure within themselves ~
Rebuild ones hope
Expression vents the sorrow
Of emotional scars
From youth long ago ~
I shall never be correct
Where others are concerned
Happy I discover
Words have built
A new life for me.**

NO EXCUSE

**Humanism, the art of
Being human. Often a
Misguided concept for
Divinity. The error that
We are gods when we are
But mortal men. As long
As there are god(s) plural,
We shall always fight
And kill one another, even
If that god is ourself. This
Is a great deception of pride
That tries to build its
Altar in our hearts.
There is but one supreme
Being, his name is Yahweh.
His one our redeemer is
Yahshua. There can only
Be one for unity. He gave
Us life. We owe him our**

**Gratitude and homage.
We bring destruction on
Ourselves when we turn
Away from the truth of
Who he is. Then we have
No excuse.**

THAT IS THE SUM

**One day at a time
For life is
But the present moment.
It is full, rich, alive
With such splendor
Moments with you.
I was foolish once
As all youth tend to be
I squandered years.
Now that I am older
With hair full of gray**

**I look over my shoulder
Time is but those moments
All captured and added
That is the sum.
To be faithful and true
Consistent to your heart
Your mark is a bow
An arch that reaches up
To the skies unlimited.
My footprints disappear
Blended are the stages
That have slipped by.
I see a collage
Of many different faces
They contribute to my path
Which I walk upon
So varied, wonderful and kind.
I kiss the hands that
Embraced and touched mine
With hearts a flutter
Softly spoken tears
Upon the lashes of my soul.**

REQUEST

**Please tend my garden
While I am gone
I shant be long ~
Times does lapse
Weeds and vines have grown
Attendance has been low ~
Finally done day
I come to see the view
But the fruit is few ~
And I weep to remember
The comfort and beauty before
Now to see is no more ~
What did happen
For the Blue Butterfly
To fly up to the sky?**

**Your voices have been silent
I walk as though in night
Many quills are plucked from sight.
Can we ever draw the courage
To regain our community door,
Our nurturing as before?
Please revive our garden
While I'm here with you
To our purpose let's be true.**

LOYALTY

**That which is neglected dies
A dry spirit does roam
A void mind is dangerous
It hosts not its own
Rather at the mercy of another ~
Tinkering, prattering, meddling
Is too true of the many
Dark spirits do invade
They left their former place
A right soul in its realm ~
The masses are used up
They become cannon fodder
Minds that are blinded and controlled
Shaped under the power of persuasion
Loyalty strips them of the truth ~**

**Hypnotic mind control achieved
The deluded turn on their own
Used to destroy what truth remains
Hunted down as animals
Their blood does cry out ~
The Supreme Being does watch
At the pinnacle of time
As he gets ready to return
To reward the faithful
And vindicate his own.**

IF WE ARE SPIRITS

**If we are spirits then why do we
Limit each other because of gender?
If we are spirits then why do we
Put such importance on the physical?
If we are spirits then why do we
Put obstacles in each others way?
If we are spirits then why do we
Think no one has the right to expression?
If we are spirits then why do we
Suppress others growth and talents?
If we are spirits then why do we
Ignore we all have equal value?
If we are spirits then why do we
Not realize we need each other?
If we are spirits then why do we
Feel the need to control and manipulate?
If we are spirits then why do we
Ignore the Great Spirit who made us?
If we are spirits then why do we
Try to capture what we cannot?
If we are spirits then why do we
Try to put out each others light?**

PRAYER TO THE SPIRIT

**Oh Great Spirit ~
We are all called to be a teacher
To teach by example
May I not be the cause
For another to lose their faith
Or for them to stumble
May I always have it in my heart
To do what is right
May I live up to the standards
That you have put upon me
May I always remember you
Are the giver of gifts
And that I owe you everything
I ask that you use me in ways
That give you all the glory
That I may go unnoticed in this world
To walk through it traceless
As I ride on your wings.**

THE QUIET VOICE

**A foolish man could not handle
Great wisdom of truth
For he must develop his character.
To give something of greater value
Than the vessel could hold
Would eventually destroy both,
Pride would take root and consume.
Sacred knowledge is selective
She comes to those who seek her
Respect is due her, to cherish
For it will preserve ones self.
The world is full of turmoil
Caused by men who forsake wisdom
They seek their own pleasures
Abandoning their only true hope.
All of us are like children
Playing the actor and puppet
To the music which is played.
Not realizing the quiet voice
Which within does call us out,
Let us learn and become
The wisdom to know the difference.**

ASPIRE

**Everyone's life is defined for them
Not always of our own doing
We each hold truths which are sacred
Some we can share with others.
There are passages in our lives
Which we must grow through
Never to repeat again,
This is the escape of youth.
How we long to hold onto
Those things we hold dear to us
Yet we learn in life, To let all things go.
To stay put in one place forever
Would set us out of balance
No longer able to participate in life
For others would grow beyond us,
Eventually losing all we know.**

**Eternal youth is not ours now
For we would squander it away
Not learning the lesson of life,
It is through dying that
We learn to live and love.
No one can tell us what to expect
For each our road is different
We can only come to value
The place others have in our lives
And become rich in the process.**

FLATTERY OF DECEIT

**There is something about a vine
That does climb and grow
It decorates that which it surrounds,
They are a beautiful death
For they eventually choke
What it has been crowned to adorn.
There are many vines in our lives
They are the things of poison
Which left unpruned does kill,
It takes the life out of us
Our lives become unmanageable.
If left unruly with no direction**

**We are swept away lost
Devoured without a trace,
There is plain beauty and another
Such used as a snare to entrap.
A simple, humble man is overlooked
Yet he is solid as an oak tree
His roots run deep
He matures well in his time.
Those things which are often overlooked
Truly matter the most and last.**

KNOW ME

**I am your Heavenly Father
Not a god of this world
Know me, I am Yahweh ~
I knew you before you were born
Your spirit was with me in heaven
Your birth was for a purpose
To test the souls of men
Obedience or disobedience
To know and love me
Or follow the god of this world ~
Your works shall follow you
Eternal rewards await righteousness
Be not deceived my children
For my Bride will be
Made up of those who love me
Of those who were obedient
To the Word and Laws I gave you ~
I did not do away with them
As traditions of men say I did ~
Yahshua is your example
He kept all in obedience
Showing others the way to live ~
Come and know me my people
Be faithful and I shall
Fellowship with you ~
Now and for eternity.**

I SPEAK TO THE NATIONS

**I speak to the nations
Yet they do not hear me
They would rather ignore I exist
Daily I watch the sins of mankind
The cries reach to heaven
Their sins have reached upward
The stench of wickedness is drowning
I will avenge the innocent
Soon I will unleash my angels
They shall bring the judgments
Dropping bowls, vials, trumpets**

**The world will shake beneath
The power of my wrath
Mankind is rebellious
He will not repent
And turn to me his Elohim
I have given them many chances
But no more
Now is the time for action
I was slow to wrath before
Desiring many to turn to me
Now vanquishing is my desire
I shall come with a sword
And destroy all those who resist me
Pray for the souls of men
Who hang in the balance
It is not that I cannot save
It is man shuts me out with sin
And rejects my grace
Loving rebellion more
Guard your heart that no one
May steal your crown of salvation
Endure to the end
Do not give up
Turn to me Yahweh
For I am your shelter in the storm.**

**THE LEGEND OF THE FALL
(BASED ON THE BOOK OF ENOCH)**

**The man in the moon
Is the face of Asaradel
The stars cry out
Telling of Barkayal's treason
The battlements of armor
Are the killing blades of Azazyel
The flood of sorcery
Were known by Armer's magic
The signs in the heavens
Were laid open by Akibeel
Astronomy wisdom lays open
To the minds of men
By the fallen Tamiel ~**

**The Giants of old were born
By the rebellion of Samyaza
Bound by mutual execrations
The dalliance of the Watchers
Two hundred descended upon Ardis
The top of Mount Armon ~
Of all such I speak
Are the cursed of ungodliness
Who left their place on High
To teach rebellion and war
To all of mankind
Shameful are their deeds and acts
Only the humble and prudent
Shall be given Godly Wisdom and live.**

LET US

**Loving kindness let us
Strive with much patience
For the Body has many members
Not all are to full maturity
Let us remember our first days
First in the awe of His love
Not knowing foundational truths
Let us kindly endure others
As they make mistakes in learning
Let our rebuke be one
Of genuine love and concern
Regarding the welfare of others**

**Let us put aside doctrinal differences
To unconditional love for each other
That the world will no longer
Hold us as heartless or loveless
That we would draw the world
Not repel it away from the kingdom
Let us walk in full maturity
Of the cross and love of Yahshua
Embracing Elohim Yahweh.**

TO LEAVE OUR PRINT

**If I had another chance
To live over again
Would I do it different?
If I was given a different family
To be raised by
Would I be the same today?
If I were another social class
Would I still be an open person
With a free mind to think and express? ~
We all ask these questions
Yet things are what they are
There is no coincides in life
We are who we are meant to be
For our life was a lesson to be learned
And to be able to teach others ~
The inner core of man
Is a candle in the dark
He radiates warmth and glows
Silently he teaches without words
His existence is enough
And so should we be ~
Our examples is our words
We need no other
To touch another's soul
To leave our pint in the earth.**

ONE CAN DREAM OF

**My body aches and is tired
I am not the person I once was
Too disabled to live life
To the fullest I once use to
A part of me died when
I could no longer do
My mind has built a new life
I reached out across the globe
And found another soul
Who still dreams in colour ~**

Unlimited and free
The body has limited me
But my mind has given me wings
To travel in other worlds
To experience alongside you
Your melodies of song
I can dance with you in music
Alive and well with visions together ~

Our words is our pallet
From which we create and explore
Always my pen will write
From the heart of creativity
Giving of richness and splendor
That only one can dream of.

NEW DIMENSION

You traveled as far as you can go
Looking in front you see
You have reached the roads end
Where do you go from here?
when there is no road to lead
Or definition of direction
This is where one must choose
Trusting their intuition for right
To follow the lead set forth
A vision is necessary to succeed
Failure is not an option
The road may have ended
But that doesn't mean you do
Acceptance is the key to truth

Realizing ones limits avoids delusion
So clarity can manifest
Your vision will come to you
Courage is when you follow it
And find the road again
In a new dimension.

HOLD ON...

**Hold on when
The pain is too much
Hold on when
You feel you'll lose hope
Hold on when
You are going it all alone
Hold on when
You have nothing to suffice
Hold on when
Extremities push your endurance
Hold on when
You would rather give up
Hold on when
Others strip you of dignity
Hold on when
You lost your self esteem
Hold on when
Life has lost its luster
Hold on when
Death looks better than life
Hold on when
You can't do it anymore
Hold on when
Mentally you lost your grip
Hold on when
To the hand that upholds you
See then
The small miracles to you
Live then
In a new vision
Hope then
In faith that sustains you.**

GRANDPA

My story is about my Grandpa, Mr. Johnny Quinn. He preferred John. Grandpa was a very colorful person; I dare say a "bullshit artist". Of all his attributes the most important was his appearance. I say this because it revealed his true character. Imagine if you will a large framed man, five foot ten, two hundred eight five pounds, size forty eight jacket, eighteen and a half neck. He wore suspenders, white slacks, white socks; brown side laced orthopedic shoes, as straw hat with a navy band, a handkerchief, and a bent wood cane with a rubber tip. His face was round, ruddy red complexion, white hair styled in a crew cut, bright blue eyes, dimples, wire rimmed glasses, and a smile that was meant for camera. When Grandpa walked he did so with a slight limp due to his bad feet. He smoked unfiltered lucky strikes, four packs a day. He swore continuously, always as if he felt he was not being heard.

His personality conveyed more than being a large built man. He had a lot of hobbies. He loved to gossip about old people (as if he wasn't old himself), play cards, travel, take a lot of pictures with his camera, and sit listening to the Red Sox games on the radio full blast till eleven PM. My father would argue with him for keeping him up late with his noise. He was a bit of a historian. Grandpa could quote facts and figures of so many things; I often felt he was a walking encyclopedia. He liked antiques. He would go to auctions and old barns. He also was known in his time for being an avid outdoorsman. He would shoot Elk, Caribou and Moose. Every year he paid a private tour guide to hunt in Canada until at the age of seventy one his arthritis made him unable to hunt.

He was quite a story teller. He'd captivate an audience telling stories for tow hours straight without repeating himself. One of his sayings was, "I dive like a feather and swim like a rock". At another time he informed me that from then on I was to address him no longer as Grandpa but as the one and only honorable Mr. Johnny Quinn. That I did and we got along just fine. Among his many accomplishments he retired from Pratt and Whitney in Hartford, Connecticut after forty two years of being a finished carpenter. There were other areas of his life he never talked about, like after Grandma Quinn died when my mother was three.

He would always come and visit us once a year. He'd arrive with the largest suitcase I ever saw in my life, also carrying a small black leather doctor's bag, the kind in a Norman Rockwell painting. Then one day he suffered a heart attack. He waited three days before he would go to the hospital. After which he went to see my Uncle Homer. There he suffered a stroke. I went with my parents to see him. I saw a man half paralyzed, crying, scared. He didn't seem so big anymore. They got him in a Connecticut nursing home, where he lived for another four years.

Grandpa had a sense of humor. We use to own a farm. Our front lawn had large Elm trees, about two hundred years old. He use to say, "bury me under and Elm tree with a monument of a cow plop on top with the saying 'Here lies the one and only Honorable Mr. John Quinn". I use to think Grandpa was touched for saying that. I'd laugh at him. Now that he's gone it seems somehow that Grandpa has been forgotten by all of us with the passing of time. There's a part of me that doesn't want to forget the storyteller that he was, but most importantly, the lesson of Love he taught me.

CONSUMED

Fire in his eye
I can see it clearly
The spirit is there
More than ever before.
Old maybe
But within burns a fire
A wild and strong fire
It burns
It pushes him all the more.
No pace can you set
He is ahead of them all
He's out to conquer this time.
Regain his self respect
His direction, determination.
Defeat there's no room
For you any more.
Fire has consumed me
It burns me!
It takes me away
With love and desire
Passion as never before.
Enough love there
To make everything count.
I'm on fire,
I've got Spirit once more
It burns me, it takes me away!

NATURE

**Wild flowers how they grow
Without effort from man
Daily my love shows
For the gift around me.
I can't ask for more
Than what already is –
Nature –
The smell of it
To feel it, to see it.
Live around her
Cherish her, respect her
And she will flower you
With blossoms of every colour.
She'll cover you in clover
Blades of grass green
Send white snowflakes as diamonds
Golden autumn so serene.
Ripple the land with water
As it melts the snow
Send warmth
Bud the blossoms
To make them grow.
You can add, subtract
Try to rearrange her
But Nature will never be
As before ~
Untouched ~
Pure ~
Precious ~
Paradise.**

FORGETFULNESS

**It happens to the best of us, forgetfulness.
That's what they say.
I'd rather like to think of forgetfulness as dreaming
Wandering elsewhere
Where thoughts are pleasant and musing.**

**Some people forget unwillingly, some deliberately.
Others are just indifferent
To everything around them –
Perhaps out of a need
To avoid responsibilities**

**Facts too overwhelming, too significant
Or perhaps to avoid a truth.
Truth is a scary thing.
It demands recognition
A response, change.
People don't like to change.
They are comfortable with complacency
So they avoid all truths
Facts presented to them
By avoidance.**

**Some people appear prideful
Not wanting for others in their life.
I find pride a tool of deception
To push people away.
Pride is used to cover fear
The fear of the truth
Of change.**

**Forgetfulness is not always
What it appears
It can be the symptom of many things –
Those of which people live
Yet never speak about.**

**There comes a time where one day
Everyone eventually remembers
And at that given moment
It is best to accept the truth presented.
I find when you accept a truth
You accept yourself.
Forgetfulness –
Is not all it seems to be.**

GIVE

**Give to a trouble world
Give to a need
Give till you give the best
All of it.
And you will still
Be giving.
Endless...
The needs to receive
Endless...**

**The hearts to touch to fill
Still you give.
Life we lead
We live we give
Life we take.
Give to a people
In search of rest
Of peace of needs.
Endless...
You give.**

STARS

**Stars, consolations
Map of the heavens
Lights of the sky
Mirror of the Sun
Bright of glory
Shining, shining stars –
Pathway to planets
Home of the curious
Of the unborn.
Moments of glory,
Yahweh's glory
Jewels in the crown
Of the heavens
Mysterious
Beautiful
Shine, shine –
Guide us.
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MEMORIES

**There's so much to life
I could not begin to describe it.
There are days of total confusion
Others of progress
And some of failure.
I have to say each day
Is used to measure life
To build the quality of it.
In youth you are anxious
To learn as much as fast
As possible.**

**You want to do everything
Or so you think.
In adulthood you slow down
Not everything is important
Just those things that bring meaning.
You learn to do away with
The lesser things that often
Trapped you before.
You are raised with a sense of values
And as you grow they change.
Some days are like a dejavu.
You are propelled back in your memory
To when you were younger
Something triggers a thought
Or a saying or lesson
You once learned while you were young.
You rediscovered something
You had learned but forgot about.
We think we forget things
As we get older
But I find we just store them away
For another time
To draw off of.**

I AM DRY

**I'm dry I'm dry
I can't give me away
There's nothing to say
Except I am parched dry
Why?
I do not know why
But I am dry!
I am loved
I feel love
Yet there's that something more
Or is it I never tried
To open fully that door?
I'm dry I'm dry
Only time can bring my way
The spot to quench my thirst
Then I can give away
But for now
I am dry.**

YOU

**You came into my life
And touched me.
I did not ask you to
But you saw within a need
And you fulfilled that need.
I was alone
Expecting no one, nothing.
You caught me by surprise.
I looked and saw In your eyes
A light
One of which
I know by a trace
Dimly within my own
But you caught me by surprise.
I never knew
Until you came
You touched me
I did not ask Nor do I regret
You saw within a need
And that you have fulfilled
I am no longer alone.**

WORDS

**Words –
Spoken feelings
Spoken thoughts
Communication
Separation
Words.
A touch to the soul
A ray of hope to the mind
Encouragement
Discouragement
Words.
Downgrading
Gentle
Rough
Spoken feelings
Spoken thoughts
Communication
Separation
Words.**

GROW

**Come
Let us plant today
Our garden of tomorrow
The seeds of hope
Bring prosperity
Plant today
Grow tomorrow
Let us laugh today
Enjoy today
Gladden in our hearts
Joyful of planting
Our seeds of worth
For others to share
Let us grow
A garden lovely
Where all take pride
Being in it.**

CARD SHOP

**I walked into
A card shop today
A place where we
Buy a verse for a loved one
To say it just right.
I looked around
For this people pay amounts
To just say to one another
What they feel within.
I think a better name
Is that of the feeling shop.
Go in and order
A card to suit your need
A verse, a saying
To give to someone.
I walked out Of the feeling shop today
And found not a card
For I need not a card
To say what I feel
A card is not living or real –
I walked out
Of the feeling shop today.**

THE HEART

**Listen with your heart
Talk with your eyes
Touch with your ears
Love with your being
Walk with your heart
Rest with your heart
Learn with your heart
Open with your heart
Close with your mind.
When the heart fails
There's always the mind
But it will never feel
As does the heart.**

RESTORE

**Take what is yours
I've earned what is mine
Go our separate ways
To strive to find
What we had
And gave up
Only to find
What we feared –
Take what is yours
Take what is mine
Let us the two combine
Restore
Make a whole
Rebuild the gap
Then you will find
What is yours
Is mine
We strive and we have
We
We've given and we've gained
Combine
Restore
Then you will find
What is yours
Is mine.**

YOU AND I

**Alone
With Elohim
I commune and reflect
Of how I truly lived
What I really gave
Alone
With Yahweh
I am complete
Satisfied
I am fulfilled
To carry on
Yahweh**

**You and I
Talk for awhile
And nothing else really matters
For You and I
Have chosen this time
To be one –
Alone
With Elohim
I reflect of what
I have given back to Yahweh
Of what He's give me
And I know
He can see my intentions.
Yahweh
You and I
Alone.**

I LOVE THE ROCK

**I have been drawn by love
In depths unknown
Of Joy endless
And I have come
To love the Rock.
Yes that Rock within us
Of which we all stand
Some use it to build
To reach out
Others build to keep within.
I love the Rock**

**I love You ~
For you have shown me
More than I could have known
Or dared to conquer.
Boundless, endless am I
For my fortress is my temple
My soul is alive
It bears fruit which is ripe.
Now I am to go
And share of my fruits**

**Of my fortress and my soul
To live my life within
So that I may free myself
To conquer that within.
Upon that Rock I stand
For I am in it
It is in me
It is a part of me
My fortress, my temple.
I am drawn of love
And my soul lays to rest
I have come
To love the Rock.
(Yahshua, the Rock of my salvation)**

OH YAHWEH –

**Oh Yahweh
Why do we humans
Not love
Until it's too late?
Why do we live with regrets?
Who does it seem
To have to take?
The death of a loved one
To make us realize what we have?
Why do we take for granted
What we have while it's here?
Why do we believe
Everything lasts when it doesn't?
Oh Yahweh _
Why are we slow to learn
And learn when it's too late?**

**Why does it take
The death of a loved one
To draw us closer?
Oh Yahweh _
Why do we humans not love
Until it's too late?**

A ROCK AND AN ISLAND

**Be strong for others
Let others lean on you
Yet be strong within yourself
To never yield to weakness.
Strength unbreakable
Becomes hard as a rock.
Solitude becomes distant
As an Island
And the two become one.
They are a beauty of silence
A beauty untouchable
And to those who come to admire
They leave in silence
As in silence they came.
They rested there
They wept and laughed there
They learned to live there
And now they leave
A part of themselves behind
Taking with them a part discovered.
I know a Rock
I know an Island
I've been there
I've seen it
I lived it
I cry for both
Untouchable truths.
Both give out
And ask nothing to return.
There is the noise of others
Which drowns you out
There is the silence of aloneness
Which asks your attention –
A Rock
And an Island.**

COMPLEX

**Complication
I thrive on
Simplicity
I choke on.
Give me something simple
I'll make it hard
More of a challenge.
If it's simple
It's not me
It does not hold my interest –
Give me complications
Make my mind turn
Challenge
Complete, prove
Do succeed
Give me complication
I can understand
Give me simplicity
I miss the point.
With age I'll mellow
With time I'll slow down
And see
With the eye of simplicity
But for now
I am complex.**

OVER THERE, OVER THERE

**Is it wrong to dream?
To want to make come true?
Over there, over there
Stands a mountain so tall
Green trees lined
Against the sky
Beckoning I –
Is it wrong to desire?
To feel it in your heart?
To want to take a part?
To make come true?
Over there, over there
Stands a mountain so tall**

Green trees lined
Against the sky
Beckoning I –
Is it wrong to hold dear?
The thought
The desire
The tear?
All so very real
So very near?
Over there, over there
Stand a mountain so tall
Green trees lined
Against the sky
Beckoning I.

OLD LIMEKILN BRIDGE

And old tree
Covered with moss
On your way
To the bridge
Rails on both sides
I see below
The water's current
And tide –
Moss blows with the wind
I walk over
To the rail
And stand to see
Where the two are one
They greet and farewell
The glorious sun
Both are true to me
A bridge and a tree
Of long ago
I traveled often
I walked many times –
An old tree
Covered with moss
The bridge
With rails on both sides
They set with the sun
They both to me are one.
(Old Limekiln bridge, South Burlington, VT)

ROSES

**Roses cry
Like some hearts do
Roses smile
Like people do
Roses feel
And give their fragrance
For all to smell
Roses when sadden
Close and die
Like friendships I've known.
I've had many roses
Red, white and yellow
They all faded in time
Or withered
From lack of water
But the splash
Of your teardrop
Has fallen upon this rose.
The tears of both
Have watered this rose
It received true
And opened up to you
The fragrance
From it's heart
Opened up this rose –
It is
Red
White
And Yellow –
Red for love
White for purity and innocence
Yellow for friendship
A many colored rose
I give to you
Because it has received
Your tear so true.**

LIFE

**I say the quality of my life
Is good.
I have an equal balance
Of failures and successes.
But that is not enough.
In life I need gratitude.
Without gratitude I find
That I am just going
Through the motions of existence.
Being grateful for everything
Teaches me that the importance
Of life is not all within myself,
It's in everything around me,
It's in all the people
Who have come and gone in my life,
From all the different occurrences.
I have been given the gift of life.
I'm a lot like a drop of water of rain;
You fall to the earth,
You water the earth.
It yields a crop,
Then evaporates to the sky,
To only recycle back
In the form of another drop,
To return again.
So I change
Because I need
To grow.
Life has its
Uncertainties.
At times I am
Scared,
Of the future,
The unknown.
Yet I know that
Only the future
Can bring me
Life.
We never really end,
We grow.
From one set
Of measurements
To another,
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And so I grow!
Each day is precious.
It's a snapshot in time
That you collect
And put in your photo album
In your memory.
I use to want to plan my life
Having everything in place.
Now I just cherish the privilege
To live one day at a time.
I let life bring me
What it wants to bring,
And in acceptance is my lesson,
On discovering myself.
To remain constant
Is to be stagnant,
To change
Is to bring growth.

MAN WASN'T MADE

Man wasn't made
To be an island
He wasn't created
To just exist
No he was made for another
Someone to share with ~
Too many people are islands
Making uncharted isles
Let's join together
And make a land.
There's no need to be
Drifting out in the sea
Weathering the waves alone
You belong on the land ~
Man wasn't made
To be an island
To bear all his burdens alone
He has a fellow man to live with
But still he stays alone.
Why do you persist on living
On an uncharted isle?
You won't exist for long
Please come and live on the land ~

When the bridges are built again
When you can walk from isle to isle
Joy will be your strength again
Sharing in your brother's smile.
Once the coral reefs are broken down
The boats will come ashore
And you'll find you're not alone
No longer anymore ~
Man wasn't made to be an island
He wasn't created to just exist
He was made for another
Someone to share with.

THE RED FERN

Red the colour of blood shed
Of courage so strong
Braking the waves of greed
And hate's bitter bond ~
Through the woods, marshes and swamps
The soldiers march uncertain
Some reaching the other side
Others facing deaths' curtain ~
There among the woods grow
Ferns of the hilly wood
The fern the emblem of humility
The tree where Yahshua stood ~
I often wonder if that same fern
Where in thicketed areas grown
If it happened to appear
At the foot of Yahshua's throne ~
The red fern ever since
The crucifixion of Messiah
Has appeared in areas of war
By chance once or twice ~
Those who have seen one
Now know its significance
The red fern of the wood
Is the emblem of brotherhood.

THEY ALL TELL A STORY

**Through the eyes of the maple leaf
The thirteen stripes and fifty stars
Palaces of untold wealth
From behind prison bars –
They all tell a story every one ~
Of life and its many different ways
When the rising of the sun
To that of the moon
They all tell a story every one ~
Eternity lies around the corner
Daily life still goes on
People still carry out their tasks
They all tell a story every one ~
Revelation coming to pass
Time running short
Trumpets about to be blast
They all tell a story every one ~
Bend your ear and listen
The voice of Yahweh will abound
Light abroad will glisten
Knowledge of what's ahead will astound
They all tell a story every one ~
Listen to the story
And find out about every one
You'll find the revelation
In the Living Son.**

DANCING LEAVES

**The dancing leaves of my heart
Silver and gold
Blown about in the air
When you I behold.
Melt together
Dance now tell me
Love him
Blow lightly tell me
Love him.
Dancing leaves of my heart
Silver and gold
Fallen in love with him
When my eyes behold.**

Dancing leaves all around
Flutter in the air
Fall to the ground
When you are there.
Gentle rays on my heart
Melt the silver and gold
I can't stop dancing in my heart
Cause your love I behold.
Dancing leaves of my heart
Silver and gold
Blown about in the air
When you I behold.

HEVENLY HEIGHTS

I cannot help but feel the air
On a mountaintop in evening.
Mid June and the hill springing
With wild mustard
The Mountains of New York State
Across Lake Champlain
A shade or two of blue and purple.
The air is heavy and still.
The locust trees are in full blossom
The bees are humming
Wild Phlox is growing in the field
Overcome by butterflies
Monarchs and swallowtails
The farmers are harvesting their hay
And the sweet smell of grass
Lingers heavy in the air.
Moisture penetrates my skin
The air is damp
The tree boughs are heavy with foliage
The wild flowers are scattered abroad.
When I see, hear and smell all this
It is so lovely
It is the perfect setting given to us.
(Atop Snake Mountain, Bridport, VT)

ETERNAL MOMENT

**You stare at the wall
The silence penetrates.
You can hear the blood
Pound in your ears
And hear your heart beat.
The snow is falling softly
Piling up outside
And you feel so isolated
Quiet, mellow, timeless
Almost old
As you quietly reflect.
And then you're aware
Life is one beat at a time
So precious that
If you're not quiet
You'll overlook it.
What a moment so rare
To find or appreciate
For we are such busy beings.
When you are still
You find the stuff
You are made of
In that eternal moment.
(The quiet shroud of Winter)**

REST IN ME

**Slow down
Rest in me
Slow down
Then you'll see
How I love thee
How I care
Want to lift you
From your despair ~
Slow down, Rest in me
Slow down, Then you'll see
How I want to set you free
To tell you that I care
To share my love with you –
Won't you tarry there?
Won't you tarry there?**

THANK YOU

**Thank you for being there
When I needed you
Thank you for a loving embrace
And a loving word of assurance
Thank you for your comfort
In my most trying moments
Thank you for being my friend
When all others failed.
Thank you for your tears of understanding
Thank you for ~
Your smile of warmth and Joy
Thank you for your words of strength
Thank you for
Your wisdom and correction
Thank you for your time
Spent with me when needed most
When no one else would
Thank you for telling me my faults in love
Thank you
For accepting me in my humanness
Thank you for just loving me
With no personal aims in mind.
Thank you for the gift of acceptance
And love
Thank you for just being.**

WHO YOU ARE

**Don't lose who you are
In the flow of life.
Don't get so involved
You forget your interests
What can help you.
A person is so much more
Than a frame a look or presence
More than a thought a memory
A person is a statement of truth
A legacy of spirituality.
No one can add or take away
From another
No one can rob another's beliefs**

**No one can live through another
Only a person can do that himself or herself.
Don't lose who you are for another
For a purpose or a cause
Don't compromise who you are.
When you do you stop existing –
Foot prints left behind
They in time disappear
A body decays
But the spirit lives on.
Don't lose who you are
In the flow of life
With all its turns.**

AUTUMN WINDS
BY AMBER TIKVAH FORREST
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MY FEET REST

Sweet is the air scented with flowers
The fields and trees blown in motion
 A short reprieve from winter
 One of exaltation and majesty
 Colours to fill my mind
 Pictures of life grown from seed
And harvested to reclaim the earth
 Short is the season of now
Few take the time to sit and ponder
 The beauty of the moment
 Which so quickly escapes us.
 And I drink of the nectar
Intoxicating the garden so beautiful
That adorns the earth we call home.
 Today I shall be a part of you
 And you can surround me
 With all your lively presence.

SCATTERED

Broken moments in fragments
Disturbed day of events forthcoming
 Being called upon at various hours
 Not enough time to contemplate
For the day is spoken of before hand

just live through it for now
To plan a day ahead is a fantasy
For life robs you of such joys
Replaces it with responsibilities
Even those pushed upon one
That it is learning to live
By moments and naps ~
Glimmers of truth woven together
Days, weeks, months to years
Of scattered existence
Learning to ride the rogue waves
That carry you forward
Life is not consistent rather broken
This as normal in many ways
Let the mind be kind and live
Learning from all as you go
And dropping the weight of self deceit
That would rob you of the journey
That has been carved out for you.

THE GIFT

Sometimes I over analyze
Where there is nothing
I try to figure out the
Ways of another's heart
When I have all I can do
To contend with my own.

Why we question a gift
That of unconditional love?
In our world it is desired
Yet never trusting enough to capture
The gift is here and now
Would you shoot the messenger?
Would you shoot the lover?
Do you reject what you receive
Because it is not of your standards?
The gift is given disguised
In so many ways, truly
Would you not receive with gratitude?
It amazes me the amount of people
Who have loves' gift at their door
And they keep rejecting it
For they are looking at the wrapper
And not the contents.
Love is, Love was, Love will be
And we must learn to accept it.

COFFEE

Your blend is so bitter
Mine is so strong
Together, truly
How could we go wrong?
Some like it black
Others with a mix
Some hot others cold

With taste rich and bold
Your cup needs refilling
I will send you more
Sipped, slowly savoring
Tasting the flavor to enjoy
The smell is strong my friend
The cup is half full
More is needed I see
To sit and watch the ocean together
And listen to children's feet
And breeze so sweet
With sun so full
You beam with life and jest
My blend is strong and smooth
Yours is bitter and weak
Together how could we
Ever go wrong?
Let us brew some now
Our coffee together is strong.

DERISION

Actual impasse has come about
One I cannot explain or express
Motions taken I am questioned for
Mystery to those not afflicted
Every day is a struggle to find
The goodness in life and reason
That others take so for granted

With age comes letting go
By others tossing us aside
For younger youth and intelligence
One must remake ones resolve
To stand firm in the knowledge ~
You are who you are
No matter what by anybody
Tumults affront my reasoning
Of better judgment for doubt
This malady I cannot cast aside ~
It has a grip on my soul
Which slants my self thinking
One must go through the block
Push through the other side ~
To see resolve conquer resistance
Smooth the rough path
Tranquil the rock lined waters
To a looking glass of wonder
Fluidity once more in consumption.

RAIN

Clear drops that saturate the arid
Parched for thirst and agony
Invigorating new life on contact
You bring misery, joy
Hope, sorrow, life
In seconds you can refresh

Or rob of life and wash away
Yet so innocent just one drop
As you fall from the sky
Splattering the palm of my hand
We are so fragile and dependent
On your reservoir of substance
We dance for you, sing for you
We even walk in your formation
Welcoming the soaking of our skin
And you wash the earth of all
The filth and grime we put upon it
Without you we would cease to be
And I celebrate the drops of rain
As they fall from the sky
And land in the palm of my hand
I kiss you as the dew of the earth
And gently crystallize to ice
Melting and recycling the miracle again.

CATASTROPHIC

Children love to play, roam
They love discovery and expressly so
Tetter totter I remember very young
Two peoples weights on opposite ends
Bouncing up and down till one gets off
We learn the dangers of unbalance
Over and under weights which
Teach us further in life on all things ~

A Childs game gone wrong
Beyond the playground to the world
We are exposed to a badly set economy
We are the dominos they play
Tipping us to fall in line to ruin ~
Catastrophic is the name game
We are all but numbers told
To follow and we do, stupidly
Trustingly, we fall like dominoes
Once set into motion one cannot bail ~
It affects every area of ones life
To be set free would be to walk
Away from all one knows into nothing
And be vulnerable to the forces of nature
Mankind is its own species that does
Wound, kill and devour its own kind
Without remorse or after thought ~
Have we not learned you cannot
Tetter totter on an imbalanced plank?
Insanity, choosing to repeat the same
Things but expecting different results
Stupidity, believing new lies with
Much reassurance this time is different ~
Death is to stay on when the other gets off
You fall hard and fail to get aright
Are we but children in the market place?
Taunting each other to who can be
The first to ride the game to ruin?

And we close our eyes and go forward
Choosing false lies over stark reality
Hoping it all goes away.

CROWN - FINALE

The loss of a life
It is a shocking reality
For all our differences
We missed the ability to see
The love within that soul
Too soon they are gone ~
Their presence is empty
Regrets make themselves known
We learn too late
The soul and spark of life
No longer fills the room
Gone are the hugs and kisses
The special looks of meaning
The companionship we enjoyed ~
Suddenly, swiftly taken away
Do we never learn?
That life is not endless?
And there is no guarantee
Of any tomorrows?
Live fully in the present
Say what you feel
Embrace truth in love
Make a difference so that

You shall never feel deprived
By days wasted
Or words left unsaid.

THE ROCKING CHAIR

Everyone seems to have had one
A chair that mother rocked in
All her babies when young
She kept it a symbol of motherhood
The memories of holding that little one
In arms of love and warmth
Some are alone in a corner
Others in an empty room
A testament to the person
Who did raise the family and watch
Tending with loving care her family
As time goes on the younger ones
Toss out the antiquated furniture
Too grandma they say
Today mom sent me back
Up the road a mile or two
To buy an old rocking chair
Alongside the road for sale
I had all I could do to put it
In a car not built for furniture ~

And driving with it hanging out
Cautiously I arrive home and
Lift it out of the trunk
Old, scarred, loose, nicked
My mom loved this "treasure" ~
She admired and found
With much wood soap
And tightening up of the screws
And washing of the cushion cover
With the varnish worn off ~
Here is mom's new found joy
An old rocking chair she says
That has been worn with
A lot of love on it ~
I will never look at a rocking chair
Quite the same ever again.

THE WOODS

There is something so inviting
As a lush green forest
With tall ferns carpeting the way,
Movement with wind and breeze
They swoosh so gently ~
The sweet smell of the earth
The trees give off their fragrance
The foliage carpets the ground
As far as the eye can see ~

Cool in the shade and noisy
The creatures clamor above
Looking down on the intruder
Who has entered their world ~
One of wonder and magic
You walk and leave no trace
You cannot be found here
Unless you really want to ~
No, I really do not want to
Be found nor interrupted,
I have thrown away my watch
All things have stopped you see ~
For I have come home today,
My heart is in the clay
The stone, earth and sky
They lovingly embrace me
Hush, I sleep on the carpet beneath.

RUINS

Contrast, paradox, oxymoron
Outreach and retreat
Complex contradiction
Let the walls crack
The light seep within ~
To distill the self inflicted poison
My strength is waning
I cannot hold on forever

To watch you destroy yourself
And all that you did hold dear ~
Stairs wildly winding upwards
With no handrails
Open steep they drop off
Into the abyss your chasm
Where you choose to dwell ~
Darkness is your lair
Secrets you repeat out loud
Holding new realities spoken
Your power rises in words
And in enigmas of imagination ~
My pillar is toppled
No more am I needed
I fade back into the foundation
Perhaps another will take my place ~
I cannot read riddles
I can only piece together
Hearts that need mending
And love all wounded souls ~
I cannot help someone
Who loves the dark so much
They fail to see the light
That others do bring them ~
Contrast, paradox, oxymoron
Outreach and retreat
Complex contradiction
Let the walls crack
The light seep within.

KNOWING

This cycle is near completion
I feel the release in my soul
I will glean the last harvest
That of true knowing
I have done my best
Satisfied I can let go
Accepting what life brings me
Life all along was the gift
To have lived and enjoyed
Loving along the way.

FIN

The smoke of your essence
Does swirl about me
Yet it does not linger
A golden band about my chest
I have become sealed
Clarity illuminates from without
Wisdom brings forth its message
I am silent.

WHEATHERED TUESDAY

A web of mediocrity was spun
For me to live within
Self contained and out of touch
Time has no meaning here ~
Mundane the tasks at hand
Time has slipped past
Years have gone by
How I cannot rightly say ~
Some go everywhere
Others stay on course
Living what is in front of them,
Not all have the patience
To live with the familiar
To repeat the same always
Year upon year ~
It portrays loyalty, devotion
For others it is survival
And for fear of the unknown
They die daily the misery,
Of never learning or growing
Into their dreams that come to them ~
And my little biosphere
I have been self contained
And live here simple and happy
With less is much freedom ~

Some consume every moment
With knowledge always learning
Yet never coming to the fullness ~
Simplicity is a gift my friend
One that I have learned to appreciate
All that I have and am in this moment
It is in this that life manifests itself.

REMAIN

Bizarre things are becoming
Beyond understanding
It said this would happen
We all feel the pressure
Of love grown cold ~
We have all become predators
Each clawing for survival
What I had in my heart
Grown to believe and love
It is desecrated and tossed ~
I mourn with sorrow the days
Of yesteryear when all was different
Now everyone is left to themselves
With no help or sympathy ~
The hunter of souls is coming
To take as many as he can
Many will capitulate, dying twice
Purity, innocence is gone ~

Like the way of the unicorn
Truth becomes legend
History becomes stories,
I foresee the death of beauty
And the crowning of ugliness ~
At the expense of innocent blood
And I ask what is more?
For we are all the same
Time just grows shorter ~
And love grows colder
We have just become
Calloused, that is all
The question is who will remain?

SEE MY DESIRE

You know oh Jehovah
I am poor of spirit
And tend to be needy
I panic in waiting ~
Quiet my hearts desire
From impatience and fear
I seek you in the night
When restlessness robs my peace ~
Comfort me with your peace
May your word illuminate my mind
May I ponder your promises
Restore your Joy to me ~

Set me aright on the Rock
Seal me oh Jehovah
With your name of ownership
Hold me up when I'm weak ~
Overlook my foolish ways
In all my humanity
See my desire for you.

MY BACK DOOR

Slumber leaves me
I awake looking out
The moonlight outlines
The lawn and beyond ~
Upwards the stars shine
It is the quiet of night
That things are still,
My mind comes alive
I look out my back door ~
It is here I see tomorrow
The thoughts have a voice
Competing to uproot my peace
The souls of men churn ~
Melding together as one
The ghost of Babylon arises
Ones brink on the precipice
I bolt the door down ~
Vision intrudes within
To know is to pray

Spirits blow through me
Your word comforts me,
It helps anchor me
To the Rock solid.

HOARDERS

The fear of going without
Putting faith in self reliance
Unbalanced perception of life
Letting go of trust in Jehovah ~
Heart possessed of hurt and desire
Always looking upon acquiring
Lost is the satisfaction, contentment
Chained and locked is the soul ~
Bound to covetousness
They trade child like faith
Innocence and joy
For the toil to hoard more ~
Justification in ones mind
To have in excess
Scattered, unfocused, stressed
You have become to be ~
Not knowing how this happened
Take your eyes off things
See others in need not want
Give away of your over abundance ~
Know you are not self sufficient
Share, give, free yourself

For rot and canker worm consumes
Your treasure to un-usefulness ~
Your sin is as Sodom
You focus on things
Ignoring people, denying the source
The Great I AM for everything ~
In perfect love there is no fear
Your fruit shows where you tarry
Ask to be a child again.

GLORIFY WHO?

I don't like talking about myself
My pain and misery
Is under the Blood ~
Past accolades of the flesh
I refuse to glorify past sins
That have been redeemed and forgiven ~
What glory does it bring the Father
To even talk of Egypt
That He has brought me from? ~
Shall I reminisce of past pleasures?
Comparing dying to self
To rebellion once wallowed in? ~
Shall I become a pillar of salt
Looking back longingly?
How does the Holy Spirit feel? ~
Is he not right to be grieved?

When we talk of yesterday
And glorify our self inflicted pain ~
It uncovers sin forgiven
It negates the Blood of Yahshua
Heaven forbid! And so must we! ~
Let us not talk about ourselves
Let us talk of Him
The new life that lives within us.
(Philippians 3:13-14)

MOZANAIM / SCALES – WEIGHING

There is no revelation
Other than that of the Holy Spirit
Human reasoning will fail us ~
What may make total sense
Can work against the Spirit
What may seem right to you
May be wrong and misleading ~
Checks and balances are there
Set in place by the Word
Wisdom speaks forth
Yet few submit to it ~
Look not to the wisdom
That of the world
For its ways are not mine
Misguided you will stray ~
Guard your heart and soul

Let no man steal your crown
By robbing your faith or regard
It is my sufficiency ~
Seek not the council of men
For you answer not to them
Seek me in all your ways
Commit your way to me
And you shall succeed.
(Proverbs 3:5-7; Psalm 37:5; 55:22)

FRAME

The arch of the human spine
All is tied into it
To be injured just once
You will know it for life
Everything runs through the cord
All nerves and feelings
Without this support we
Become weak, immobile, helpless
Pain can reside within ones self
Debilitating you to the point
Of non-efficiency
Suffering beyond what one can bear
Yet still living in it, through it
Everyone's tolerance is different
When they reach their threshold
They can deal with it no more
The arch of the human spine

Feeling, emotion, well being
Many take for granted their frame
And the wonder of their making
When one is disabled then
They never take for granted
All the things they receive
From others, from themselves
Everything is tied to the cord
And if the silver cord is broken
The dust returns to the earth
The spirit flies back to Elohim
The head of all bodies.
(Ecclesiastes 12:6-7)

VANITY

I learned well to be the part
Which society ruled out to me
Obediently I lived my role ~
The scales of knowledge
Trivia and polite like
The scales of vision,
Plastered across my being
The illusion of grandeur
Luster, glamour, sensation ~
The scales of hunger
That of insatiable desire
The wantonness for more,
The gluttony of over fulfillment

The scales of touch
To feel with no limits ~
Upon thy tongue, stomach
To feel within ones soul
Pleasures always new,
Vanity, yes vanity I learned
And we play to it daily
In the company of others ~
Always pondering of others
What their perceptions of us are
We live our lives on display,
To portray all the things that
Society says makes us a success
That we need in this world of ours ~
Which we spend our lives getting
Realizing we have no need for
And in the process we burn the wick,
The lamp goes out and
We find ourselves in the dark
I learned vanity will betray you ~
It will destroy and leave you
For another new person
I recovered and saw myself
And liked what I saw;
No longer do I measure myself,
I threw away Vanity's scales.

HE LOOKS

One day you are cruising,
The next you're in shock
We are never prepared for
what life will bring our way ~
Each of us will experience
something we do not want to;
Our lives we have no control over,
Foolish is the man who thinks he does.
The world plans ahead their tomorrows
They propagate the lie of eternity,
One will never die but live forever ~
One will never age, one will never slow down
So much is focused on this life
And surviving the lies and truth
That are presented to us,
that we tend to forget
To tend the garden of our souls ~
Our life is but a test,
one of obedience to the Creator
He gives us what he wills
and sees how we receive it ~
At his hand he doles out
various talents and gifts
He tends the hearts of those
who give to him their labors ~
Of obedience walking in love

Yahweh knows we are sinful
He looks beyond that for honesty,
To see if we are truthful regardless
Of our inability to be pure on our own ~
Do not take your eyes off the prize
Not for a moment for it can disappear
When you let your guard down ~
Guard your soul with zest
Let no one deceive you to think
You cannot lose your soul -
You can and you will IF:
You become lax at hand and
Give i to pleasures neglecting
So great a gift as your salvation ~
Never neglect the Holy Spirit
For Yahweh will not always
Reside with man or be with him,
He will only be with his
That know his voice and follow him.
(Hebrews 10:36-39)

DESIRE

There is was taunting me
The shine and gleam so real
It beckoned me to pick it up
To empty the contents in a glass
Swallowing instant Bliss

I never think of you just
Every now and then you do
Sneak up on me with thoughts ~
Those I cannot afford to entertain
You lie to drag me down
To but be a victim again,
To pause or hesitate would be
My instant death of giving in,
You never were my friend;
Just a dark mirror of my soul
That had shattered the glass.

DEVASTATION

Numb inside with disbelief
Yet I cannot ignore
Visual sliding into perdition
Suddenly lives changed forever
A moment here then gone
Once in peril then shock ~
The closing of the circle
Hands clasped onward
Tightening the missing link
To hold and cradle the deployed
Only time will ever heal ~
We are our brother's keeper.
(Hurricane Irene, USA, August 2011')

HIS VOICE

Stretch not your hand
To the cursed thing
It will taint your soul
Dwell in the light
Bask in my presence
Open your heart to me
Long suffering I am to you
Let me hold you
And heal your inner child
Come as you are
Let me love you into the kingdom
I will burn the chaff
And purify your soul
I give you new life in me
Let go of those things
Walk new in me
I will bring you in new heights
I will establish you on high
Become my Bride my love
Without spot or wrinkle
Alive in me forevermore.

LATCH

Not all that shines is light
Not all shapes are shadows
Not everything that one sees
Is reality or truth
Use the guide I gave you
Discernment and knowledge
Then you will see beyond
The illusions and blindness
Not all that speaks is real
Not all that lives brings life
Latch on to wisdom and live.

OUR LIFE

If we are called in love
Let us live in love
Let us remain in love.
Never let being right
Over shadow that of loving
Overlook the faults of others ~
Think of your own forgiven
And pass that on to another
Never see the stain of sin,
See the image of Yahweh
Upon each man that walks

See in faith a new creature.
One the master redeemed
One he loved enough
To let his only son die,
To take their place
Let us walk in love
The gospel by our actions ~
Let us consider others above us
Putting their needs first
That is all men,
Even those not of the faith
We can only walk in love
When we treat everyone
As made in Yahweh's image,
Worthy to be loved.
When we see others above ourselves
We have the master's heart
He came to serve not be served.
No servant is above his master
Let us walk in love
Breathe and live love
With our whole being,
Our life will be our words
Our life will be his legacy.
(John 12:26; Galatians 5:13; Luke 16:13)

HIS LIFE

There was never a clearer voice
That did ring true
As of Yahshua Messiah ~
He came to heal us
To take away our pain
Our selfishness and hatred ~
He came to show us peace
A lasting enduring love
One that is truly possible ~
His words are carried forth
By unction of the Ruach Kodesh
There is life in his words ~
Yahshua being Elohim himself
Came in the form of a servant
He emptied himself to our level ~
He lived among us as one of us
He felt all our pain
And endured all temptation to man,
Yet he sinned not
He is the way, the truth
He is the life eternal ~
No one can take that away
From a soul that is his
He seals us as his own,
He has inscribed us
On the palms of his hands ~

The sheep know their master
They hear his voice
And follow only him ~
There was never a clearer voice
That did ring true
As of Yahshua Messiah.
(Isaiah 49:16; John 1:1-4, 6:63-68, Ps 119:160)

DISREGARD / FORSAKEN

We have been called to banquet
On list of invitation
Yet it says forth many an excuse
One I have business to attend
Another I have livelihood to attend
Another I have a spouse to attend ~
All say they cannot come
These the called out ones
Make excuse to the master
They are too busy to attend
The banquet in the kingdom
For their kingdom is here, now ~
This angers the master greatly
He vows none of those invited
Who slight him now in business
Shall taste of his banquet ~
Then he has his servants
Compel all without invitation
To fill the vacancies
Which slight and arrogance esteem ~

Shall we never forsake Yahshua
Who had called us before
For the busyness of our lives
To which exclude him.
(Luke 15:16-24)

HUMANITY

In the name of humanity
I am not always right
Nor am I always wrong
I am who I am ~
In the name of humanity
You are who you are
And I will not change that
It is not my business
Nor is it my right to do so
I can only accept you as is ~
In the name of humanity
Let us learn to accept each other
Without trying to change one another
For we are individually made
And each meant for a purpose ~
In the name of humanity
I can smile on you today
For your being has a lesson
For me to learn while knowing you ~

In the name of humanity
Don't forget we need each other
To build, move, live
And to have our being.

THOUGHTS

One's personality is contained
In a web of thoughts
As fingers tightly gripped
Around your human spirit
They make or break you ~
Intricate layers of lies
We were told or thought
Hold us captive prisoners
Bravery is to speak to them ~
To be rid of negative control
Change comes little at a time
Persistence makes headway
Discouragement to hope ~
Take your thoughts captive
Good things to dwell upon
Put an end to self destruction
Slay the vanity of despair
And all hopeless thoughts ~
Kill the illusion with life
Concrete power of positive thought
Oh man, renew your mind
And your spirit will follow.
(Proverbs 23:7a)

CONTRADICTION

A lady in a wheelchair
A widow with her son
They have no hot water -
A young teenage girl with
Life making her a caregiver
She cannot handle that -
Everyone is so consumed
With their own troubles
A community in crisis -
An epidemic of neglect
No one has money to fix it
Those that do are the rich -
Who would rather reinvest
In monetary things than people,
This should not be in a land
Of great prosperity and riches -
For it is a great contradiction
In the name of freedom and wealth,
Contradiction breeds disparity -
I scream silently for justice.

FLIGHT

We all tend to look up
The wantm, the desire to fly
Upward away from this globe,
To escape the sorrow and pain
Of toiling under great suppression
The domination of other men.
We want to be free like a bird
To navigate where the wind blows
To come and go with great joy ~
Enjoying the freedoms of natures bounty
Escape in thought and prayer
To a higher being of sovereignty,
Faith that our prayers are heard
As our words are carried away
The wind rises ever upwards.
Flight is something one day
We all shall take indeed
Yet the timing is not ours ~
To decide when or where
Next time you see a bird
Know that freedom is fleeting,
And any day can be ones last
Let your voice always be heard;
Upward send your prayers
Deposit them in the heavens
To accumulate your just reward.

A DREAM

How we all have had them,
some have come true
and some have not.
When one is birthed within us
we can hardly contain it,
we aspire to bring it to fruition.
Those who are blessed live theirs,
those who do not must find
a way to keep the dream alive.
You may not live your dream in life,
but inside you can still keep it alive.
Always hold onto them,
for they give us a cause
to remain young, vibrant and alive.
I may just be a regular worker,
but inside I am something else.
I can nurture that artist talent,
I can let my soul believe in it within,
and feel a part of it in my mind.
My desire can compliment others,
who are blessed to do what we
ourselves are not fortunate to become.
It makes the daily grind of obligation
doable, to fulfill our function in life.
You may be able to strip me
of all that I own or have,

but no one can take away
the dreams within my heart.
That is a place that Yahweh
had put within me to hold onto.
It is my pursuit for a miracle,
some just take place long after
we have been gone and forgotten.
Something we did set it in motion,
the fruits of our labor come later
when we are not around to see it ~
Never, never, never give up your dream
For you know not who will benefit by it.

RESTORE

Things are too wonderful
I cannot contain them
A pearl of great price
That I have found
No one knows my joy
I enter there
I grieve my failings
Finding new grace
I have been renewed
Solid in your anchor
Put a right spirit in me
That I may walk in your ways.

WORDS

Words Are Ripples that make waves
Words are healing strokes to ones innner being
Words build a man, break a man
Words, we eat them, we live them
Words, we are responsible for them!

CO-EXIST

Yahweh in his infinite wisdom
Knowing the hearts of men
Left us tares and wheat
To abide side by side
Many try to rip out the tares
Only injuring their own roots
In the process given as growth ~
There will always be error and truth
It is not for us to correct others
It is for us to live the truth
And in so doing by example
Showing others the way in love ~
It is known that pride
Raises up self-righteousness
In those self appointed
To correct others boldly,
Forsaking humility and fear
Of tending to their own selves,
But rather the business of others ~

May we always remember
It is the Holy Spirit
That is our only teacher
Not men or their doctrines,
And it is obedience to the Law
That gives guidance in freedom ~
The Body of Yahshua
Suffers greatly even today
With members chiding one another,
Pride brings forth division
And they walk in darkness
Though they profess the Light.

MENORAH – SEVEN

The Menorah – Exodus 25:31- 39 (37)
The one symbol of Yahweh
Most Sacred, Holy and Eternal
Is that of the seven branch candlestick
It reflects the seven spirits of Yahweh
And the seven pillars of Wisdom
It reflects the Hallowed Seventh Day
The Great Sabbath of Rest – Genesis 2:3
Seven times a day we praise Him – Psalm 119:164
There are seven abominations to Yahweh –
Proverbs 6:16
A just man falls seven times – Proverbs 24:16
Give a portion to seven to avoid calamity
Ecclesiastes 11:2
Let every servant go after seven years

Who has served you –
Deuteronomy 15:12; Jeremiah 34:14
Passover a feast of seven days – Ezekiel 45:21
Seven eyes, seven Spirits of Yahweh
Revelation 5:6 – Zechariah 3:9
Seven Angels of Yahweh
Seven seals, seven trumpets, seven bowls
Seven messengers, seven plagues - Revelation
The number seven is set apart
It is Holy, Pure, and Sacred
The Menorah is through scripture
Seven is the number of Yahweh's Throne
It is in His Law and Commandments
The Menorah is the very symbol
That represents the Nation Israel
We are known as His People
When we carry The Menorah
Let us wear it with great reverence.

FEAR NOT

Close the world out and seek me
The day is long over
The night is almost spent,
It is the last hours of dark
Before the morning dawn ~
Deafen the noise around you
Quiet your busy mind
See the hour you're in,
Hear my trumpet blaring

This is the last hour
Before the clock strikes down ~
Your whole life has been one
Of preparation for this moment
Yet your flesh wants to cling,
On to the old and familiar
It shall soon no longer exist ~
I am returning soon
For I am standing at the door
Come away to me my child.
Leave all that you have known
Hold your hand in mine
Quickly it shall be over,
Do not fear the storm or waves
That shall close in upon you
Step into the light of my presence ~
With hands raised high
With prayer, petition and praise
Press in ever the more,
As the world dissolves before you
For I hold your soul in my hands
Together, life for evermore.
(Revelation 14:12-13; 22:14-17)

A REALIST

When one observes life
And states the facts to others
There are those who say:
"I wouldn't worry about it"
But mean – I don't want to know,
"You are being too negative"
But mean - I can't handle it,
"You think about it too much"
But mean – I don't believe in the Bible.
Many who profess to believe
Choose a lopsided perspective
Ignorance to them is bliss
If they don't know of it
They are not responsible.
Many decide to bury unpleasanties
The realities of life they find harsh
They embrace the lie of fantasy
Over the harshness of reality ~
That never makes it go away.
Better to see, know and hear
To become prudent in time
Than to be caught off guard.
We are responsible for ourselves
Choosing to ignore is no excuse
For the accountability of our actions.
Disciples are realists

For they fear not that which
They have no control over
Rather they trust in the living Word
To perform what is written.
(MATTHEW 25:14-30)

WARNING – HEBREWS 12:4-11

You cannot take and run
With what I give you,
It is for you alone to live.
Dwell in the inner sanctuary
I have much to teach you,
You do not have to tell others
You need to hear for yourself.
Unlearn what you have been taught
And learn at the Master's feet,
First and foremost is your soul
That you are responsible for
No one can speak for you.
I give you what you need
At the time and not before,
You cannot figure out the future
You cannot avoid what comes to all men.
You must yield and surrender to me
I shall carry and lift you,
You will rise above the flood
And land in safety of my being.
Without your cooperation you

Shall never learn, grow nor mature
I will cast you aside
As a useless branch to be burned.
Your life has been bought with a price
You are not your own anymore
You have no rights,
You cannot demand anything
Especially blessings from me
When you are rebellious in my name.
Disobediently substituting your will for mine
I AM that I AM and I will not
Tolerate a stubborn spoiled child ~
I discipline those that I love
Put on the yoke that I have given you
Wear it well for it is my yoke,
Not the one of your making
You can no longer be your own
For you are mine and in me.
Dwell with me and I will give you
The right to be in the kingdom
The time for reasoning is gone.

LIGHT

Quietly fading away in a corner
The loss of memory and activity
Life lived well and hard ~
Names and faces fade away
There is that silent place
That only ones heart knows of ~

Totally all alone and fragile
It is the winding down
The nearing of completion ~
Gallantly learning to let go
With dignity and resolve
Trusting and embracing the unknown ~
Silently another name is called
Jacob's ladder they do ascend
Into the spirit realm they depart ~
Feelings are not who I am
They deceive and betray you
I am a transmitter of what I allow.
I can draw light or darkness
Into my soul and very being,
I ask the light to surround me.

REBELLION

What is it about the human heart
That wishes to fight the Elohim of heaven?
How did we go from the Garden of Eden
To the battlefields of anarchy?
How can the dust puff itself up
Against the very breath of life?
Pride, oh pride
Lucifer the angel of pride –
Has taught the children of men

Rebellion and great witchcraft
Insanity to bite the very hand
That brought us forth and fed us ~
Foolishness the bonds of flesh
Wage war against the heavens,
The retainer of souls and spirits
Lured by spoken lies of freedom
The awakening, loss of all things
Giving up the rights of Sonship
For temporary honor amongst fallen stars
Rise up thy eyes in eternal anguish,
Folly in thy bosom has landed you here.

THE BURDEN SHALL PASS

It is a hard road to walk alone
Discouragement with every step
Tempted to almost give up
Yet something inside says keep going ~
This is a barren wasteland
Only death thrives here
Men are called through it
To test their obedience and resolve
Purification draws out all dross
One then will emerge the victor ~
The cup is bitter with dregs
Not everyone can drink from it.
Oh Pilgrim, be faithful in this
The dark shadows shall soon pass~

My soul is weighed heavy
Sorrow has seized my heart
I feel the failure of life
The loss of all I had loved
It is almost too much for me
To bear in silence and solitude ~
I call my spirit within me
To remember the former things
Dwelling on the Power of Yahweh
To deliver in the dark
Parting waters that would flood me ~
Oh Master, set my feet
On the Rock that is higher than I
Bring Joy once more to my soul
That I may fellowship in love
Renew me as thou art life,
Put a new song within my heart
Let your Joy fill me I pray.
(For those struggling in Messiah)

WHITE THRONE

Activity grandiose
Sporadic reactionaries
Meddlesome entities
Loopholes galore
Nestled anchors
Visual extremists

Distracted souls
Lost luminaries
Fallen soldiers
Abandoned war
Hearts silent
Tears latent
Wheels stopped
Voices deafened
Blinding illumination
Exposed actions
Fearful outcomes
Anchored ones
Gladdened happenstance.

ARDOR

The day you silence declaration
You cross over unto death
A dead branch burned
When you cease preaching the gospel
Have put down roots in the world
Traded Sonship for citizenship
Deceived you kill the Spirits' promptings
Dying twice over grievously ~
To taste of Eternal Life
Then to abandon it
Is blasphemy of the Holy Spirit,

How many have done so
By embracing the traditions of men?
Man's interpretation of Yahweh
Substitution for His Word of Truth
You nail your rejection to His Throne
With foreign prayers and love,
To be but cast down forever,
Let us not lose our fervor
Nor let our love grow cold.

VOICE

When one has lost their voice
They have become defeated
Even silence speaks loudly
This is not a riddle
It is clarity for those who seek ~
Speech is done unknowingly
In actions, thoughts manifested
It is the heart displayed,
Ones true affections reveal
Or will betray them ~
As fire in ones bosom
Either wisdom or folly
You shall evolve or be destroyed
This is why one must always
Guard your heart ~

When ones mind is flooded
It cannot concentrate on hand
Nor attend what is pertinent,
What does seat the throne ~
All thoughts become feelings
Truly it is a mans thoughts
Which steer his destiny
Our eyes illuminate what's within
They are lamps of light or darkness ~
Our glances and looks convey
Become a mouthpiece of our soul
People see within through them,
One does not need a mouth to speak
Nor to express his heart
It is only there to praise
To worship our creator in gratitude
And to commune our heart to Him.

REVELATIONS

Ephesus the branch
Fell in love with theology ~
Smyrna the branch
Tribulation and poverty
Loyal in death
A crown of life ~
Pergamos the branch
Teach the truth for money
Pervert my laws ~

Thyatira the branch
Worship Jezebel – Queen of Heaven
Reject Yahweh's set leadership ~
Sardis the branch
Stained garments by the world
Spiritually you are dead ~
Philadelphia the branch
Works of Word – Torah
Over traditions – Talmud
Faithfulness rewarded
For your steadfastness ~
Laodicea the branch
Pride has blinded
Naked, tepid, arrogant
I remove your name
From the Book of Life
Unless you seek me and repent.
The Children of Yah ~
Heed the seven branches
Ephesus-Smyrna-Pergamos
Thyatira-Sardis
Philadelphia and Laodicea,
Not all are called
Only those who overcome
There are great sins to avoid:
Loss of your first love,
The love of money,
Sexual immorality,
Ignoring all my laws,

Jezebel-Queen of Heaven worship,
In love with the world,
Pride, arrogance
Self-righteous indifference,
Neglecting ones salvation,
Let us examine and repent ~
If we judge ourselves
Then He shall not judge us,
Our loving Father accepts repentance
But He judges rebellion ~
"To all my children I love
Those I will correct,
I declare and warn you
I do not call everyone
Only those who overcome in me.
Those who have ears to hear
Let them hear."

ARMOUR

Strongholds over our lives
The invisible force which binds us
Deceived we accept as our character
Passively we live with them
Letting them rule and determine
Our daily decisions and behavior ~
We cannot say why we do so
It is a mystery of denial
To the change of freedom

Spellbound by familiar spirits
We wear as our attributes ~
Blindly we lay as dead
While the enemy is victor
We daily must resist such
Putting on our whole armour
Especially the sword of the spirit ~
It is the truth that sets us free
Speak forth life and conquer
Awake the sleeping giant within.
(Romans 13:12; Ephesians 6:11-18)

THANKS EVER GIVING

We grow tall and lean
Our wheat kernel you glean
Sweet from the sun
Perfection when done
Home made bread and sweet bun ~
Corn on the cob
Hot dogs and baked beans
With salade of greens
Yet roasted corn is best
When with butter dressed ~
Slice of apple pie
You can't resist a try
A true American dish
You couldn't make a better wish
As with elation you sigh ~

The fruit of the land
Passed down hand to hand
Cultures shared and tasted
With nothing ever wasted
Is a get together planned ~
We thank the Father above
For all his mercy and love
To give us of the land to eat
Share with those we meet
A part of life we keep.

MOTION

Freedom comes to you each day
It is in ones perspective
Not in the lengthy objective ~
Flight is possible and there
For all who care to go
Once gone there's no coming back ~
To the stand still track
Motion only goes forward
Its energy is wonderfully so ~
To help one to grow
It takes courage to rise up
And leave what is familiar behind ~
You will be glad that you did
For much of life was hid
Now the horizon is broad ~

Visibility is clear and concise
Give yourself permission to live life
You will find an end to strife ~
Freedom comes to you each day
It only shows forth so long
Before it says good day ~
And it leaves you gone
A portal of momentary chance
Each must rise to the call ~
For illusions fill the clarity
When it is done after all
Let us rise to live ~
Leaving what had us bound
Moving forward,
Ever forward.

NEW LIFE

I asked why Yahweh made man
He wanted someone to love him
Rebellion brought forth sin,
Man has struggled within ~
Even with Messiah he must chose
To either gain or lose
He instructs us as stated,
Look not to the right
Nor to the left
Just keep looking forward ~

Distractions take form
In a wrong direction
Discipline is needed to succeed,
The Word of Yahweh we must heed ~
It is a test of our love for Him
A dialogue of admitting ones mistakes
And asking forgiveness and then
Moving forward in the grace ~
Not taking it for granted in arrogance
I ask myself do I utmost
Follow and prove my love to Him?
And think upon His name?
We must remember faith never
Works without love in grace
And our love for Him must be
Proclaimed by life and deed ~
When the Master we replicate
Let the Word dwell within us
Moving us forward into the new life
That was so precious given for us.

WHAT SHALL YOU CRY FOR?

The end of all you know,
Can you willfully accept it?
Life being defined for you
All you own taken away
Redistribution of your wealth
Treated as a prisoner and slave
By your own country ~

Because of what you stand for,
Can you accept this with gladness?
Can you walk in HIS footsteps?
Can you carry your torture stake? ~
Will you be willing to die for Him?
Or will you cling onto everything
Loving covetousness over righteousness?
Will your love turn cold
To betray your brethren? ~
Do you love others more than Him?
The end of all you know
Any day now it will be reality.
The nature of the beast will unleash
With strong hatred for all Kodesh ~
We shall not escape it
We can only ask for the grace
Not to be deceived to fall away.
What shall you love?
What shall you cry for?
(Luke 19:41-44; Psalm 126:5-6)

JOURNEY

Life, it is a process of giving
Pieces of yourself away.
Either those of others or
Of your ownself letting go,
And seeing what tomorrow brings.
The unknowing and wanting to hold

Onto what is familiar, celebrating the moment
And not wanting it to ever go away.
If only we could choose to hold onto
The things we want to last.
But that is not life, for it comes at us
Unwelcomed, uninvited and strikes as it will.
Life it is life that we are in right now.
This dimension for however long,
Live it... feel it... love it... for it won't last.
And that is where I am,
Inside the hourglass feeling
The sands diminish beneath me.
All things have a balance,
And I am finding mine now.
I shall go the way of the Galaxies,
The moon, the stars and beyond.
Gazing down at the blue ball we call Earth.
The canvas of space will invite me
To new stars, constellations and galaxies
Of beauty so rare beyond words.
The heavens will greet me pulling me
Forward Home, to the Throne up in the North.
That city of gold, where all
Dwell in the light Of love.
Angels shall carry me forward,
Through the portals of time,
In the black holes of eternity,
Forward in speed and motion,
To the creator of all... And I shall be glad
To be home, where there is

No more pain, sorrow or tears.
Our Spirits are just on Loan,
They don't belong to us.
How we use them, treat them, love them
And Love others is key to the journey.
Dimensions have lost their meaning,
You cannot measure love nor light.
Words cannot describe eternity.
All life is the making of memories
That we shall live with for our lives,
Our words we carry with us also...
Choose them wisely, live them carefully.
And I shall smile upon you my friend,
As spirits feel and love together
And I can fly, my spirit shall soar,
Upwards to my maker,
The lover of my soul.
(1 Corinthians 2:9)

SUNSET TRAIL

The scars of my tendrils
Exposed to rock and air
Worn laden by many feet
Scrawling brambles line my path
Discolored earth from rotted leaves
We reach upward and stark ~
Our canopies long gone
Open woods of distant green
The gentle rise now exposed

Eroded is grandeur years past
What shows forth are our roots
A tangled web one climbs.
Up the mountain to the chin
Overlooking the weathered trail
The top still calls forth
Forward I am beckoned.
(Mount Mansfield, Vermont)

TODAY

Let us not borrow trouble in advance
Anxiety and stress would just follow.
When our eyes are off the present
We are trying to see the future;
Enjoy what you have now
Be content in your circumstances,
Your value is not determined by them.
If we could just grasp this -
This present moment is all we have,
Then the hour, the day comes alive
We shall see true life like never before,
We become rich people for doing this.
(Matthew 6:34)

THIS IS SO BEAUTIFUL

What a gift to have a friend
From another country to talk to,
You give me great perspective
Of another country and culture.
More than that I can see
What I may take for granted
And that we are all so different,
I can see through your eyes
And you through mine ~
We all need each other so much
For I learn from you things that
I would never know of otherwise,.
You are so beautiful inside
I see your love shine through
As you help others to learn also,
It is a great gift my friend
And also an honor to learn ~
Friendships are to be nurtured
Respected and tended too
With my new vision from you,
I can learn better how to treat others
Myself and my family foremost ~

I never tire of listening to your life
The many aspects of it
And the difficulties included,
You are a wonderful person
Of great integrity and value ~
Thank you for the gift
Of such a wonderful friendship.
(Dedicated to Karla Bardanza, Brazil)

WITHIN

I find it not always easy
To express ones feelings
Love being the most difficult,
There is the tenderness of youth
Which many have trampled upon
And the betrayal of also others ~
I have learned to be what most
Would think or want of me,
Often being untrue to ones self
I have learned to become self reliant
To avoid the misgivings of others,
The let downs and disappointments ~
Over the years I have built
The most beautiful gilded cage
For my greatest asset, mine heart.
It is so intricately forged
That it has never truly grown ~

The lift of reciprocity constrained
Verbal defense fortified
Locked within the confines
That expressing ones love
Seems hard beyond ones properties ~
Why do we do this to ourselves?
How is it that we let others
Destroy the youth within,
To trade it for advanced age? ~
We've often heard it said
That one is a dreamer
I imagine they're also of likeness,
Sad to recognize others who live
Within their dreams to truly live
For reality would only reject
The spark of creativity within.

HONESTY

The only battles we have
Are those within ourselves,
The introspection needed
To cultivate ones garden.
Feelings we must respond to,
If left unchecked they get out of line
They will betray us and others.
We cannot afford to let
Bad will turn to actions;
A word once spoken one can

Never take back no matter
How much one will try,
And a deed one cannot undo.
Yes, the battle rages within,
We must be the keeper
Of our domain in all ways,
To not do so is a tragedy
One of epic proportions.
A good man, an honest man
Is known by his groomed character,
He learns to bridle his tongue
And he learns to pull the roots
Of all that would destroy him,
Those mostly within himself.
We can respect the person
Who learns to respect himself,
We loathe the one that never
Learned to harness his emotions.
Let us each fight our battle
Conquering within the whole person.

L – I – N – K – S

What makes man? Spirit and Flesh
Good nature verses evil nature
Yetser Hatobh verses Yetser hara,
Constant momentum of choice
Pulls man in two directions,
Sarx – the flesh does consume

Through worldly thought it roots
Beyond the sins of carnality
To hostility of all that is holy; ~
Moicheia, Phonoï, Thumos
Thumoi, Phthonos, Phthonoi
Porneia, Akatharsia, Aseigeia
Eidololatreia, Pharmakeia, Echthra
Eris, Zelos, Eritheia, Dichostasia
Hairesis, Methe, Komos ~
One is linked to the other
Yet one can kill the other;
Agape, Chara, Eirene
Makrothumia, Chrestotes, Agathosune
Pistis, Prautes, Egkrateia ~
Let us choose to govern
Our spiritual house wisely
For all we do is linked
To others and those around us.
(Romans 16:17; Galatians 5:13-26)

HISTORY

There is a danger one of
Rewriting history denying events
Some so catastrophic yet
Blindly the lie leads others to it.
To deny something long enough
Is to convince mind control
Acceptance it never happened,

Like people when confronted
They refuse to believe it therefore
They feel it is not true.
The illusion of deception
It is dangerous my friend
When thrown in the political arena,
One feels a lone voice muffled
In a herd of denial and opposition.
The world would much rather
Silence truth than change
Or to take action upon it,
Easier to get rid of the "troublemaker".
Much easier to do what ones told
Become what you are to believe,
Deny what you were raised
To believe and stand up for.
Holocaust after holocaust riddles
The text books of history yet
Mankind denies it ever took place,
Trying to erase all traces of it
To but repeat it yet again.
The only true government in this world
Is that of ones own soul for
All else is corrupt under the leadership
Or mortal kings who but fail us.
Never stop defending the truth,
Never give up your beliefs and faith,
Never let others silence your voice.

THE POWER OF LOVE

A rush of mighty wind
Has blown across me today
Refreshed with new vision
I have awakened from slumber
The body is coming together
By divine appointment we connect
Many questions with no answers
Now they all make sense ~
Knowledge was revealed today
The Ruach Kodesh has kindled
My eyes see vision and truth
Fear has diminished to love ~
How pleasant it is when
Brethren dwell together
It is the oil on Aaron's head
Flowing down, life forevermore ~
The anointing is upon us
It shall consume us as
We dwell in the inner sanctuary,
His presence is our high tower
The sleeper is gone for good ~
Take up your sword for armor
Strengthen yourself for battle
Your head covering is nigh
Follow his leading quietly ~
He always reveals to us first
What he is going to perform

Let the wind blow over you
The love fill you anew ~
For if we fail to walk in love
We shall never make it
No knowledge can substitute
For the power of love
That we walk in through Him.
Let my heart be circumcised new
To bleed out all the pain of sin.

DELUDED

Chants, drones, flagellate
Self inflicted remorse
Hoping to gain eternity
More ropes to tie and bind
To further you from ever reaching,
Manmade rules of abstinence
Depravation somehow earning one
The right to righteousness ~
How blind they are not to see
It has been done for them.
If my works could add at all
Then Messiah died for nothing,
I spit in his face negating him
And his holy sacrifice ~
Bells, bowing, kneeling
Hard penance, manual labor
Debasing myself the object

Of his love that he died for,
Belittling the spark within ~
Overlooking his grace inside me
Choosing my self will being
The answer to but try harder
To earn my way in,
Millions are of such in truth ~
How this saddens the free gift
That is turned away with pride,
That we can choose our own way
Without realizing no one can enter
Any other way but the door ~
Chants, drones, flagellate
The flesh to rip cut and tear
ADDING my sacrifice to his
For his was not enough ~
Hark! Such blasphemy!
Open your eyes mortal man
See you are not Elohim,
Repent and turn towards him
Not away from him
And embrace his Mercy today.

REFLECTION

To follow the Master
One must pass through fire
To become purified as fine silver,
The smelting process is painful
Drawing the dross out of us ~

We learn to become fire walkers
To go through without being burned
The Spirit's fire shall not consume us ~
We cannot change our nature
We can only change our character
To become silver pure and refined,
A mirror so when one holds up
Sees the reflection of the Maker
His image is all that one sees
No longer the dross of imperfection
Or the sins of the flesh ~
Let us look in the mirror of his word.
(2 Corinthians 3:15-18)

OUR ONLY HOPE

I said within myself,
"I am really nothing"
My value is in Him
In myself I am but clay
I cannot lift myself up
For I know my frames being;
Born in sin and walk in it
Against better judgment I do so ~
Daily I struggle sins of vanity
I press into the knowledge of Yah
Age is consuming my mortality
My youth is slipping away ~
No longer do I soar wildly
Rather a bird in a cage

Cared for by the tenders hand
It is humility to know my worth ~
Life is so precious and fragile
Yet this is all we know
Until we become born anew
Of the Ruach Kodesh of Yahweh ~
As Miriam He overshadows us
With the same life as Yahshua
For He knows this life is hard,
Messiah was born, lived and died
And so can we in Him. ~
With man all things are impossible
But possible all things in Him.
Let us not confuse the two
Giving worship where due,
Walking in Wisdom ~
We failed a long time ago,
Realize He is our only hope
Of making our salvation sure.

IT IS ALL THERE

Very few do grasp
The solemnity of holiness
Hard to conceive rewards
For ones works and actions ~
Tremble and fear Him
For He is a consuming Elohim
A righteous and jealous El
He's given us His Word ~

A road map of prophecy
He tells us of the time and times
He shows first to his people
What shall take place and when ~
Think it not strange others mock
Saying you cannot know
That is a scheme to blind
Children from seeking their Father ~
Remember what I have said
My feasts are signs of what's to follow
I come very soon
Cast the worldliness aside ~
Divorce all of its affairs
For if you fail to do so
Your garment will be stained,
In the darkness I will come.
Study what I have given you
In my word, it is all there...
Seek and ask Me
For I will show you.

INVITATION

There is a slavery of sorts
That captures the hearts of men
All of us are sold into it ~
To be cut loose and freed
Is the courage to abandon
All that is familiar for faith –

Walking in areas of the unknown
Turning one's back on heritage
To embrace a new life ~
Heed the voice that calls
While it still speaks
Narrow is the opportunity
Soon to close the door ~
"Call unto me
I will rescue you,
Seek me now
While I may be found."
(Luke 11:9-10)

WITH VIGOR

Sometimes it is difficult
Knowing when to quit
We don't like to accept defeat
Yet it can give us hope,
For with a fresh outlook
We can go forward with vigor.
Sometimes you can take a NO
And make a YES out of it.
With an entrance
There is always an exit,
With humility of surrender
Is acceptance of new beginnings.
One's road may be diverted
To only find yet another way ~

When I have gone as far
As I know possible
And have exerted my energy,
When no one is there to help
And the weight is too heavy;
I can drop the load
Sit a spell then pick up
To continue on
It is wisdom to accept
My limitations and those
Of others around me exhausted,
Then I know to quit
With arms raised up in praise
And thanksgiving in prayer ~
He always makes a way
Where there is no way,
He takes my NO
And makes a YES,
Then I move forward with vigor.
(Isaiah 55:6-9)

DEATH – KNELL

I heard the Noahidic blade
It dropped with rapid succession
In the blink of an eye
The guillotine makes a comeback
With a blood lust frenzy ~
United States Public Law 102-14
Date passed, March 20, 1991

The now global Noahide Laws
The Synod has risen from the ashes
REX 84, came to my door ~
The blade was sharp and loud
It dropped with such velocity
Chilling its total accuracy
This is the promise to believers,
The inheritance of the saints.
(Revelation 12:7; 13:7; 20:4)

AXIOM

Do you come to me
Only when you want something?
Do you come to me
To enjoy my presence and person?
I have given all guidance
And every direction already
Now it is up to you to follow ~
There is no mystery in my words
They speak of spirit and truth
When you seek these things
Then life will become clear to you ~
For a student to be like the teacher
They must learn first humility
To the smallness and end of self
To the gratitude of becoming a servant
For truth is spoken in simplicity
With sincerity of ones heart ~

I am not the arts of mystery
Or the knowledge of the unknown
For creation speaks forth everyday
Daily one sees my wisdom before them ~
Things constantly shift in ones life
Yet the foundation remains solid
Ones faith is most sure.
Look not at the rising waves
See beyond where one will walk
For your steps are on solid ground ~
Commune within your heart to me
In union we become one
I shall show you all things
Fear not for I am with you
My words complete what they say
And in them you will find truth.

NO REGRETS

You knew from the beginning
Who I was and how I live
I cannot change for anyone
I am comfortable within myself
My life to you may be bland
Boring and quite uneventful
Yet I find my life rich
Full of blessings beyond comparison ~
Worldly, that I am not
That part of me died long ago

What you see now is one renewed
Refined by the Ruach in love
There is a higher road in life
That one can choose to take ~
What sacrifices I have given here
Shall pale with the reward there
It is simple you see
The Master has come into my life
And I am forever changed
This is my life now,
And I have no regrets.

CLING TO THE ROCK

Many times I have seen this:
An individual works for a company
Others build on top of their work
Others take credit and are noticed
Then that person does quit their job.
All of a sudden everyone's shocked
Cannot understand why in the world
They would ever quit working with them?
But the leader takes great notice.
And once they are gone
Others have to work much harder.
These are a dying breed,
They are what others call spoilers
For they were raised solid work ethic.
So they carry most of the load
While others are rewarded for less.

This is the downfall of a work force.
It embitters hard workers and loyalty.
It ruins their care and pride.
They go from maximum to minimum.
Those who refuse to mar their integrity
Leave the work place to reinvent themselves,
The others hating their jobs hang in
Out of necessity hoping for retirement.
I find what goes around comes around.
And I am told this great truth:
One may have been a stone in the mud
That may never been seen nor heard
Yet they were part of the foundation,
When they left it damaged the balance,
That building was never the same.
Remember, things of this world are passing -
They may want blood from a stone,
Do not build on shifting sand,
Forever cling unto the Rock.
(Psalm 118:6-8)

SEEK

The illusion of a lie
Can be so strong that
Knowing the foundation a fable
Still one clings out of love
To what has grown so familiar ~
Even proving ones belief a lie
Built on man made interpretation

Somehow they chose to accept that
And continue on in the lie
Rather than break away
And stand up for the truth ~
Walking in righteousness is not easy
Nor living ones life while surrounded
With pagan influence everywhere.
Daily it is a sacrifice
One of love and truth
To be faithful to who is true ~
He records our doings in a book
He rewards those loyal and faithful
He tests the hearts of men
To see who truly seeks him;
Lovingly he upholds his children,
Yahweh is true to his word.

RECEPTIVE

There's freedom living in the moment
You are surrendered to allow
Great things to happen for you.
When I plan everything ahead
I lock out the divine promptings
I restrict miracles for security
I live and accept what is known
For what can transpire and change.
We are to be pliant in the hands
Of the master molder who
Is building and shaping us.

When I can resign with gratitude
All the uncertainties my way
Into the hands of the sovereign,
Then I can receive just what
He has tailored for my life.
There truly is great freedom
In living in the moment.

WATCHING ME

Soundly he sleeps in his chair
I watch my father in old age
Thinking back not that long ago
To the days when he was strong
Able bodied and well driven.
There was much that he did
Teaching me along the way.
Has it been that long ago?
It seemed just like yesterday
Now I have the privilege
To care for both of them.
The sun filters the living room
Wind blowing the leaves around
The temperature dropping outside,
Winter will be here soon.
Quickly we approach autumn's season
When things fall and die to slumber,
And I watch outside as I sit
Looking around me within.

A day, a week, a month, a year
They slip by without us noticing,
One day we hear of someone
We once knew so well is gone
And we see ourselves a little older.
There is someone different in the mirror
When I look at it lately,
Not the lively soul of a young girl
Rather a middle aged woman
Caring for her elderly parents.
My life is in transition constantly,
Things are set in motion and I
Have learned to accept them
As they come so long and hard.
Soon I will be sitting sleeping also
With someone else watching me.

PAIN

Early morning hours, awakened
As pain manifests again
Sleep escapes me this time,
I make myself breakfast
In the dead of night ~
There is something so special
At these hours in the morning
The world is quiet and I enjoy
For this is my clarity.
It will be hours before I can

Return to sweet stolen sleep,
Always racked with discomfort
I manage to maneuver around ~
My empathy for all those
Fellow sufferers in torment
Coping and managing chronic pain.
Our voices are silenced by those
Who choose not to care or notice,
Our world is small and contained
To a stringent regiment of pills
Medications to dull the senses ~
No matter how well medicated
You can never mask the pain
Which is always in the forefront.
Am I complaining? No ~
I am grateful for a reprieve
In the spirit of things.

THE LOVE OF READING

Books, books that line my shelves!
How I love each of them
Precious, cherished waiting for me
To turn your leaves under cover
Glean from the ponderings within
My thirst, my desire so
For each I truly aspire ~
Yet time takes away so much
With fervent calls of life

Yet your covers when I touch
It seems to soothe life's strife.
The scholar, the student inquires
From my soul deep within
I ache for the vast knowledge
I don't know where to begin ~
Shapes, colours, sizes and font
Type size for clarity to read
I devour the pages and chapters
As my soul I do feed.
I am ever so grateful for schooling
Education to learn, to read and write
I shall never take it for granted
When I think of others plight ~
Books, books that line my shelves!
I have stopped for a time
Your pages I shall delve
Now your knowledge is mine.

I COME !!! I COME!!!

How the earth is ripe to pluck
Like an overripe fruit
The hearts of men are full of hate
Desiring to kill and conquer
The hoards of evil is on the rise
Souls of men ready to compromise ~

Shudder to think of what's to come
Greed, ambition blind others on
Head first into the apocalypse
On those who do not believe as they
Brother killing brother and family alike
Without hesitation ready to strike~
Like a whirlwind of madness
Life has lost all its norm
Heated up catastrophe of global lucre
Deafened to the cries of mercy
Or the pleading for life itself
Kill all in their wake of terror ~
Come out of her my people
Fellowship not with her sins
For I have come to crush the grapes
Of wrath from my cup I hold in hand
Flee her or share in the plagues
Death and grief I have in store for her ~
Let the merchants weep for their loss
As in shock and disbelief they look on
The heavens shout with joy
And others glad for victory now
As her demise is for the world to see
And the false messiah is destroyed ~
He who is faithful and true
Rides down in garment of his blood
With the name THE WORD OF YHWH
Written across his thigh
Leading armies to conquer
Vindicating as Judge to all men..

UNPREPARED

Great anguish and despair
Soon we will be engulfed in
The hearts of men will fail them
For the evil that will personify,
Great shall it wax upon the earth
People shall be filled with terror.
Unspeakable atrocities shall flourish
Removal of all decency and humane
The mark will require of such
To those who choose to follow,
Blinded eyes and seared souls
Robots of destruction eager to perform
That which is required of them.
And the saints pray and weep
For the loss of all life, of all creation
Lawlessness has made many cold
They lost their soul and heart
To give homage to the devil;
As he comes in the name of peace
Many shall compromise who once
Walked in the truth of YHWH.
They are storing up HIS wrath
Very soon to be applied upon them.
The world casts an illusion
Appealing to selfish hearts
Acquire, acquire yet more

Not realizing it shall all burn up
On that day of HIS coming ~
Many shall scream and cast down
Their riches in the streets
Begging for deliverance from HIM
Who comes with vengeance and wrath.
With time no more eternity is manifest
Tears are wiped away, sorrow gone-
The deeds of men are rewarded.

PURITY

All of Yahweh's word is truth
His ways endure forever
Many walk in his name
But their ways are far from him.
They seek him for his blessings
Perverting his precepts for usury.
The love of Yahweh is above
All the wealth of this present world,
Wickedness is using Yahweh
To acquire material wealth
While ignoring his perfect law ~
Religious in name yet wicked
For they abandon his teachings.
When one loves Yahweh above life
Then he has found his favor,
He will be delivered and established.

When we praise him as mortal men
Repenting of our straying
Asking him to seek us still
For we have not forgotten his law,
His mercy then endures
His heart turns to an honest servant
Who remains loyal in his humanity ~
Be not proud and blind
To your condition of heart,
Run towards your maker not away
Be single minded to learn.
He shall teach and deliver you
Purity is his word which delivers.

DESIRE ME

Ask of Me what I desire
Before you start to pray
Speak my words not your own
Pray my will not yours.
Others run about with a word
Excitement overshadowing wisdom,
Men take a part of my truth
And tend to enshrine it.
Do you come to me for
What I can do for you,
Or do you come to me
For your love of Me?
Do you love my law enough
For that to be enough for you?

Am I enough for you?
I test the hearts of men.
I also give them what they desire.
Many chase after signs and wonders
And seek me for these things.
I rather men to seek me
Out of their love for me
And love for my word.
If you seek me first
With all of your heart
Then all these others things
Will be given to you.
Those who fail to do so
End up abusing spiritual power
Which will turn and destroy them.
Do not operate in my power
Without a relationship with me.
It is such obedience that becomes
The covenant of love and salvation.

IT MATTERS

Some will question you saying;
"What difference does it make
What name we call the Father"?
Blinded they use titles
Of pagan deities to pray
They ignore my law as obsolete
They ignore my name Yahweh
As profane to write or speak.

They seek all blessings yet
Ignore obedience to my law.
They change my Sabbath
They ignore MY feast days.
They accept what they are taught
Never truly seeking me.
When one seeks me with
All their mind, being and heart
I will reveal myself to him.
I never changed my ways
Mankind and religion did.
There will be the last day,
A day of fear and dread.
Many shall come to me
Saying all they did for me.
Sadly I will turn them away
For by changing my word,
By changing my law
They never knew me.
It does make a difference:
I am the same yesterday, today
And forever. I change not!
I am Yahweh and I ask
That you seek me through
Yahshua the Messiah.
(Revelation 22:14)

WALK FORTH

The liar screams in your ear
Leading you on in despair
Hoping you'd cast down your soul
Relinquishing ownership of it.
Never give in to the poison
Of despair, depression and lies
For thoughts do not govern you
Nor are they your total person.
Come back from the brink
Know your soul has value
Walk in your spiritual integrity
Stop believing the lies.
Let the Father of Love heal you,
Strengthening your inner man ~
Troubled of mind and spirit,
Seek health for your soul
Life is near you, at your door,
Think not all things hopeless
For him who believes there is Joy.
Change is seeking and pursuing
It is asking for something better.
The waters may be troubled
Yet this shall not last,
Walk forth in the sunshine.
See yourself in the light of love
It does soak into your being,
Casting aside all shadows and pain.

You are never alone my friend
When you live the words of life,
They are in your mind
And written upon your heart.
Choose life that it may be well
With you now and evermore.
(For Keith with Love)

TREK

Leaving the valley for the mountain
A solitary difficult climb
Going while its still day light.
Everything looks so small from here
The tranquility and quiet is inviting,
As I trade that part of my life
For this new necessary move forward.
Welcoming I embrace the difficulty
Those of my own doing not others.
There is no group where I'm going
It is time to sojourn again.
Shedding the cocoon for growth
This last trek one of flight.
My wings support my own weight
Testing the winds of opposition.
There is passage up ahead
With no map or directions,
Up to the challenge I embark.
Alertness is key for survival

For sleep would destroy me.
One foot in front of the other
Takes me closer to my end.
No more shall I waste precious time.
(Romans 13:11)

PHOTOGRAPH

To but capture a day
To keep it forever
In front of your eyes
To draw off of its beauty ~
The joy you captivated
Towards the end of the day
With the golden rays of sun
That fall on all that's green ~
Wanting so to be back there
In time where all was perfect
Soft, mellow, safe and loving
Without the hate and despair
Which has so engulfed the world ~
My heart longs for the picture
To be a living reality again
Yesterday, oh yesterday...
How foolish and blind I was
To not see your beauty
And to rush through it ~

Now I realize it is that which
I have built upon, longingly
To relive my youth of innocence,
Capture my heart with life
That gives in another time.

WHOM TO FEAR

Israel demanded a king to rule them
No longer Yahweh their Elohim,
They sinned greatly in this yet
He allowed them to reign under man.
The snare, the fear of mankind is real
For everyone follows their government
To meet all their needs negating
The powers of Yahweh their Provider.
Even today people tend to follow men
Rather than depend upon Yahweh.
For this Yahweh says he would destroy
The people and the king(dom) who abandon Him.
Samuel that great prophet mourned this
And today people grieve the Ruach Kodesh
When they ignore the Sovereignty of Yahweh,
The Messiah Yahshua and his price paid
For us to enter into a relationship once again.
As Samuel prophesied: Yes you follow a King
Yet do not fall away from keeping the law
From following Yahweh for if you do,
You have sinned a sin of no return.

He who puts his hand to the plow
And looks back is not worthy
Nor shall he ever enter into eternal rest.
For it is for those who were proved
Who were sanctified, who counted the cost.
Let us not be guilty of the fear of men
Rather let us fear Yahweh in His Holiness.
(1 Samuel 12)

WHAT CAN A MAN GIVE?

What can a man give for his soul?
How can he redeem it?
He cannot within his own power
For it has been done for us.
The price was paid by Yahshua,
He died so that we may live
To be reunited with Yahweh our Elohim.
Do we value the price that was paid?
Do we esteem it rich and good?
Do we honor His sacrifice with our life?
We cease to be our own
For we belong to Him.
What can a man give for his soul?
How can he redeem it?
He cannot do so for it is done
And we cannot negate so great
A salvation paid on the torture stake.
We are called to be His righteousness

In an unholy world fallen away from Him.
Let us be the Living Word that others see
To testify to His goodness and Holiness.
Let us walk in righteous Love
Not favoring men nor those lost.
Let us walk in truth with Holiness
To be sanctified and worthy in Him.

THORNED

What happens to the human heart
That has calloused and scarred?
What hope can one bring to a stone?
To see one that can no longer weep,
No longer feel or be moved?
Oh flesh of stone I mourn for you
Forsake the thorn that so pricks,
Heal up the wound that bleeds so
Know that life is possible for you.
Remove the holds that bind you
Discard the cords of pain and sorrow
Take of the balm of Gilead to your lips.
No longer are you called a stone
But a renewed flower in the garden
To spring forth and bring fragrance
To grace the table where you will sit.
Let the new wine fill you overflowing
Bringing forth joy and gladness.

This is my gift I give to you freely
Soak up my presence and blossom
To become what I created you for.

BRASS, IRON, POWDER, DUST

The torments of men rain down
 Blasting from the heavens
The sky's elements shall burn red
As the colour of bronze above you.
Pulverized iron shall pierce holes
 In the earth scorching it gray,
The heavens weep active dust
 On beast and mankind alike
 For you have forsaken ME
And taken up the way of Cain.
From the beginning rebellion
 Has bred forth murderers.
You kill and destroy my creation
Also others I made in my image.
 You mix truth with error
Destroying my covenant with you.
 The lust of the human race
Has created fear and madness,
 The great race for destruction
 Is a guaranteed event.
And you have cursed yourselves
 Brought all this upon you

For you have turned from ME.
Think not you are safe
For I shall judge ALL nations.
While there is still time
Repent, seek ME that you
May live while it is today.
(Deut. 28:20-24;
Jeremiah 25:29; Matt. 4:4)

PUSHED TO ONES THRESHOLD

So easy to push our buttons
Family, demanding, consuming
Life is often sucked out of us
Trapped, with no way out.
Anger surfaces not willingly
Frustrated at stupidity and repetition
"Enough already" one wants to scream
Yet one sucks it up one more time
Grinding their teeth being docile
Doing ones obligation while others
Live their lives amiss, totally free
Clueless to the sacrifice one lives.
And thoughts, feelings rage within.
A balancing act between what's noble
And being true to ones self.
We are not always offered the choice

We do become stuck, permanently.
So one must reinvent themselves
While in the middle of passage
That shall one day give way.
(For all those suffering Matt. 10:34-38)

PEACE

Peace I give to you
So live within your members,
False peace the world hails
Boasting of its many accomplishments.
They build castles in the sand,
The waters shall wash them all away ~
The only peace is mine within
For there is no lasting peace
In the world – ever.
It is folly and pride to say so
To play god with the lives of men ~
No one can boast of others temperament
Or rule the actions of men.
So you know this, don't be alarmed.
Keep your eyes on me
Stay in my presence and live ~
Walk in my word and peace,
Keep what you have, guard it.
Let no one steal your comfort.
I come soon, be ready.

DIFFERENT

Ones heart does not easily cry
What upsets others does not you
Obviously a great indifference,
Values others hold you discard
True to yourself you do not bend
Some call it antisocial
You hold and value truisms ~
Society and its values knocking
Do not hold you sway
Walking through the midst untouched
People make a lot of noise
Most often meaningless,
You cannot be bothered by it ~
Yes, you hold a difference
Bluntly, truthfully so
Some find even refreshing.
Always your own person
Hating phony people and lies.
Wild, walking in your own way,
You truly are different.

SHINE

O' Saint listen to me!
Be not one who constantly looks
For a devil under every rock
Be not so consumed to expose sin
That you forget to attend
To your own soul and righteousness ~
We are not called to judge the world
Which is lost in sin to perdition
Our sole purpose is to become
Bearers of the Light and Truth.
Love is not a negative force
It is justice in righteousness,
It is a quiet holiness in all manner
Our actions become our speech ~
O' Saint listen to me!
Be not another's person
Quietly, prudently let My Spirit
Mold and shape your soul.
To Love, Oh to Love –
Is not to find fault with others
It is to bear the truth lovingly ~
If we cannot love others,
How can the Father ever accept us?
Rather He will turn us away,
For He rewards what we sow.

Read the sacred scriptures –
It bears truth to these things.
Be wise, apply and live it
Shining forth His majesty.
(1 Timothy 3:15; 4:15-16 KJV)

GONE

None of us know our edict
The contract shall be up
The mirror shattered
The glass will be broken~
Lazily we live life
Taking every moment for granted
Such wasted emotion and energy
On foolish things that don't last ~
A new awareness of preciousness
Of life, of living, of being
Throw away all your plans
Live in the moment with gratitude~
For what can one give
To have one more day?
When time is but gone
And why mourn for it? ~
When you can appreciate
What you do have now?
The closer one comes to an end
The glitter all fades away ~

Dazzle and brilliance have passed –
None of us know our edict
The contract shall be up
The mirror shattered
The glass will be broken.
(It is appointed for each man to die)

WHAT MATTERS

A thought, a word, a gesture
We hold onto these things
Sometimes we float along aimlessly
Held together by others kindness,
Then invisible darts penetrate us
Invading thoughts of evil presence
Trying to coerce our wills.
We must extinguish them early
Before they burst into flame ~
Know who you are, never forget
Think on what is lovely and good
Draw off the strength of wisdom
Walking in the knowledge of truth
For what we think, dwell upon
Fills our inner being and countenance ~
Shake all that brings doubt
And ever learn more truth.
A thought, a word, a gesture
A deed, satisfaction, confidence
Vision, strength, vigor, illumination
You truly are a beacon of light.

A POET'S HEART

Beautiful, the feel, the touch
Of one hand upon another
The gentle caress on ones face
A loving warm embrace held tight,
Two hands clasped, intertwined ~
The softness of the others skin
Laughter on the soul and tongue
As one kisses of the other ~
Love simply is beautiful
When shared in innocence
With purity from the heart.
Too many taint it with shame
Never knowing its true touch
Upon a soul and life.

HUNGRY EYES

High up in elevation
A leaf blown upon hard granite
Out of place your beauty lies
Within the cold crown of stone,
Earth and stone have merged
Melding together cannon fodder
To bring forth new life in season ~
The air brings forth your decay sweet
Slowly your colour fades to rust
You enrich all that you touch.

The life of a tree travels far
Bringing life even in its death
Of shedding of summer fruits ~
Cycles we do not see nor mind
Until it is laid down upon us.
Your strength is seen by all
Through hungry eyes.

WREATHS

Floral wreaths of ribbon
silver, moss, gold and rose
embroidered upon velvet squares
bordered by white strips
other squares of the same flowers
As growing full, curled on stems,
Bouquets of Antiquity ~
Snapshots of long forgotten
the custom of ornamental appreciation
framed twice over in a frame
heightened with but a touch
of mellow Renaissance,
Lost this forgotten art ~
Less of which people touch
more of which people see
the true loss of substance
In reality's presence and being ~
And Torch Bearers we march
with garland hung in our hair

wisps of floral rosemary
lavender and wild heather
worn in braided strands.
(Philippians 4:1; Therefore my bretheren
dearly beloved and longed for, my joy and
crown, so stand fast in Yahshua, my
dearly beloved.)

IN GREEN

Have you ever watched the wind
blow about the tall grass?
You see it in motion, helpless
anchored only by its roots.
Visually it seems as a tempest
unleashed its wild energy,
yet the grass is whipped about
to only remain long afterwards ~
For all the debris thrown in it
just makes the soil richer.
Energy without opposition
is just stagnant weakness,
the more one is tugged at
they grow strength to resist ~
Our life is before our eyes
always set in motion as vision,
each day is something new;
I know of it in Green.

CONQUER ALL

When one thinks about life
It's all about love isn't it?
I mean, really, truly Love ~
How we treat others we shall
be treated, rewarded and judged.
No two lives are alike ~
There may be some similarities
yet everyone's cross is tailored made,
to purge the dross and bring forth
the purpose for which their life becomes.
Along the way others contribute
to our understanding and growth ~
Our lives are mirrored back to us
through our interaction with them.
They make us honest, accountable
they help us self govern our souls
and possess our spirits in holiness.
It is the invisible things that are
of great worth and value ~
The spirit realm is bursting
with life, treasures of Wisdom.
When our foot prints cease to be
we take with us our works
and we are judged on them.
Next time you do have opportunity
add the weight to the right scale
that Love may conquer all.
(Mark 12:28-31, 33)

AS A CHILD

Can a man be a child again,
if he ever was one at all?
"Put off those childish ways"
we have all been told
and in doing so we lost
our innocence of laughter,
the joy of life fresh and new.
"Don't play with fire" we're told
so we trade matches for danger.
Insanity begs us to ignore Elohim
take our lives in our own hands,
ignoring Yahweh's divine wisdom.
"Don't give what you have away"
so we hoard to our own hurt
ignoring our neighbor in need.
"Make a fortune" we're told
so we slave to make money
giving worship to greed,
ignoring all help of divine providence.
Is it any wonder my friend
that as we age we wish to become
as a little child again?
To undo the deceit and lies learned?
For it is becoming as a child
that one enters Yahweh's kingdom.
As long as there is breath in us
it is never too late

to become as a child again.
(Matthew 19:14)

SINCERELY LOST

Standing for righteousness with utmost
Heartfelt inner stirrings and confidence
Yet one can be so very wrong ~
We tend to place our trust in things
That defines us rather than develop us
In so doing we become a reflection
Of the sum that we desire to be ~
Years I poured into my dreams
Desires burning the fuel ever more
Then one day my vision is cleared
To see but a blurred mural in front of me ~
Reality was but a lie I confess
One of my own making and none other
For I believed in my own truths
Which have been nothing but uncertain ~
There is truth the world does not know
Yet eternal is the foundation of it
Looking upon the hinder most part
All one thinks they see is a stone
But it is much more than that ~
Much valor, love and sacrifice I paid
Laid upon the altar of my making
To find it was a high place
Falsehood of inner places, of lesser elohim's ~

Clear the stones and rebuild the pillars
Twelve square and consecrated today
They sing the praises of Yah,

The world learns what it ignored
Yahweh is sovereign, all men must bow ~
As cornstalks bowed to the stars and moon
As princes brought forth the seed of Abraham
And the sands cannot count his heredity
All men must bow and confess Yahshua Master ~
Sincerity, prayers, believing does not gain
One entrance into the New Jerusalem
For the Master desires Obedience not Sacrifice ~
Let your sincerity be based In Him
Not in Humanity which will fail.

WHAT OFFENDS

Does your right hand of power
Offend thee, betray thee?
Does it grasp towards greed?
Stop it and be grateful
For what you have now ~
Does your right eye of vision
Of power lust of thee?
Are your sights on the world?
And not content in Him,
And the fullness thereof?
Close that eye's vision
And focus on Yahweh's word,

The right side is power
True only in Yahweh's wisdom ~
To walk forth in our own power
Is an offense to our soul,
To our fellowship with Yahweh.
Let us put off our strength, power
Replacing it with Yahweh's for us ~
Daily let us groom ourselves
Diligently putting out all that strays
And holding close all which edifies,
For our strength and power
Is not in ourselves but in Yahweh
Our Elohim, Our Redeemer, Our Creator.
(Mark 9:42-43, 45 Deuteronomy 13:6-10
Matthew 5:29-30 Colossians 3:5)

CHANGED

Tangible excitement is felt
As the word is spoken forth
Life is breathed in our being
The Ruach Kodesh reaches in our hearts
With the warmth of His love
The gift to melt a heart of stone
Becoming born from above ~
Heaviness leaves its cloak
One is raised upon light wings
Joy that no man ever known
Redeems us with His presence ~

No longer yoked with oppression
The soul is light and exalts
Jumping with joy and thanksgiving ~
Light illuminates my mind
Raptured through and through
I cannot contain the love
Put in my heart of flesh ~
One has seen the throne
The Almighty upon it
And they are never the same.
(Revelation 1:12-18 Jude 20-21)

BUT YOU WERE SANCTIFIED

Confusion asks to become normal
rationalizing fear and doubt
validation for what is called sin ~
Many of us at one time were
as mentioned such as these
yet we have become new creatures ~
Give no sympathy to those
still in a fallen state
keep your garments from stain ~
Let not empathy mask as compassion
compromising the truth in which
you now stand and defend ~
No one can be saved or delivered
unless they truly seek and repent
with all their soul to become new ~

Give no sway to conversation
opening the door to persuasive words
making one look backwards to perdition ~
Clarity of truth with revelation
words of knowledge to live
move so, walk wisely in this world.
(1 CORINTHIANS 6:9-11)

**"EXCELClIOUS DEO"
BY AMBER TIKVAH FORREST
A.K.A. CINDA A. BERARD**



***BY AMBER TIKVAH FORREST A.K.A.
CINDA A. BERARD (c) 2015***

GOVERNMENT

Bulls bellowing loudly
Pawing the ground visibly
Heads down, horns locked
Display of the greatest strength.
On lookers watch the show
Of male strength, futile
When one gorges another
Even the victor is put down ~
The slaughter of the innocent
By the conqueror at the moment
In turn they too perish.
Vicious is the cycle of dominance
For control does consume,
It is never satisfied until
It brings forth extinction ~
Men have become bulls
Herding and destroying one another
Their legacy is murder
Of the sophisticated kind.
Men were never meant to
Govern one another, for
Only Jehovah's government
Can rule with justice and equality.
(Psalm 22:12, 30-31; Hebrews 10:4;
Isaiah 9:6-7)

IN THE HOUR

Daniel saw four beasts
That were yet to come
All three are in the presence
Of the fourth they succumb.
Lion with eagles wings as one
England and the USA, Bear with three ribs
Russia; Marx, Engels, Lenin say,
Leopard with four wings, four heads
Hitler, Himmler, Hess, Goebbels dreads.
They are before, in the presence of
The fourth beast, most diverse
It is the succession of United Nations
World dominance with a hearse ~
M16, the secret destiny
To pollute the people asleep
With misaligned prophecies
Into the beast system sweep.
USA, you raised up the world
To Lucifer you did initiate
So when sudden nuclear arrows fly
Sudden destruction is your fate.
Oh Club of Rome you laugh
World is broken into spheres
Of Bio-Economic Regions
Soon to unleash multiple fears ~
Jacob's trouble is imminent
One third go through the fire

Two thirds reject the Almighty
Rebellion they serve, aspire.
The false Anti-Messiah will rise
From the world's fourth power
Keep keen, sharp and alert
UN watch, we're in the hour.

HOLY PLACE

Unworldly, sound, saneness
Pure Truth illuminated
It radiates in Love Divine
Your heart beats within mine,
All that distracts falls away
In this quiet place, holy place ~
This mortal clay does tremble
For your righteousness reveals
How I have offended you,
The Truth and in creation.
Hand extended I come close
Bow my knee to thee,
Overcome by your grace, mercy
The eyes of my heart are open ~
Unworldly, sound, saneness
Pure Truth illuminated
It radiates in Love Divine
Your heart beats with mine,
All that distracts falls away
In this quiet place, holy place.

MESSAGE WE SEND

You never know the future
Although you may plan it
Nor can you read another
Their temperament or mind ~
Yet in the scheme of things
Life orchestrates its own way
Winding and laboring out
The workings, sorts and kind ~
Like the hands on a clock
Tight to schedule they move
Faithfully they tick away
Each hour gained further ground ~
Seconds, minutes, hours, days
Weeks, months to years
All of us travel this passage
With it wisdom is found ~
All those little nothings
We deem so insignificant
Make up our life's tapestry
Our message to others we send ~
Stop looking, wondering, guessing
Know your foundation rock sure
Keep faithful to the task
Seemingly sound at clock's end.

PRAYER

There are public figures who
Feel the need to display
Their prayers, to be seen
And heard of men abroad –
Choosing to ignore the Word
Which forbids public prayer
In so doing they get their reward
Virtual worship, showing for applaud.
Rather pray in secret alone
Where the Heavenly Father sees
From the heart lifted up
Sincerity in spirit and word –
He knows what we need of
Before we even do him ask
There is a way which is right
To pray, for to be heard.
Let us glorify the Father Holy
And his kingdom to come
For his will to be done here
And to meet our daily needs –
Then pray for forgiveness, yes
As we do forgive all others
To deliver us from temptation
Glorifying God again who heeds.
There is an order and structure
In approaching the Throne Divine
And when you live this scripture
It's fellowship in him you'll find.

CONTRAST

It's easier to believe a lie
Than to accept a hard truth
For ownership requires action
Which changes reality forever ~
And when I have thus become
A truth seeker like you
We are the smallest number
Seemingly outnumbered, abandoned.
Long and narrow is the road
Which leads away from broad view
Where pleasure and pleasantries
Gaily dapple, plum and ripe ~
Suddenly all light becomes void
In the drop off access gone
High up is the straight and narrow
Out of grasp a strand of gold ~
Cut your throat if given
To hunger or thirst for more
Be grateful for what you have
Greed is man's great consumption ~
Lie to yourself first and foremost
Validate your insane excess
While letting those less fortunate
Eat the wrath of your soul.

PROVISION

Great and mighty is he
Creator of all things life
He will always make a way
A provision where there is none ~
Jealous his zeal for righteousness
Protector of the devoted faithful
With great love and pity
He remembers man is but dust ~
Gently he nurtures the weak
Cleans him, sets him up
On the rock of his word
Giving man a sure foundation ~
Love, deep beyond measure
He came here to redeem us
Giving the last drop of blood
To cleanse our sins forever ~
Humble beginnings you were formed
Molded in his holy hands
Breath of life blown into you
Knowledge formed into you reason ~
Great and mighty is he
Creator of all things life
He will always make a way
A provision where there is none.

BAGGAGE

Less is really more
When you die to self
You let all the baggage go
Then you become truly free
Gaining so much more ~
Yielded, surrendered, moldable
Pliable in the Master's hands
Spiritual life has then become
More real than the physical
You are living as you were created ~
Immersed in what really matters
Total obedience out of love
With every fiber of your being ~
Always a new day comes
Yahweh's wave that raises you up
Over the flood of destruction
Consumption of preoccupation and sorrow;
He is high and lifted up
His Train does fill the Temple ~
Less is really more
When you die to self
You let all the baggage go
Then you become truly free
Gaining so much more.

RECOMPENSE

No longer is there understanding
For it is death of common sense
So bury the truth and conscience
Let us weave our recompense ~
A common worldly cadence
Leaders are stepping down
To give room for the new
All voice of reason drown ~
The weak, worried with fear
To Jehovah they do call
Given hope, strength, encouragement
Saved from distresses' fall ~
Yet the heart of mankind
Complacent, fat and asleep
Turns away from the commandments
Doubt of the promises do not keep ~
Wroth with deliberate unbelief
Spurned, Father sets the stage
As the world does unravel
Judgment with God's rage ~
No longer is there understanding
For it is death of common sense
So bury the truth and conscience
Let us weave our recompense.

COWS

I don't know about you,
but when I get to paradise
I will ask for once again
the pleasure of cows thrice ~
I ask they dot the landscape
Amongst the emerald green
Swishing their beautiful tails
Meandering ample and serene ~
The farm is just incomplete
Without the stately bovine
Which grace any pasture fair
And add to the country line ~
In Heaven they can moo
Look with those innocent loving eyes
And come up to you licking
With innocence and surprise ~
For we were meant to be gardeners
To tend to the animals and such
And this is something one learns
With the sweet cows touch ~
They are not dumb or stupid
They are smart and do feel
They know your voice and reasoning
Your heart they can steal ~
God knew what he was doing
When he created cows I know
For even on Earth's pastures
They tribute his presence so ~

I don't know about you
But when I get to paradise
I will ask for once again
The pleasure of cows thrice.

SUNBEAM

I just want to find a sunbeam
Soak it up all day long
And when I do walk away
I will be rejuvenated and strong ~
The warmth of light particles
Fly above me in the air
Basking in their golden rays
Energy and love I feel there ~
Light does grow up life
In things around us so
So I cherish my sunbeams
With gratitude of heart aglow ~
Sunshine given to mankind
From light years away
Bring healing touch and contentment
Giving meaning to my day ~
So Elohim sends us rays
Of light into our lives
Through people and circumstances
So above our problems we'd rise.

INVITATION

Addressed to the individual
The request to attend
There are no after thoughts,
You must decide for yourself.
If you chose to be there:
For love and respect mostly
Of the Host that beckons.
Excuses not to attend
Are replaced with the downcast;
The best were invited first
But elevated their importance,
Too great to step down
And humbly commit their way.
Shocked and greatly dismayed
When they expect to be received
At the end of their life
When they rejected the Master.
Thinking temporal things their life
And casting down their invitation,
There are no excuses left.
Once you have shut the door
Do not expect to be received.
(Matthew 22:1-14)

CROSSHAIRS...

Watching eyes scan remotely
Guarded, pointed in our direction
Shield the pupils of your eyes ~

They must govern as directed
Quietly until brought forth global
Key players juxtapose ~
Imbrue the garments you wear
With the corporeal sap and vigor
Of the seers most conquest.

...FACTS

We can share the truth of reality
To those standing in fog
We can stand up for what is right
And endorse the call for change
Yet we cannot change anyone
For we only can judge ourselves.
We walk in truth as been given
And daily embrace the way of life
Yet we must love those opposed
Praying for those whom are different.
(1 Tim. 2:1-2; 2 Tim. 2:20; Ps. 91;
Romans 9:21-22; Jude 7-9)

UNDERSTANDING

She sits holding the hand mirror
Catching glimpses from angles,
So much we only view
Catching phases here and there ~
Obvious are the wrong choices
When looking back upon them
Yet working through it all –
Free falling with no direction ~

Age agrees with most of us
For we embrace the wisdom
Earned from our experiences,
Many ask to relive their youth
With the knowledge they have now~
And the mockery of it is
Youth ignores our warnings
They stubbornly won't be told,
Only brokenness and humility
Will let them see and hear~
A true gift are those rare souls
While young are willing to listen.
Suffering breaks the self will
That would destroy us
Which makes us see a better way.
(Proverbs 16:16)

INIQUITY

Swarms of locusts, now crickets
Water low and being rationed
Some building walls for expected lava
Oh Jehovah, oh Jehovah...
One land testing toxic missiles
Ripping up peace treaties
In defiance their fists to Elohim
Oh Jehovah, oh Jehovah...
Another obsessed with security
For the sake of possible threats
Police the privacy of its citizens

Oh Jehovah, oh Jehovah...
The Intellectual society rave
They have found the God gene
Reproducing creation itself
Oh Jehovah, oh Jehovah...
Now we have the absolute technology
On a copier to produce human organs
From tissue sample and blood
Oh Jehovah, oh Jehovah...
The abominations are stacked high
The stench is overwhelming
Sad but man has only begun
Oh Jehovah, oh Jehovah
One elite powerful religion

Wishes to merge all gods as one
Saying they are the supreme edifice
Oh Jehovah, oh Jehovah...
Please do not destroy me
In the process of your anger
For I am but one man,
Some of us reverence you
Yet stuck here for the duration.

LUNAR

My Feast Days are signs in the Heavens
Their cycles are the splendor of Messiah
Giving sight and understanding in me ~

Passover is the sign of my love
I seal and cross over you in protection
Of the precious blood Jesus gave ~
Let us observe the memorial to this
For the sanctification of all holiness
The Pure sacrifice that ends all others ~
Unleavened bread sign of haste
The dying to self and total emptiness
To Yahweh this is a sweet fragrance ~
Ending the furnace of affliction
The wind of his spirit empowering
Pentecost filling us from on high ~

Trumpets, as the priests of old
Worship of musical instruments
Magnifying your beauty and splendor ~
Atonement, the day of Lots
What use to be the burden placed
On goats was put upon Jesus ~
He hung between heaven and earth
Atoning for the sins of all mankind
Every drop of blood accounted for ~
He came and tabernacled among us
So we are to dwell with him
Remembering where we came from ~
Elders minister to the brethren
Soak in the Torah, let it take root
Looking onward to the last ~
The Last feast, The Great Day
One of Wrath and completion
The return of The Word of Yahweh ~

Fulfillment as the heavens are peeled
Back like a scroll and shaken
Replaced with The Eternal Light.

PRESIDENT HUGO CHAVEZ

There are seeds of kindness
Where you would least expect
They come guided from heaven
To you and most direct ~

President Hugo Chavez helped
The poor in a supposed rich land
Heating fuel to those who'd freeze
Without prejudice gave a helping hand ~
What an embarrassing situation
To show who really is poor
For it took those with little
To give to those needing more ~
Government should be the heart
Of the people who live as one
Regardless of political affiliation
Walking in the love of the Son ~
For I see the gospel of Matthew
President Hugo Chavez did show
By his heart his actions followed
The care for others did flow ~
Think twice before you judge
Others not of your approval
Yahweh works in mysterious ways
And the proud receive his removal.
(Tribute to President Hugo Chavez, a man
Who truly loved and cared for poor people,
Even in America).

SEIZE THE MOMENT

We each are given
A day at a time
To build task upon task,

Or we can procrastinate
Put off what we could do
Never build a foundation to last ~
We often measure one's worth
By all that they have done
Yet we fail to actually realize,
It is within all our scope
For it is the little things we do
That we give faithfulness to ~
Let us not look with envy
Onto what others do possess
For we each are called to live,
It's attending to what is ours
Using the talents we were given
Which are in our hands to give.
(Psalm 31:23; Matthew 25:21;
Revelation 21:5-8).

ARE THE SAME

Greatly disappointed I am
Having read yet "another book"
For all the hype and hysteria
Nothing to glorify the gospel it took ~
Rather seized the opportunity
To sensationalize the time we live
It ranted and raved of others
It had nothing uplifting to give ~
How sadden I am with this
The author is Christian by name

Yet having read his fascinations
The Enquirer would have done the same ~
We are not to speculate or conjecture
We are to be sober and aware
Be alert, tending to our spirits
Living next to many a tare ~
Prophecy nuts run about
With all their facts and figures
They incessantly do spout
Their propaganda getting richer ~
True spirit of prophecy is
Messiah Jesus the living Word
It was written and spoken
In scripture is where it is heard ~
Many are the vain imaginations
Of Christian authors with a name
Yet I find it all so sobering
The world and they are the same.
(Ecclesiastes 12:12-14)

SOMETIMES

I find myself thinking upon
Beautiful memories of yesterday
Years have passed in time
But in my heart they are the same ~
I relive the wonderful moments
Of events non-significant
Yet today they mean much more
Then what I could have envisioned ~

I sit to think upon things
And lose track of time
Not knowing where it went
For my spirit was elsewhere ~
I go to put my hand to a task
Only to find it in a book
Turning the pages to read
Lost in the comfort of words ~
I find that I am drawn away
To another time and place
Wisdom showing me the pattern
For true wealth and wisdom ~
I discover that time is eternal
It is not quantity that matters
For it is the significance of now
Caliber of character and honor ~
Sometimes... I do sit and listen
To what is not spoken
For the past, present and future
Are all one and complete.

GHOSTS

Ghosts, films of yesterday
Singing hymns to the Creator
Glad and rejoicing of heart
Not questioning his word or morality ~
Ghosts, voices of yesterday
How far as a people we've fallen

The light is gone from our candle
"Messiah" bearers without righteousness ~
Ghosts, generations long past
Who died and paid the ultimate
Given to a nation now rejecting Jehovah
Which blaspheme his existence and creation ~
Ghosts, dusted from man's archives
They testify to how far we've strayed
We have rebelliously redefined spirituality
As given freedom of religious expression ~
Ghosts, of my forefathers
Mankind has not changed
We still fall greatly short
Showing the truth of Jehovah's word ~
Ghosts...
Their righteousness pierces the darkness
Ever glorifying the Creator
As a testament to those against him.
(Genesis 17:1; Hebrews 12:1)

MARGARET THATCHER

Britain's first female Prime Minister
You were battered, hounded, haggled;
Strong as flint you stood your ground
As a parent chastising your child
Resistance against what was good
A necessary measure to save them,
In time resistance turned to respect ~

Sober, feminine, stately in fashion
Quiet reserve of solid fortitude
You always brought back in line
Those gone greatly astray.
Baroness Prime Minister ~
Your gift of great leadership
Of England was not in vain,
For you saved your country
Though they knew not at the time.
This your legacy will be remembered.
(*Tribute to "The Iron Lady"*)

BRUTALITY

Such a vicious cycle it is
What we seem to do to each other
Vice grown into a lifestyle that
Devours those and each other ~
Crimes committed against others
In the patterns of deprivation
Character, mind and soul consumed
Less than human they become ~

Drug dealers deep in bondage
Slaves to their addictions
Making slaves all the more
Deepening the culture of death ~
Endless is the misery of man

Who has no hope in Jehovah
How they need the light to shine
To deliver hope to those hurting ~
A beautiful talented woman
Caught up into this tragedy
Brutality claimed her as its victim
Tearful reminder of lives effected.
(Dedicated to Rise)

WAREHOUSE

Everyone has a story to tell
Some theirs is so devastating
They are held into it, stuck
Unable to move past the experiences ~
They live within their minds
The locked safeguard of sanity
To go over the truth they know
With hope one day of being free ~
Modern man wants to integrate
Computer technology into the mind
Becoming a human warehouse
Of managed compliance and thinking ~
Then the story is no longer yours
Mind control achieved at great lengths;

All the more fight of endurance,
To maintain and hold your crown.
(Revelation 2:10/3:12; Hebrews 2:10)

HIS VOICE

Without warning it happens
One day you are taken from here
No longer in the land of living
No warning, no premonition
Suddenly your life is no longer,
Gone from this world to waiting
For the resurrection of the dead ~
Life with all its trials and turmoil
Will be over with soon enough
Not able to come back and finish
What is left unfinished, unsaid
Or what was never done when able,
Just a long sleep waiting for time
To give up its members in sequence ~
Like the snap of the fingers
Gone, leaving an emptiness
That you once did live and fill,
No one can know your final thoughts
Your unsaid wishes and dreams
Never to communicate again
With loved ones and family ~
There are no guarantees
Of living again tomorrow
Today is the day of salvation

Ready for the asking and taking.
Do not put off today what is yours
To receive, embrace and live,

Once gone you cannot come back
To ask for what you turned away.
(2 Corinthians 6:2/Hebrews 3:15)

WAITING

Soft quiet pulse in your ears
The blood vessels working
Little background noises amplified
Hearing the earth come awake
Movement of rock and lava
Deep within the earth's womb
Cradled atop the grassy knoll
Sheltered by the elements that claim
Hushed and silenced within one's reasoning ~
Motion of life that does consume
Surrounds us a ways off yet
Slow motion stopped on the TV.
Connected, to the Creator now
Feeling there is no time span
In this wonderful moment of reality
All matter does overlap one another
Molecules passing through us constantly
That is stopped in my waiting,
Turning towards the Son.

GAMBLE

The gambler tosses out the marble
To roll across the moving wheel
Hoping it lands on his number
For which he prays, he can feel,
Concentration on winning is all
That matters to him in his mind
Never a thought of losing
Hanging with more of his kind ~
Life we move in various circles
We draw off each others strengths
Some will connive with great determination
To go to such various lengths,
Never a moment of consideration
What if or just suppose
Things were to turn out differently
Then the plans we have chose ~
Many people risk their lives
Willing to throw everything away
For just another chance
Gambling their inheritance to play,
Yet never thinking about things
Those upon the spiritual kind
Where the soul weighs in the balance
Looking for salvation to find~
Are you willing to pass the opportunity
The Master's Love to embrace and keep?
Or shall you throw it all away
Dwelling where the others do weep?

BECOMING STRONGER

In front of me the picture window
Frames the two trees together
Their branches reach outward
Intertwined one tree to the other
They have become mingled, one ~
Some people touch our lives
Intertwined and far reaching
The lines blur between us
Proximity making you dependent,
That removal would be fatal ~
The wind blows through those trees
Each limb, branch and leaf
Swaying in perfect harmony
Once foliage becomes blossomed
The symphony of life explodes ~
Creator planted them side by side
Knowing they would need each other
To compliment and contribute
The nutrients much needed
To sustain for growth and endurance ~
I saw my life in front of me
Knowing one day a tree must die
Leaving the other by itself
Yet having grown in the others shadow,
Becoming stronger for it.

LIBERATION

"The human heart is wicked
Above all of one's imagination"

~ Jeremiah 17:9 ~

Christians draw strength of Christ
To stand up for the truth
To be a mouthpiece for humanity,
It cost many their lives so doing ~
We are raised with some semblance
To do what is moral, right
Then the shift takes place;
Evil men are in leadership
Changing the landscape forever
Changelings, puppets to those
Who placed and empowered them ~
Always we repeat our sins
Magnifying them unto the children
Generations removed from righteousness,
We eagerly embraced technology's edge
Knowledge void of wisdom
Empty of moral consciousness ~
Those who walk through it
Bear peace within their soul
For Christ's love embraces them
As they enter into their rest ~
Soon we shall do the same
Let us bear the pain without shame,
Trusting our lives in his hands.

(Matthew 10:39; "He that findeth his life

Shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for
My sake shall find it.”)

EXAMPLE

Thinking back upon my childhood
I remember one late summer day
In the cool of the evening
Sitting upon stacked fence posts
Blowing a full seed dandelion,
My mother calling me inside to bed ~
I thought looking up at the cooling sky
With the moon in full view
Long before satellites or cell phones
When life was a dirt road
Or only a two lane street,
What would the future hold for me ~
How I long for those earlier days
The innocence and simplicity
Of my mother's prayers by my bed
Her cooking, smells filling the house
Working in the garden for supper
And gathering bouquet of flowers ~
Just the single party line for the phone
The whole neighborhood used it,
The clothes my mother made and sewed
For each one of us eight kids,
The six burner gas stove and oven
Made many a meal with love ~
I see where my life has taken me;

Far from the love that surrounded me
To those who need what I learned
In kind to share what I had been given
In kindness sharing the warmth and love,
The hugs from the human heart.

LONGING

Like the foam upon the wave
Dissipate tossed within reach then gone
It is the traveler's story
Transient, faded is their song ~
The words flow long after
The departed is out of reach
We neglect those we care for
Let our loved ones cherish and keep.

EXASPERATION

Unfurled, pent up emotion
Spilling over boundaries removed
Uncontained energy of regrets ~
To be coddled and silenced only rouses
The fuel to set ablaze once again
For the insolence of being ignored ~
As a child; silence, hush, stilled
So others can be free again,
No contention with unpleasanties ~
Bottled up and feeling cornered

This is the state of exasperation
With no voice of expression ~
Many die a quiet death they say
Others die a thousand times over,
With each feeling that dies.

THE SIXTH REICH

The world encapsulated with sorrow
Yet the music is still played
Drowning out the voice of reason,
Conditioned to march forward contently
Indifferent to cries of help ~
The conductor moves his wand
In union the players carry the melody
Of false assurance all men to hear,
Enraptured in the song of defiance
The imposter king rides on its waves ~
Together a kingdom, build and rise
Change the meaning of words
Redirection of one's beliefs
Embracing the new man wholly
Upon its new found world leader.
(Revelation 13:4-8, 15-18)

CONFIDENCE

After disaster many declare to rebuild
Boosting their strength among themselves
Greatly displayed is human credit

For a strength to sustain not theirs.
In arrogance, they rebuild superseding
Bigger than what has been decimated.
Proud to conquer against the elements
As if those should bow to their commands ~
There is such a thing as community
Which heals the tear and mends
Binding up the wounds softly
With gratitude the ability to recover
Under the direction and providence
Of a loving and merciful Elohim.
Too often we blame him for everything
When we leave a crack in our armor ~
Disobedience to Jehovah's Word
Gives ground for the enemy to destroy.
Many who survive and put behind them
The grueling experiences do refrain
From the wisdom of the Word ~
"In quietness and in confidence
Shall be your strength" saith Jehovah
And ye would not – Isaiah 30:15.
"It is better to trust in Jehovah
Than to put confidence in man"
(Psalm 118:8, Psalm 18:32, and Psalm 27:1)

ALEX JONES

Info wars sent our way
Bombarded emails each day
Of nonsense to come against

The government, powers that be
Fighting against an invisible army ~
Stir up the people, rob their joy
Give them a purpose, this is the ploy
Make bodies of jurisdiction the enemy
Have them fight each other not knowing
The spiritual entities are growing ~
Whip them to a frenzy with hype
Quiet operative plant, being the type
While walking to the bank whistling
For you work for the "bankers" all along
Three digit identity is where you belong ~
It is the gullible you do recruit
Those who can think you give the boot
For you compile a list then turn it in
For the FEMA camps to which they'll be sent
And none of which a Red Cross tent ~
Swoon to the masses, make them sleep
For the wolves are coming to keep
The weaklings not rooted in the Word
Who cannot see the hireling's double face
They soon perish without a trace ~
It is not flesh or blood we war
We have been told this long before
It is the principalities of the air
The dethroned one from heaven above
Furious to kill the Father's Love.

ELIJAH

Elijah did at one time refrain
From life he did want to turn away
To throw in the towel, overcome
The load heavy, the journey long ~
He fell asleep at the brook
Where a raven brought him manna
Twice he was fed and nourished
To complete his trek, his journey ~
He came into a cave alone
Where Jehovah displayed his strength
Yet communicating in a still small voice
That Elijah's spirit could receive ~
We all have our moments my friend
When we would like our lives to end
For the burdens are too great
With the tasks completed and done ~
We question what is there left
But to contend with wickedness
That antagonizes us daily, abounds
Vexing our spirits, soul and mind ~
We wish to be in the Lord's presence
His love and peace to secure,
It is so easy to want to give up
Before our time is done here ~
Elijah did at one time refrain
From life he did want to turn away

To throw in the towel, overcome
The load heavy, the journey long ~
Yet he did not,
He did not.

MUSE

Porous, collective gathering
Of fragments upon the air
Touched upon by chance ~
Collective thoughts and feelings
Expressed and nurtured of many
Skilled artfully as their display ~
Fillers can clog the filter
Of individual being and management
While some drown out in contentment.

COMPLETE

Scripture instructs us to teach
Our children in the way to go,
Saying they will not depart from it.
Maturity, restlessness, building a life
Each of us branches out to change
Often leaving behind the instruction
Given to us when children.
It is in the stream of one's life
The presence of mind is there
To reach backwards and grasp
The wisdom you one time knew.

God does watch over his children
His Word returns to him not void
For it moves the hearts of men
To the source of life, it's Creator,
The circle is then complete.

MERCHANDIZERS

Smooth talkers of confusion
Each rationalizing their beliefs
Taught from human perspective
1 Corinthians 14:33 ~
Eyes taken off Jesus Christ
Put upon "teachers" of men
Who twist, change, and rob the Word
Revelation 22:18-19 ~
Webs made of great deceit
Not taking line upon line
Nor precept upon precept
Isaiah 28:13 ~
How subtle, slick, slippery
A religious spirit can become
Even to those who "know" the truth
Isaiah 29:13 ~
We must continuously study the Word
For it protects and guards the heart
Giving discernment of error vs. truth
2 Timothy 2:15 ~
Walking in fear and trembling
Live the Word and do not go

Beyond what is written of God
Philippians 2:12 ~
For God is not the author of confusion
He draws us to himself
As children in simplicity with trust
Luke 18:15-17.

HAPPENSTANCE

Cover the borders and edges
Expand the conflict to all
Make everyone a participant
Excuse to broadening the vision
The scheme of world globalization
Using the voice of peace keeping
To inflict war and terror on others ~
"Oh, it was just happenstance,
We did not mean to involve you"
Yet the indifference is spread wide
Thick and dull are the souls of men
Who ride the beast and world power
Creating havoc and doubletalk
Gaining more ground through unity ~
We are rising up a new generation
Without fear or love of others
Indifferent to all values and loyalties
They live up to the grand motto:
"It is the sacrifice of the few
For the betterment of the good
For the rest of all mankind" ~

Saints wear on their knees
The badge of honor and glory
Fighting in the heavens
Counting all lost for the cost
Of the pearl of great sacrifice:
This Kingdom has no happenstance
For fixed before time is the end.

EXPLAINING

Many have lost how to communicate
For what they are obsessed with
Is their conversation with one other,
Mostly it is about themselves
Cares, worries, projected onto another
Asking for sole attention of them
And their perceived pain, difficulty.

Many have lost their vision
For what they are seeing is but
Their own thoughts conjured up
Not guidance of the Great I Am,
Many are too busy to really listen
What they say is not communication
Just rants and raves of selfishness ~
Many have lost their voice of speech
For it is a monologue not dialogue
People are expected to tolerate and listen
Out of boredom, obligation, and fear

To offend the one who later might happen
To help them in their own selfish needs,
And people call this talking with another.
Yet they carry their devices of contact
To be reached at and talk upon
The importance of staying in touch
Seems to them so vital,
They are afraid that money might
Slip through their fingers if they
Don't have a phone to their ear. ~
Yet there is one who watches, listens
And notes how we do treat one another
Our selfishness keeps only those close
Who can contribute and benefit us
In some way that we seek, desire.
He sees that often we are not honest
With others, much less with Him ~
A book of remembrance is written
Every word, thought and deed
Is recorded thereupon for later
When the books are open and read,
We then will have all the attention
Of our benevolent Father we have ignored
Explaining wasted time and actions,
For as we treated others we have treated Him.
(Malachi 3:16; Isaiah 65:6;
Revelation 20:11-13;
Matthew 5:43-48; 12:34-37)

ALIVE

More than ever I do not want to forget
Your person, who you were to me
I don't want time to erase the memories
That I held so close and dear.
Moving forward has a way to push
In the distance what once was near,
I don't want to lose who I am
Or who you helped make me to be ~
Time does heal all things yet with it
Much is removed and replaced
I don't want to ever diminish
Who you were to me or are,
Even though you are beyond the stars
And have returned unto the Father
So it is, ever working to live
While keeping the memories alive.

RETURN OF LIGHT

In the beginning the World was light
Fullness of love and sensibility:
Rebellion has rotten the earth's core
Making the soil weep, decay
All life dying in the process ~
Cold, damp and rainy is the air
Which brings smell of pungent foliage
Plumage that streaks, spires and falls,

Downward into the clay where it came
Returning to the earth once more ~
Clouds darken and cover the throne
The city of light and wisdom
From the eyes of all mankind
For it is deep outer space which
Sweeps down, touches the atmosphere ~
Ascending, descending the ladder of angels
Which fight to keep the balance of order
For light does struggle to remain
With mankind in his realm;
It was rejected then shrunk back ~
We all will lay back into the ground
Depositing our chemistry to dust
Giving way to his holy mountain
Where the souls of men are kept
Awaiting the return of Light.

LAMENT

To Hell in a hand basket
My beloved country has gone
Forgotten its spiritual foundation
When God had blessed, made strong ~
Now they have abandoned Him
So His judgment is lavished out
Pressed like grapes in a wine vat
Water taken up in a spout ~
Each day my country sinks lower
Just when I think it cannot

Our minds darken to blindness
For our Divine Providence we forgot ~
I cry, I grieve, I weep
To see man hate man so
Yet the bar keeps dropping
Not guessing the end how low ~

To Hell in a hand basket
My beloved country has gone
The other shoe shall soon drop
...It won't be that long.

THREE SPIRITS

"Covetousness, Jealousy, Dislike"
These three rear their ugly head
For they have shown themselves
Through spirits; weighed, wanting ~
Upset of one others free spirit
That has been God given
Breathed by the Holy Spirit
To live life as its difficulties come ~
Thinking I was favored over the others
When my connection was on a level
Of understanding of the heart
That the others could not grasp ~
I saw not outwardly but inwardly
And I still see the anemic within
Some to such great detriment
Grievously it leaves me shaken ~

A prophet is not loved in its own home
Nor understood in its own family
But in the eyes of God he is
For the more the grace which is given ~
Father, Son and Holy Spirit
These Three now rule on high
Bringing victory over much jealousy
Calling the prophet now home.

THE SHROUD

When I die and am laid out
Before I am yet buried
Will I hear whispers of people
Asking of the will and money?
Will loving hands lay me to rest
With tears splashed upon my garment
Perfumed with love of the heart?
Or will I hear cackles of laughter
And riotous partying of indifference
To those who are grieving?
Will it be a rush to be done with it
So as to get on with one's life
Totally bury the dead from memory?
Will everyone eagerly gather hoping
To hear of what they will inherit
So that they can go their way to spend?
Or did they not inherit it already?
Do they not realize their wealth
That they were given while I was alive,

Had taken the time to show by example?
Will I see even one remember my love
That I gave with no monetary value?
What I valued and cared about greatly?
Will one carry on my legacy living
Who I was, what I believed?
Whose tears do I wear on my shroud?
Are you my living memory now?

STONE DOES SINK

In the eyes of men you are established
Accomplished, arrived, barns are full
Not wanting for anything and satisfied
Yet you are homeless and fatherless
For the Father does not know you
Your life does not reflect the Creator
Who made you in his image and likeness ~
You roam the earth as a vapor
Waterless without rain or moisture
You cannot give life to self or others
Yet you look as you got it all together
Yet the heavenly Father knows different
Your heart is stone and cold
For it loves nothing but its own self ~
Sweet words pour from your lips
Beautiful gestures and actions performed
To put you in good standing in community
The church even is dazzled with your witchcraft
You cannot fool the Maker though

For he knows your heart and all in it,
Stone does sink never to resurface again.
(Spirit of Jezebel)

IF I FELT...

If I felt that you were listening
Then there would be no need to write
For you would hear my words spoken -
If I felt that you did understand
Then there would be no need to elaborate
For you would be of the same spirit -
You would not need to digest of another
Book of learning or wisdom for the one
That you profess to own and understand
You would be living and quoting from -
If I felt that we no longer needed to talk
Because our hearts were filled with love
And we could spill forth its fruits therein
Then the pages of this book would be empty -
But for now we are but mortal men
And we struggle to communicate with another
Much less formulate our own thoughts
On paper as they take form and shape
Linking us to the center of mind and heart.

BAILIFF

Court appointed escort
To your awaited sentencing

Over watching against fleeing
Middleman of inter guardianship
Quietly stanchd yet unarmed
A gentle reminder of authority
For another shall continue the escort
Once verdict has been reached ~
Constant reminder of greater things
For all things reflect the spirit realm
Physical life is but an illusion
It is a beginning not an end to build
Based on ones acceptance of spiritual life
The handling of the holy and sacred
Our final arraignment Bailiff will escort us
White Throne Judgment we all will attend.

ADDITIVES

Oh some would want you to add
Saying what you have is not enough
Your trust, simplistic faith not real
You must add your works to it too
There are sacraments one must fulfill
There are rules one must adhere to
Or outward deeds to perform and keep
To show you are a holy person indeed ~
Many feel that it is too simple
One cannot put their trust in that
A sure word, pure and true
For it needs to be backed up
With one's lifetime of intentions

Well meaning souls give you additives
To apply to the Grace of God
Polluting the salvation of your soul
Saying Jesus' sacrifice wasn't good enough ~
Many will put you back under the yoke
Saying it is the Law that saves
Or keeping the Feast Days or new moons
Or what you eat, or drink or DO for God
Rather than accepting and believing
Trusting in what has been done alone.
Don't let men rob you of your salvation
By saying you need additives in your life
Perverting the Word of God
Making him a liar and robbing you
Of the salvation of your soul.
(Ephesians 4:30 Grieving The Holy Spirit)

WRONG AND RIGHT SPIRIT

How easy it is to get caught up
Into a wrongful spirit regardless
Of the cause or defending of rights
How easy it is to be swayed, distracted
From the Rock which we should be anchored,
We can find ourselves speaking against others
Against governments, dignitaries, embassies
That is a wrong spirit my friend
And it brings much death not life ~
Barabbas was of such a spirit
He wanted to lead people to revolt

To force change, to bring about justice
At the hands of manipulating circumstances,
At the price of speaking evil of his own country;
And many believers do fall into this trap
For they feel they must defend what is theirs
When in fact it is not theirs to start with,
Our hearts should not be tied to this world ~
A right spirit is to be so consumed with God
And the Word of God that He alone
Is all that we care for, live for
For we know nothing here will last
It will not endure, it will pass away
And everything we touch, see, hold
Shall one day pass away from us
And our very spirit shall return to our Maker
Which is a Right Spirit, for which we strive for.

SUFFERING

One's suffering to another is variance
Of degrees of temperament needed
For often does one sweat the poison
Out of one's body the toxins to cure
Before the healing can much begin ~
We look at people wondering greatly
What they did to deserve such
With great pity and bewilderment
As they writhe in pain and misery
Watching their suffering before us ~
Often we do not make the connection

That we all must go through similarities
For our humanity requires it of us
Living in this organic world brings change
Which we have no control over ~
We only can surrender our will to God
To give us His strength to endure in times
Of much pain and sorrow as life brings
That we can remain loyal to Him in the testing
Becoming complete and full in the end.

REFLECTIONS

Decades do span before me
As I gaze into the reflecting glass
I see a woman in silver whose
Life is gone now, lived half past ~
Things I once was impassioned about
Set all aflame with emotion
I have set aside and dropped interest
My life has changed direction ~
Shoes have worn out, many a pair
In the haggard paths I traveled
Now I sit calmly looking outside
From within comfortable, complacent ~
It seemed just yesterday life was astir
With constant buzz of motion
Life full speed ahead with excitement
Grinning with false promise ~
How the time has gone by

I cannot honestly say how so
Where I went, how I did
But this one thing I do know ~
That I still have a glimmer of life
Left within me to go towards the finish line
Before others shall come forward
Valor, honor, remembrance to be mine.

IS YOUR CAUSE...

A speck of dust in time
That is all that we are
Until we are called home
Even then we realize the truth
That we truly are no one
Outside the Creator who made us ~
Memory is selective, faded
What I choose to remember
Yet it is recorded for and against
To bring me to accountability
To proclaim dominion of another
That my entire world has been vanity ~
Quietly I have ceased to labor
Idle I watch others work around me
No remorse or feeling have I left
Drained from all the years spent
Working for the wrong things
Now I silently pray and believe ~
Meekness at a great price
Subdued and broken I motion

To others about to travel off
Know for whom you live;
Is your cause and purpose noble?
Does it stand for all time?

INVISIBLE PEOPLE

Selective souls used on a journey
Commissioned by Occultic Agencies
To perform acts of terror on Christians
Destroying the strength of the family ~
Body of Christ, rise from your slumber
Know who your enemies really are
For persons in black magic do dabble
Hiding behind many organizations to do so ~
Diviners, channellers, spiritualists, mediums
Often building bridges with extra terrestrials
Already having crossed over the river
Changelings ruling the globe of men ~
Shadows without form and those human
Transfer into spiritual animistic entities
Only by the Blood of Jesus Christ
Can you shield and protect against them ~
"My people perish for a lack of knowledge"
For they choose not to know the Bible
They choose not to live and quote the Word
That would defeat these invisible souls ~
Only God can remove another human soul
For we cannot manipulate them

It is by His strength and protection
That we are delivered and live.
(Ephesians 6 / Spiritual Warfare – It Is Real!)

CALLS ME HOME

Thou shalt not, thou will not
Thou cannot, not...
I will not, I see not, I think not...
And I do not those things
Which are against the Lord
For He directs my path
He makes a light unto my path
He anoints my head with oil...
I must cling unto, think upon,
Dwell upon, lay my desire upon
The Master of all, the Lord Jesus...
He sustains me, gives life to me
Makes a way where there is none
He protects me from my enemies,
He confuses them in derision
And shows a way of safety unto me.
My life is full, it is full, overflowing
With newness, fullness of life
For before life did consume me,
Yet the Lord restored what
The locust had consumed,
He made me whole again.
And now I stand upon the Rock
Solid, unmoveable, direct

I shall endure in Christ
Until the end of time
For when He calls me home.

LETTING GO

Letting go...
Of all that you held dear
What you thought upon or pondered
Letting go...
Of all that bound you to the world
To others, to worldly things
Letting go...
Walking away from wrong spirits
Wrong teachings and voices
Letting go...
Learning to yield and but trust
In Jesus Christ and him alone
Letting go...
Resting in His strength
Learning and growing in His Word
Letting go...
Mostly of your own identity
Losing yourself and becoming Him
Letting go...
The vines that choke will die
Lose their hold on your soul and fall
Letting go...
When Jesus is your everything, then

And only then you begin to live.
Are you strong enough I ask you,
To let go?

VOYAGE OF A STAR CHILD
STAR CHILD – POETRY BY
PAMELA JEAN D'CADORETTE

Closest galaxies to our own lie
Are Adronmeda and Lystra
Home of the race of invasion lizoids –
This is the tale of a Voyager
One who had touched the stars
While navigating the Galaxy –
The path of white light
Is the path of least resistance
It is the least gravitational pull
Of planets and celestial bodies.
Space is like an ocean or
Body of water, circular fashion
Of pools, eddies, streams
And water tides.

White light is the navigational buoy
That one follows to get through
The gravity pull avoiding being crushed.
The celestial is a canopy of stars
A chandelier of light eons.
Traveling beyond the speed of light
No direction, all light,
In the Void one travels by faith.

Many were captured and compromised
They became beheaded and destroyed.

Facing my dilemma I cried out
"St. Gabriel, help me!"

He lifted me inside the Gate
In front of the Creator –
Standing amidst billowing clouds
God's voice spoke, "NO ONE IS HERE"
Throwing down my pride I knew
I was NO ONE.

The angels gathered, returned.
The Holy Spirit, a Titan of a Man
In Hunter Green flung the galaxy
As star dust before me
He pointed saying, "THERE"-
I was returned to the point of origin;
I have been humbled
Nothing can man do to me
For I am half spiritual –
A decade of spiritual warfare
I am a star child, the lone Voyager
I have touched the stars...
(And GOD created ALL things)

REBIRTH

Upon returning all was the same
A bright sunny autumn day
With clouds billowing in blue skies

Reminding me of the Creator
That I have already seen –
The new covenant given to me
Is “I am with you when you
See billowing white clouds
In the blue sky, all is well” –
Gold leaves hung upon the trees
Upon re-entrance to my place of origin
Everything was held in stasis
I resumed my memory of life as I left it
Time traveler’s life puzzle put together again.
Gladly I left behind my feathered cap
No more to dawn my head ever again;
I am home, I am a Terra Fir ma.
Highway of wiring now gone
Broken mental images erased
Solace and peace, harmony abounds.
How free it is to firmly plant my foot
Upon the soil of this beautiful planet,
A gift mankind takes for granted
But rather one I do cherish.
With my Mission having been completed
Now I am in God’s Victorious Army.
(We fight not against flesh and blood)

THE TWILIGHT WINDOWS OF MY SOUL

Continually camouflaged by my freckles
And emitting a soft glow as a soft light

From afar, gleam the twilight
Windows of my soul ~
The future beckons me; while the past
Barrages me with lithe tendrils of loves,
Victories, births, deaths,
And immortality ~
Life itself, with all its vibrant heartbeat,
Garners the tribute of a smile.
(END OF MINI BOOK BY P.J.D'C)

UNTOUCHABLES

They are among us everywhere
Not easily spotted or noticed
Yet they do exist and thrive
One thousand years is their rule
An age of enlightenment
To bring forth to all mankind ~

Four elements do sweep the globe
Arch within an arch they encircle
Council of knights, grand knights
Immortality they seek through conquer
The rights of men in opposition,
Soon they shall rise up again ~
Renamed, repackaged, redressed
The same old vision renewed
Man wants a savior to lead him

Into a new world of vision
Points of light that illuminate
The crown that pierces the halo ~
Followers or fighters men do become
Choice to choose is soon upon us
For the powers are built to explode

Self imploding or volatile honor
Cannon fodder to the four pointed star
The seventh column is already here.
(And so it is... And so it is...)

HE IS KNOCKING AT THE DOOR

He is at the door knocking
We are that close at hand
To his return upon us
Come, let us stand ~
For it is not a given
That we shall all make it there
For many shall fall away
Giving up of their share ~
Thinking this life plentiful
Falling in love with it now
Not thinking of eternity
And losing it all somehow ~
It is said many on that day
Will come before his throne
And lament greatly out loud
With tears spilling upon the stone ~

Did we not do many things?
In your name for the kingdom
And he will turn them away
Forbid them to him to come ~
For they will be found wanting
For the things they said and did

Although their words spoke of him
Their hearts greatly slid ~
He is at the door knocking
We are that close at hand
To his return upon us
Come, let us stand.

VOICE

With the passing of time I find
That we grow, change and move on
What held us then lets us go
No longer are we bound we are free
At last, free to be our own person
We then have a voice.
Yet that voice is like a reed
Blowing in the wind alone
For no one to hear them
When silenced from the crowd,
Once removed you are out of range
And your truth becomes stifled.

We all do have a voice
If we do not speak it we write it
Latent it may lay for ages
Only for the right timing to be read
By those who need to but hear
What the voice had once said.
Do not become discouraged if life
Has silenced you from speaking
For your example is louder than words,

These written are but a record
Giving credibility to who you were
As a person, showing the truth you lived.

KNELL

Memory of a rebel:
You did spread much poison
Smoke screens of such fellow poets
To do your bidding and destruction ~
Talent perverted and wasted,
Written and coded for what?
Used to destroy the lives of many
The bell, the toll you did ring ~
In innocence many heard you
Words of hope and longing written
To hungry hearts and minds
Devoured with trusting blindness ~
What shall we write as epitaph?

Here lies a traitor of sorts?
Divided meanings and visions,
With longitudes and latitudes? ~
Division of my heart you rest
For I once did love and trust you
And now I do not know you
For your place is no more.

RELUCTANT SPY(BY PAMELA JEAN / P.J.)

The sweat upon my brow
Does drip of many colors,
Myriad of blending emblazes
Across my face ~
Slave to one, teacher to another
Neutrality beckons me forth
In as much as I want my needs
The colors do mingle and blend ~
Reaching out with tenuous hand
I have found no satisfaction
Many do pull in various directions,
To myself I remain true ~
Servitude, enslaved against my will
I have paid in full my dues
Now I rest in peace, civilized
A soldier I am no more.

FLIGHTLESS (AMBER A.K.A. OMEGA)

Fallen is the atrium of my estate
There I lie in ruins amidst rubble
My wings badly broken without flight ~
Winds blew through the solar system
Knocking me off course in the heavens
Spiral I was free falling to the earth ~
Shattered was the inclinometer of my craft
Sparstone was my cap, vision granted
Filled with alkaloid elixir upon crash ~

Planimetry force shields ungrounded
Cover the terrestrial ball and globe
Dress shield shift your proximity secure ~
Clouds blowing warm fallout dust
Upon the earth unsuspecting
Herein lies the angel in dire repair ~
I have tasted the life of mere mortals
Vices and allurements that did inveigle
Now I ponder reclaiming purity of the soul.

THE HEAVENS

You are my comrade in arms
A soul mate in spirit and in truth
You have restored me to the beginning
Giving meaning to the questions I had ~
It is not a coincidence our lives entwined
Placed together by extraordinary circumstances

Two warriors, time travelers who ran due course
Now mapping flight to the galaxies ~
Emerald green does span the Throne
Holiness of Time Eternal, of Life,
Once you were guardian of the gates
And I was a warrior of the heavens ~
Ancient souls in human flesh
Shells that one day will give out,
Free at last the spirit shall fly, reciprocate
To the heavens from where we came ~
Eyes, windows of the soul that penetrate

Radiating light and love from within
Filling the void of barren emptiness,
Centered four square, we emit love eternal.

FAREWELL

Landed upon the waters swift
My ship does glide along
I see flanks upon the right
And flanks upon the left
And I do ride the middle ~
Sad to see directions pointed
Out of balance against each other
Destruction of the creation pure
Mortal's insatiable lust driven for power
Feeling ownership is the answer ~

Peace comes from within oneself
The Spirit fills and directs the soul
Helping to cross battlefields
Which mankind was not meant to fight;
Surrender your weapons and live ~
Sadden at the constant repetition
History does repeat itself
The angel does turn to leave
Glancing downward and over
The map of world destruction
They fly back unto the celestial.

INTERCEPT

Madness has come full swing
Let us nuclear missiles bring
To the forefront other countries blow
Obliteration, destruction to bestow ~
Catalyst I say Catalyst is my name
Commands I give, it is my fame
To STOP the strife, the blade the knife
To hopefully delay and end the strife ~
I am invisible to most who see
That is okay it's meant to be
My objection is to get it right
No second chances past flight ~

Strike the sky, light it up
Lucy brings forth from the sky
False manifestations to draw away
Worship the beast, from God awry ~
You shall never know when
I will be around you next
Catalyst I say is my name
Commands I give, it is my fame.

CROSS OVER

I find myself in the spirit more
Than in the physical lately,
For the spirit gives way to light and life,
It is in this mode of energy that

I feel the likeness to cross over
And you too my friend can join me ~
Christ is spirit and truth and so are we
For we abide within him
Through Him we have our being
And we are lifted up higher
Above the weights of this world
The lethargy and lead of deadness ~
I am more spirit than physical
And so this life has lost its luster
I am drawn more to the light
And wanting to join back to it

For it is from it that I came
And to it I shall return ~
One day I shall wake up
And cross over from this earth
I will leave this darkness for light,
Glitter of stardust and gold
Shall sparkle in all I touch
For the light shall be within me.

PRIDE

It was beginning to get the better of me
I was starting to fall and didn't know it
That is how it works, very subtle ~

We think that we are greater than we are
Taking credit for our talents which are not
Our due or our say, rather we are conduits ~

We can forget that we are created
And always must answer to God on the throne
Some catch themselves in time before a fall ~
It is hard to rise up after a fall from such heights
For then you know who you have become
From what you once were and are ashamed ~
You must learn humility, and become no one
For all the feats and greatness you perform
For it is nothing in the sum of it all ~
A rebuke from a friend is a gift from God

To help correct and rebuff you now
Before the destruction of your soul ~
God chastises those he loves
He uses others sometimes to do it,
Accept it in love and humility.
(Lovingly thank you PJ / Warrior)

CLARITY

People posing as ministers
Hiding behind the bible for mammon
The world is full of them,
Deceitfulness they propagate
Degrading the name of Christ further
Love has truly grown cold.
Many arrows have pierced my heart
Finding people now what they professed
Robbing me of my wealth and talents,
I am a weary Warrior who has to ever so

Remind myself it will not be easy
Nor remain such as we near the end ~
It is in trusting in the Lord my God
With all my heart and not leaning
Unto my own understanding,
In all my ways acknowledging him
That He will direct my paths.
This world is a testing of hearts

Purifying the souls of men
To see the weight there in,
If it is weighed and not found wanting
If the reward does match the labor
Which was given in love and obedience.

MEMORY

Gently you bring to my mind
Recessed memories buried and forgotten
Direction from the past mentored in,
I think back upon your constant example
Not free to speak openly what you knew
You showed it rather in your actions.
Now year's later seeking guidance, direction
I find your knowledge leading me forward
In directions that I know not of,
Hidden treasures I uncover, discover
They give me understanding to riddles
Which had puzzled me for years.
With age I discover who I am

By learning who you were
And the two of us seem to merge,
I find myself following your footsteps
As I walk in loving faith
Believing the way you shown as true.

ODYSSEY

A thousand lives I have lived
In the journey I have taken
Away from my family and friends
They cannot help me now
For I am all alone ~
I suffered pain, great emotionally
Crippling which you cannot know,
Reach backwards into time yet
My hand is not allowed to grab
Your arm which is outstretched ~
How is it that two souls can touch
Become so close then grow so distant?
What is it that takes away such love
Replacing it with distrust so deep?
Over and over again this is reality ~
There is no map for my soul to journey
Nor star to follow or lead
Rather the Spirit ever guides me,
Inward I am coaxed and pacified
As I burn another lifetime away ~
Experiences I have gained with you

Now I take my leave to go
For my odyssey has just begun,
This Angel takes her wings and flies -
For the death of a flower is freedom.

VICTIM SOUL NO MORE

How you do pleasure in torment
Upon innocents of others
Using your black magic to curse,
Stripped of your powers you strive
To regain your coven now gone
Not realizing it is for good ~
Your circle is broken and scattered
Empty and hollow is the words
That fall flat to the earth deadened,
Useless are all of your concerted attempts
No longer can you manipulate others
For their soul is not yours to tamper with ~
There is a power far greater than yourself
One which you shall have to bear witness
To reckon for all your vanity of fate,
Blinded you push forward doubling your vows
Deepening the grip that has you in bondage,
Someday you shall see it was Satan ~
I am not under your curse anymore
Don't try to cast your spells upon me
For your power to do so has been broken,
You are nobody, a broken bird
Black, your wings stripped flightless

Even the six pointed star you wear is cursed.
(2 Corinthians 6:14; Exodus 22:18;
Deuteronomy 18:10-12)

WAYWARD

Grace was given to my soul
The Father did breathe upon me
A tender heart I did not understand
Nor comprehend the wrestlings with it,
The world's weeds did choke out
The tender shoots of fruit that it did bear
And I did slide ever further apart
From the Father who did call me ~
Wayward did I go ever so
Bringing shame to the salvation I had
So lovingly accepted and embraced
I struggled to regain what I once had
And fought to reclaim purity of my soul,
Was all lost? Did the Father still love me?
Did I ruin my witness forever?
Would he forgive me? Another chance? ~
How we do not understand that
We are but human and sinful in nature
Our whole lives we shall fight our flesh
Purifying the spiritual man in Christ alone,
For it is him in us and not ourselves,
We must stop condemning and accept
His Grace to begin to live anew,
Then we shall stop being wayward.

RECKONING

The wind blows
Winter is coming our way
Stripping with it the leaves of autumn,
The start of the long night
Home bound the search of a soul
With the silence of their conscious whispering
Ever repeating of feats gone by ~
The long drawn out night
Ever dark without light or warmth
Only memories of spring to envision and relive,
Outside walking wrapping ones cloak tighter
Keeping the cold out and one warm
Inside looking out the cell of one's home ~
A prisoner of sorts until the elements change or pass,
God is on the throne and judgment has fallen
The vial has been emptied, dropped upon man
He blindly thinks things will be the same
Not knowing they will change forever.

ADVICE

How you told me in so many ways
Truth of life and the pitfalls it brings
I was naïve and not understanding ~
Hindsight is so clear and framed
And with it the cost is absorbent
With it's toll it has taken upon me ~

We must learn by mistakes and hardships
We cannot keep dodging bullets
For we would always be second guessing ~
You are gone now and all I have is memories
Words spoken that echo back again
Telling me over clearly what I now learned ~
Pressed beyond measure we lived
Surviving having gained new perspective
For the wonderful advice given.

HOLDS US IN HIS HAND

Footman in the race well worn
Almost to the end nearing
Now your body soon to give way
Cravings you thought long licked
Come to collect on your soul
Ever reminding you of your weakness ~
I only know I struggle in this form
Daily I walk hoping and praying
To be faithful and remain standing
In the day when Messiah returns
My flesh screams racked with pain
Asking with every molecule it thinks with ~
Many a strong person of diligence
Loyalty, honor, discipline has fallen
Under the power so subtle and elusive
How we underestimate the flesh we are
To take away all we have strove for
To erase all that we have become ~

Holding on in the midst of the storm
We are only called to stand, remain true
After the testing of our soul in fire
Sin is burned from our lives by pain
Tears seal our testament of sincerity
To the Creator who holds us in his hand.

FRAGMENTS

The closer I get to the end of my life
I see things in fragments
Splinters of light and dark collages
My hand lets loose things I once held
Meanings now loss to me
I find peace in nothingness ~
My life is nearing closure
I try to make sense of what I have
Not of what I accomplished
Rather it is more of learning to exist
With satisfaction where I have been
Accepting the journey now
Trusting in faith where I am going ~
Only people who truly lived life
Can understand seeing in fragments
For life is many faceted
It is not solid and streamlined
Rather glorious, multiple and full
Always giving with wisdom and knowledge,
Experience is the colors that I see.

COULD NOT HANDLE

I cannot promise I will not fail you
That I will not fail myself
For I am but a sinful person
My humanity often gets the better of me
Yet I believe and hope in grace and mercy
To loving lift me up, strengthen
And sustain me in my so often weakness ~
I get frustrated with my way of thinking
That I have life figured out to but have
Things pulled away out of my grasp
Being helpless and having to become pliant
In the hands of a master I trust in
One I say I do but cannot see
It ever tests my resolve to remain steadfast ~
I always find myself questioning what if
I did things differently or
Met others and my life in another way
Would it have the same qualities it has now,
Would I be the same person or a lesser one?
Am I carrying out my ancestor's ways
Unconsciously without knowing it
Following an unseen pattern set before me? ~
I have to lay all my thoughts aside
And accept that what I do today
I was meant to do and become
Because life is lived only one day
And one minute at a time

Anything more than that
I could not handle.

THE MANY

Given to us are the many
Who we enjoyed and loved
And then they are taken away,
I have lost multiple cherished ones
Never to be known ever again ~

Like the building of a chain
Link upon a link adds the length
Each is a different segment of strength
Which is added to the whole
Necessary for the completion of one ~
How often we do admire the beauty
Of the finished work that we see
Not realizing the painful process
In the making of the item deemed,
For all we see is the finished product ~
Often we tend to view others the same
As success without any pain or failures
Disregarding the reality of hardships
That life brings to all of us
In all its many forms and challenges ~
When I see falling leaves, they remind me
Of friends that no longer are
For God has removed them from my life,

They had become the building blocks
In the chain I wear around my heart ~
Their faces I shall always see.

HERITAGE

It is true how the Heavenly Father
Can forgive our sins yet we do
Bear the sins of our fathers
To the third and fourth generations ~
It is knowing what they are and
The brunt carrying the burden
That weighs heavy on a soul
Which can deteriorate one's mind ~
God can forgive us but we do
Reap what we have sown
We also reap what our father's
Have sown as well as our heritage ~
This is why we look not to the world
For riches are so easily snatched away
Taken and stolen from those they belong
And given to others who have no claim ~
True wealth is in our Savior
With the Blood which bought our salvation,
It is priceless beyond measure
Everlasting from time to eternity ~
We have no more burdens when
We are forgiven and see the rewards

Of following the Creator for his way
Is the right way, the only way to live.

GALAXY

Wisdom had decreed this so
To send mankind to the earth
For it is there the planet of insanity,
Man in his rebellion and free will
Perverse in his nature and reasoning
It has been defined as purgatory
In the spiritual realm of the whole galaxy ~
Earth is where people are born
To work out their testing of sanctification,
Rewards being Heaven, the fourth dimension
Or Nadir, the infernal bottomless pit
For the duration of timeless void;
Humanity comes to its last cycle of life
To mature in the spirit man,
For God will only have those loyal
With him in eternity forever ~
Creation is mentioned twice in Genesis,
We are not alone in the galaxy
There are other species that dwell among us
The seed of Cain that does battle
Against the sons of righteousness
Defiantly wanting dominion in the heavenly realm,
Ignoring the battle was already lost,
They continue to fight for endurance.
This is the testing of the souls of men,

Making it through the galaxy to their home
To return to the Creator who did make them.

RESTRAINED

Holy is the Lord that reigns
He changes us within, our desires
Our nature slowly becomes that of Christ
To where we are refined
Subdued and restrained are our passions
The flesh learns to submit to the Spirit
For where our true growth does come ~
Confined to the essence of holiness
Sensitive to the Spirit's groaning
We avoid grieving the Lord
Wanting more than anything to please
Him and him alone in our lives,
For he bought us with a great price
We honor him by living for him ~
Harnessed we become, locked in
For the mind of Christ does lead us
Ever showing what more needs to die
So that we can conform to his image,
The more I yield I do grow
And with that comes rebirth, renewal
Living in the freedom of his truth.

LAMED (P.J.)

Your eyes have seen more than mine
Aged of life times having lived
You are a teacher sent to show me
The wisdom of the heavens and stars,

How I so often asked for one to teach me
To understand the wisdom of the ages ~
Brought into my life I am grateful
For the Ancient of Days to show me
A fellow angel, soul mate alive
Together warriors in the heavenlies
Now agents of Terra fir ma,
Your foot prints are a tribute
To God who had preserved you ~
I sought for so long to be understood
By another of like mindedness,
Refreshing to have you teach me Lamed
For I was an angel alone, grounded
In this world of man's design,
You have liberated me within
Both helping greatly the other ~
Your heart is pure, forthright
It beats with divine purpose
Returned to help another in need,
For which I am so grateful.

I love you Lamed
For time and eternity-

~ Omega

FAMILY

We are born where God places us
Some their lives harder than others
We have no control over our siblings
Nor can we choose our upbringing,

Those who have not a good fit
Find friends that are in their lives
They carry the burdens and lighten the load
So that we can bond and become family ~

Everyone has a story of sorts
Some are legitimate and rightly so
They are conditioned to overcome
So that further in their lives
They can meet all challenges presented,
We are given the gift of camaraderie
Training us together in strength
That we are not alone ~

Family is a many blended thing
There are many definitions of it
We must learn to accept that all those
Who truly contribute to our well being
And help us and love us in this world,
They really are our family
For they are loyal and truthful
Without motives or retribution ~
It is friends, not just relatives in our lives
That are the people who really count
And make all the difference.

REBOUND

Things long past behind me
Boomerang back in new fashion
What once was is no more

People change wanting a place
Once again in your life,
Sometimes they are sincere
Other times it is just déjàvu
Rebound ~

The heart has to ask itself
Does it really want to experience
Going down this familiar road once more
Or is it truly parted ways for good,
We are not retreads, we are survivors
Meant to ever go forward
Many times not to look back
For life has now molded us ~
Wild ricochet ever bouncing
Trying to target us in a maze,
Find your ground and stand it
Never going backward or glancing
Focused is the vision of one
Avoiding traps and pitfalls set before you;
Raise high your sword of victory
Using it to slice obstacles away.
(For Lamed)

BEJEWELLED

Bedecked, bedazzled, bejeweled
Our emotions ever form us
We wear them as adornments

Describing our many complexities
Of the journey we have traveled ~
Gems differ and do sparkle
Glitter often blinds those around
Not seeing underneath what lies there,
Mirrors reflect only what people want to see
So it is with our jewels we wear ~
Fallen angels often wore such beauty
It deceived them to go astray
Blinding them to the weakness within
Mortals are no different in heart
For we all struggle with pride ~

Avoided are those plainly dressed
Often overlooked as unimportant
They are the quiet ones whose strength
Fight the silent battles that go unnoticed,
True strength wrapped in real beauty.

BECKONING

Ethereal, vapor locks of white cloud
Billow and surround me
Inviting me to step inside,
How I have given up
Many conquests and honors
Life has lost its luster to me ~
More I find myself ever longing
For the pure quiet peace that flows
With soft light of illumination,

Gently I reach in more each time
Going further into the beauty and presence
Of the spirit world of love ~
Detached from the things of this world
I find less pleasure in what once was
Longing more for that other place,
For it is there one is complete
Finality is true and lasting
Embracing Love at long last.

BEFORE YOUR EYES

What kind of a country have we become?
Doctors care more about money than people,
They force you to see them again
For something they should have done
Listened and completed the first time ~

Forcing once patients to become abandoned
To their own resources of relief
Medicine is regulated, monitored,
People in need ignored as criminals,
The innocent suffer, the drug dealers flourish ~

Government works for the Pharmaceuticals
They care not for the patients
Rather let them die for lack of money
That they so desire to sponge from them,
What kind of a country have we become? ~

Doctors caught in the middle
Will find themselves out of a job
Pricing doctor visits and care out of reach
People will give up on medical assistance
And draw off of their own devices ~

We had a good health care system
That in the name of socialism is destroyed,
People are paying more and going without,
They cannot afford the care they pay for,
Watch the system unravel before your eyes.

UNSPOKEN

Mystery surgery done on me
I wake to find abdomen scars,

They removed my right ovary on me,
Sold to foreigners for pure breeding
Unbeknown to me accept that
I tire and weep fluids from my body ~

Unspoken are these things that
The government does know about,
How Caucasian women are violated
Drugged in their sleep and operated on,
With no recourse for these go undocumented
The government looks the other way ~
With nowhere to turn many victims
Whether packed in ice in a bath tub
With a kidney removed,

Or woken to a missing ovary
Body parts are being harvested on us
Without our consent or knowledge ~

Socialistic the government makes money
By allowing its citizenry to be subjects
Invaded and violated without consent,
The numbers do rise every day
Yet these voices do go unspoken.
(For all Victims of violence)

THOUGHTS

Many and scattered in my mind
Reflections of days gone by,

Having lived various decades
Witnessing the history being made
I ponder what the future holds ~

Uncertainty does grab me now and then
For I feel unsettled in this changing world,
It is not my friend but enemy
For it separates me from memory
That it chooses to erase and eradicate ~

The world is erasing and rewriting history
It does not like those who remember
Nor those who do not yield to change,
It wants to dictate and rearrange our thinking
Manipulating our thought process ~

I guard and nurture those thoughts I have
They are my garden of hope to draw from
When life becomes overwhelming,
When I am told I have no value anymore
My age and infirmities making me indispensable ~

Let us cherish and hold dear all thoughts
For they formed and made us who we are.

TENDER

I watch you sleep in my chair
Softly you breathe and stir

I see the burdens temporarily dissipate
As you slumber so soundly ~
Often I see beyond your age
A younger person who once was,
Life's hardships had chiseled your face
Etched the worries and weight of concern ~

I am glad to see you in such a state
Where you are in the dream realm
Hoping that the kiss of comfort
Love and joy would hug your soul ~

Tender and loving is your form
Which has lived too much
More than one should have endured,
I shadow you with my wings.
(Lamed Healing)

STRETCHED

I feel fragmented in my mind
Complex is the multifacets of my life
Layer upon layer of various differences,
Separate and compartmentalized experiences
Which frame my mind and being
Often I do find myself stretched ~
Directions are many to choose from
For they all are different and varied
Yet each is necessary to fulfill the other,

As stones on the beach are multiplied
So the training which I have learned
That I find I glean from ~

Complicated is the growth
Which varies at each and every level
It is necessary to know and remember,
Without such I could not make sense
Or connect the present life now
To fulfill my task at present ~

Many have pulled me in different directions
Each demanding semblance of order
Asking for things I must give,
Hexagons of prism lights
Brightness that does lift off
The inner depths of my soul.

SILENT OBSERVER

Crumble, it all topples down
From the top to the bottom complete
I sit, gaze and ponder what will
Become of the political feat ~
Division has ripped the country asunder
Nothing can stop the unraveling now
For all the treaties, deals and contesting
It is not when but the how ~

Dissolving what was all once solid
Other countries have all the strings
It is a matter of who pays the most
To the one who loudest sings ~
National anthem now means nothing
It is a pledge to such a debt
Uncertainty governs the land and people
One we can never forget ~

Never in my wildest dreams
Did I ever figure to see such destruction
From the eradication of employment
To the nullifying of all production ~
One day soon we will wake up
All silent observers we will be
When they take over our country
For the debt that holds us not free.

ABSTINENCE

There comes a time that one feels
It is time to lay their pen down,
The self decommission of writing
One knows their outer limit of influence
For there comes a time when others
No longer care to hear what
Is true or matters of the heart ~

Years have worn upon this tender heart
Of showering rose petals at marauders feet
To be tread upon in indifference,
Futuristic I see what is to come
Yet people no longer care to know
So I retire my pen of learning
For knowledge is no longer desired ~
I reflect upon the many shades
Those others have swayed to,
Loyalty and Honor no longer exist
For it is each man for himself,
Truly a nation divided will fall
I do not wish to stick around and see
The disaster which is waiting for us ~
Freedom; of speech, of being
It is soon to be no more,
So I abstain from further writing
For deaf ears is all I see
And blindness gropes forward
Wrapped in greed and wanting,
I say good bye to what I once knew.

HIS SON SHALL SEND

The crescent came from afar
To tread upon the stripe and star,
Bringing upheaval and great uprise
Racial blows from inner cities cries,
The fist has clenched all people's wealth
Coming as agent of change in stealth,

A mask he wears to his identity hide
For he is none other than the king of pride,
He was spoken, written of long ago
He is the scourge, man's biblical woe –
None does he consider other than self
Robbing, stealing, killing for wealth,
Destroying the faith of human race
He does it hiding behind diplomatic face,
Being but just a mortal man
Given war, armies to command,
Jesus saw Lucifer fall from heaven
As lightning he fell to the earth,
Hebraic, Aramaic meaning expression
The Son of Perdition;
The bottomless pit of desolation –
Mankind's eyes and mind are blank
For from memory God's Word is sank,
They choose to live for the lie
Walking dead, spiritually they die,
Hold fast O' Saints to the end
For Jehovah Almighty his Son shall send.

OF THE MOST

Lie not down to but die
I say, take the Sword and rise,
Fight worthy of your calling sure
Given the strength, light so pure,

Come against all darkness about
For God Almighty soon shall shout,
It is a race for human souls
The Anti Christ we must oppose,
Be not weighted and found wanting
Empty void of bitterness haunting,
Beyond the veil of human time
To the Throne of Eternity sublime,
Cast aside for abandoning your post
A soldier of Jesus Christ lacking most~
Arise! Arise! Shake yourself awake
For soon this earth shall shake,
Let no one steal thy crown
By other loyalty being bound,
We roam the earth as agents of God
To claim the earth, creation's sod,
Warring angels, warriors we declare
There is a Just God, who is fair,
Quickly he shall soon return
Let your voice and heart burn ~
Lie not down to but die
I say, take the Sword and Rise,
Fight worthy of your calling sure
Given the strength, light so pure,

Come against all darkness about
For God Almighty soon shall shout.

STILL CAN BE HEARD

The god of war does surmise
To penetrate the earth's shield
Hoping the destruction of nations
Totality of desolation to yield ~

Heavenly Father is above the realm
He does see what is taking place
Nation bombing nation global
The devil trying to destroy human race ~

Quietly people asleep in false assurance
Hoping in the arm of the flesh
Not seeing what shall but strike
Combination of warheads mesh ~

Not all the populace is ignorant
We hear the roar above fly
Not realizing how close we came
Where a nation we almost die ~

More frequent are the bombing attacks
Strategically they advance and explode
Yet God is still on the Throne
His hand brushing aside he strode ~
Wake up for your redemption is nigh
Be grounded sure in the Word

Yield now to the loving Savior
While the Word still can be heard.
(USA November 27, 2013; 3AM)

HEAVENLY THRONE

Lonely heart, thou art brooding
Hanging over the souls of men
Hearing the words in the wind,
Soft cries go unheard quite often
With no one to comfort them
Be grateful thou has wings ~

Lingering upon the brow of the stars
Constellations of wonderment
Shining on with new beginnings,
Soar and travel the speed of light
Wings which do grace thee
High above the earth's atmosphere ~

Onward the battle does rage
Spirits attack upon engagement
Hoping to rule dominant spirits,
Pure of heart thou art driven
Onward in the mission you were born
Blending hearts and minds of hope ~

Never let discouragement win
By weighing down the celestial

For mortality shall one day die,
Remember from the star you came
Everlasting of splendor and majesty
Sentinel to the heavenly throne.

CHANGED

Little by little we become different
That others do not know us anymore,
We tend to drift away and be intolerant
Of what we once felt and held dear ~

Either a stone becomes smooth with age
Or it has sharp edges to it that cut
And people do change with life
And its difficulties that bombard us ~

Once in my youth so full of life
I thought things would be stronger
Life would flow as I knew it then
But then with age I developed ~

Mind over matter, intellect rather than emotion
Deadened to the things that caused pain
I stepped ever forward honing my skills
To be unreachable, untouchable to others concerns ~

Concern, a temperamental emotion
Catering to its diverse whims

Excluding truth in anguish as it is birthed,
How dangerously we wither and die ~

Little by little we become different
That others do not know us anymore,
We tend to drift away and be intolerant
Of what we once felt and held dear.

STRENGTHENS TO ENDURE

Sometimes there is such a loneliness
Only God himself can touch the ache,
In this world each day gets harder
The circle gets smaller of people
That you can trust or love ~

It seems the task of following Messiah
Gets heavier and the weight is too much,
It is then I cast my burden onto Him
To sustain me when I feel life is too much
And that I cannot carry on anymore ~

Everything seems to go in circles
Of which go wider and further away,
We lose contact with loved ones
And the things that matter most in life
It is then I have to breathe in the moment ~

Yahshua never said it would be easy
He said the cost would be everything,

All that we hold dear and believe in
Surrendered to die to his will for us
Ever trusting in his invisible hands ~

I have to self talk and say to myself
His promise that he would never leave,
Nor forsake me, no matter where I go
He would be with me there through it,
It is that which strengthens me to endure.

UNDERGROUND

It is a word we don't like to use
Having many different meanings
It is not pleasant in hearing,
Some people live underground
Others go underground
And for others it is a finale ~

What does it mean to a freedom?
The death of expression and thinking,
Gone personal growth much blocked by
Restriction of movement, regulated
By others who would strip your independence
Making you a robotic android ~
Others use the visible to blend in
Mixing and camouflaging who they are
Trying to stay ahead of technology,
Facial and voice recognition
Dropping out and becoming invisible ~

How much longer one can do so
Is the new art of fashion
To become an unperson
In a fabricated world of false illusions
Illuminated by cameras and camcorders ~
Underground, it has many meanings
Mostly the name is survival,
To hide within the obvious.

MARVELOUS FOR MY EYES

The light has long cast off
Shadows creep across the laden snow
Ice covered trees with soft flakes
The wind has stilled, lifeless ~

Life has slowed down in motion
To a silent stand still I gaze
The tree dormant as if dead
Graced alone upon the horizon ~

Inside I think upon many times
My life as a slide show I now see,
Like smoke I try to gather to myself
Vapors of smoke that drifts away ~

Long is the winter with the cold
Deep like the cold frozen streams
That lay hidden under the white
Fingers that do melt and expand ~

As Mozart did play to the end
Music composing in his head
The gift ever expressing itself
Not wanting to ever die ~

How we hold so dear what must go
Parting from all that we once knew
To walk into the splendor of the unknown,
It is too great and marvelous for my eyes.

THE GATE OF GOD

Many member choir does play forth
Heightened to a crescendo of bravado
Magnificent crowning to an end ~
It all started with simple beginnings really
I was raised in a humble family
Hand me downs were never cast off
The constant clashing of various personalities ~

I worked my way up in the world to survive
Always seeming to excel that of others
Questioning what next after goal completed ~
How difficult to relate to others of closed minds
They do not grasp the heights of reason
There is no comparable knowledge
Frustrating in a world of lesser minds ~
Within me wells up the feeling of intellect
I was compelled to capture and write
Always learning the more I lived and saw ~

I do not think more highly of myself
Yet lately I am called a genius,
How strange to hear being addressed
When I was treated wrongfully growing up ~
Heart is a gift of expression I have been given
Tender, sensitive and innocent
I only know to keep the Gate of God.
"Never cry for your enemies. To do so is to go
Against the Justice of God upon evil."

OUR BEING

I'm at peace with the world
Cause I am not in it ~

Physical substance is not essence
Material quantity is no measure
Spirit Being is all infinitum ~

To say I am at peace shows
Transcendence of mental anguish
Powers release that once held
Only the true voice speaks
Directs and holds my being ~
Many people war within themselves
For their inner clock is confusion,
It takes willingness of nothing
To see the Rhema of Light
Of which we are formed of,
Walk and breathe as our being.

SMELLING LIKE A ROSE

I have often been perplexed how often
I had found myself in some predicaments,
Like falling into a manure pile and coming up
Smelling like a rose,
It is the humor of God himself for I found
It was His good pleasure and timing that
Brought me to the place of roses ~
It was not luck, nor stupidity,
Rather I ponder upon it as living within
The given moment and being drawn forward
Into a new realm of reality,
Some was pleasant, others were not
Yet I always landed on my feet ~

I always did believe in God, I still do
Greatly have I relied upon him for everything
For I often have said the following:
"It is my job to live life,
It is God's job to look after the foolish."
Naïve, inexperience, innocence,
All calling factors for roaring lions
And whining wolves often seeking prey ~
You see, no matter the circumstances
No matter how unbelievable or dire
God is always there with us,
Walking through it,
The true Rose giving us his fragrance.

MOUNTAIN VIEW

Standing at the pinnacle looking down
Far as the eye can see or reach
Height is the advantage that one has
Illumination many declare they obtain
Feeling superior to those without
Not realizing not all cross the river Styx ~

"Great, great, and yet thou art fallen"
Those words resonate today still
Echoes that transcend wave lengths;
I am humble, I prostrate myself low
Before the Great Almighty's throne
In the sides of the North ~

Earthlings can only walk and climb
Looking back from where they came
Looking forward to where they're going
Rising the crest of True Mountain View
As it presents itself in the turn ahead
Given to us by the hand of God ~

Emerald is the Arch around His Throne
As a rainbow of splendor and majesty
It is The Mountain, The Pillar
Holiness Eternal, Hush of silence
All life comes from the Creator
Who sees all things forevermore.

"Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised,
In the city of our God, in the Mountain of
His Holiness, Beautiful for Situation, the Joy of
The whole Earth, Is Mount Zion on
The sides of the North, The city of The
Great King, Is Mount Zion on the sides
Of the North, The city of The Great King"

HALLELUJAH!

(Victory over the Thasmagoria Mind Control
Machine)

ARMOR OF LIGHT

Heavenly Father, I put on the Armor of Light. I put on
the helmet of salvation, the breastplate of
righteousness, I girt my loins with truth, I shod my
feet with preparation of the gospel, I take the shield of
faith, the sword of the word, praying in your spirit
always, in Jesus' name, Amen.

I shed the Blood of Jesus over myself, my family,
loved ones, I pray a hedge of protection about me, a
wall of angels, that no weapon formed against me
shall prosper. I bind and rebuke all retaliation of the
enemy, all curses, traps of the enemy. I loose forth
the healing protection of the heavenly angels to go
forth and do battle in the heavenly realms, casting
down all wickedness in high places that would exalt
themselves over the body of Christ. I thank you
heavenly Father in the name of Jesus Christ for the
protection of the Blood of Jesus and of the Word.

CONVERSION OF THE HEART

Heart not converted: 2 Peter 2

Heart converted: Luke 22:31-32

Exposed to word of Jehovah, hear it, but don't ever have a true heart conversion and fall back into the ways of the world. 1 John 2:16 - Lust of the world. 2 Peter 2 - Is a person who has escaped the things of the world, yet backslides into it. For they never had a heart conversion, only a head knowledge of Messiah.

Matthew 18:3 - Conversion is obedience, walking in the ways of Yahweh. Except we become converted and become as little children of God, we will not enter the kingdom of heaven. Again, what is the kingdom of Elohim? Luke 12:32, Romans 14:17. What is eternal life? John 17:3. It is a dangerous thing to be exposed to Yahweh, to know the Word, yet again to be entangled and overcome with sin (2Peter 2). The latter end will be worse than the beginning for them. The flesh must die, the flesh must die. Otherwise we are 2 Peter 2:20-22. The flesh must die, or you will lose your soul.

Jeremiah 14:1-12, especially verses 7 and 10. I believe there comes a point where God no longer will wait for us. He is tired of fooling around. Believers can say, "Jehovah, you have to forgive me for your names' sake or because of the promises of forgiveness in your word". But He does not have to do any such things.

Read Galatians 6:7-9. There is a law of cause and effect (obedience). What you do will bring results.

God will not be mocked.

He can forgive us our sins, but his grace reaches a certain point where we cross over and our continual sin has no excuse. Then Jehovah comes to collect. That is what happened in Jeremiah. The Lord came to collect from his people, but they stopped seeking Him, so He turned them away to ruin. Jehovah does this not just to nations but to people individually. He comes to collect, and I believe the word I got is he has come to collect from you and me. We must seek holiness, righteousness, and we must mean it.

UNDERSTAND

Photographs never lie
They capture truth in visuals,
I saw the many blessings I have
Often for which I take for granted ~
Balance comes when I can compare
The inequality of others who want
They suffer for lack, for need –
I never knew how much I had ~
We don't realize what we often have
Until it is gone or taken away from us,
Like the crowd that surrounds
We get caught up in things
Often ignoring people ~
It is those who live a simple life I find
To have the most satisfaction, fulfilling,

They have no need or wants for
They have learned contentment in all things.

How sad that my country as a nation
Runs on consumerism, covetousness
To balance the economy ~

Poor countries truly are rich beyond measure
For the people are rich within themselves,
They have taught me in photographs
The real measure of wealth –
That of the soul and heart.
And I have wept to see
How poor I had become.

THE NEW ROSARY

HOW TO PRAY SCRIPTURE ON THE BEADS:

CROSS: "Glory be to the Father, son and Holy Spirit"

SINGLE BEAD: "The Our Father Prayer"

THREE BEADS: "The Word of the Lord is perfect
Refreshing the soul"

SINGLE BEAD: "The Our Father Prayer"

CENTER PIECE: "I will keep my mouth and avoid
destruction"

TEN BEADS: "Cast your cares upon the Lord for He
will
Sustain you"

SINGLE BEAD: "Greater is he that is in me than he
that is
In the world"
(Repeat 5 times)

CENTER PIECE: "I will keep my mouth and avoid
destruction"

SINGLE BEAD: "The Our Father Prayer"

THREE BEADS: "The Word of the Lord is perfect
Refreshing the soul"

SINGLE BEAD: "The Our Father Prayer"

CROSS AT END: "Jesus resurrected that I might live.
Hallelujah!!"

WHAT IS THE GOSPEL?

1 Corinthians 15: 1-4

Luke 9:23-24

Galatians 2:20

Ezekiel 36:26-27

Mark 8:35

John 6:53-54, 56

Romans 8:13-14

Luke 17:20-21

John 12:24-25

"Rapture is nothing but the Resurrection
Of the Righteous, when He returns,
At the Last Trump" ~

"God knows, and that is all that matters"

WARMTH AND COMFORT

It is full winter outside
With the flakes blowing in the air,
Meanwhile I sit in my shorts and tank top
In my heated apartment looking outside ~

Two worlds simultaneously exist
Each bantering with the other
Through the glass panes so lighted,
It is only slumber that pushes it away ~

Even in the dead of winter
Life manages to go on around us,
Birds still fly and sing
The wind still blows melodies
Soothing tones to quiet one within ~

Everything lives all at the same time
They overlap one another
On another plane which will eventually merge
To the other and relinquish the harshness
Of transition of change and growth ~
Dreaming prophets of future days

How we want to bring forth plans
That enlarge our minds and hearts,
Yet it is God who decides all things.

I am heading for rest,
To lay down my thoughts so bold

To dwell on the Love of God
For he is here right now,
The warmth and comfort I so need.

THE WIND

I Live in a retirement community
For seniors and disabled persons,
Since I have lived here in over a year
Four people have died.
I have seen people be here in the morning
And be gone by the afternoon.
I have seen families that ignored their elders
Come to quickly clean out their belongings.
Today is a clean up day.
I watch the children and grand children
Remove the remains and toss in the trash
What they do not want or hold dear;
The totality of a person is in the dumpster
To be thrown away
Along with their memory and soul ~
I watch as they pick like vultures

Others grabbing and wanting possessions
That were never theirs.
I see the covetousness and greed
From stranger and family alike,
There is no waiting time,
There is no respect for the person who was,
They are just a means to an end.

We are like chaff blown in the wind
By the Lord himself who winnows
His fan to dispel the blurred lines
For it is by their fruits
That you shall know them ~
The Wind comes and cleanses,
~ It blows it all away.

WHAT AM I TO YOU?

I ask you who am I to you?
Am I someone you care for,
And truly love with all your heart?
Am I an echo that replays the past?
What would you want me to become?
What do you seek and look to find?
What am I to you? ~
For some I am a sugar daddy
Always filling your wants and desires,
Others find me a disciplinarian
Distance and cold as ice,

Some find me in the still quiet voice
As they calm themselves to but listen.
What am I to you? ~

Others use me for enlightenment,
They think they can make mortality divine
With knowledge that is too great for them,
Others pray rash ejector prayers heavenward

Seeking deliverance from their own making,
Never satisfied with anything ~
The Lord asks: Who am I to you?

WHAT IS TOO MUCH FOR ME...

Too much knowledge can destroy one's self
It is best to live simply and be protected.
The world offers much in the way of communication
However one can find much more with less.
Overloading the amps can make one crash
I find simplicity with little is great gain.
Don't ever doubt your sanity
For once you do then you come undone,
Others will use it against you
And doubt will destroy your belief and faith.
There are many portals one can access
Be wary of entering a one way door.
The mind is compartmentalized
Don't let it become a house of cards.

Others will often ask what is not theirs
To take access to what is yours.
Herald not to everyone you meet
For enemies often greet with a smile.
Test the waters my friend
Before entering dead water and drowning.
Meaningless and useless are warnings
To a crowd under mind control.
Often one is punished for doing right,
You must still stand for the truth.

Don't use others to step over
To get to the top of the heap.
And strive to walk through this world
Walking in the footprints of Christ.

ROYALTY

There are many lines of royalty
Some are born into it
Others are betrothed to one
In either case it is fleeting ~

The classes of wealth grow
The gap gets ever greater
With the oppression of slavery
Souls are entrenched to servitude
To serve the upper class ~

We think wealth is greatness
Splendor which many do achieve
Only to find it flies away from you,
Rather it is love and mercy
Which is the greatest wealth of all ~

Princess I was called by many
Growing up only to discover truth
Not in having a royal title,
No, but in becoming wealthy in Christ ~

I have traded the wealth of the world

For my salvation in The Lord
For it is He who is the true Majesty
Worthy of all honor and praise.
(For humanity; the heavier the Crown
The bigger the headache)

EXPIRATION

Just after retiring and wanting to relax
The stress of truth is crushing,
Enemies against one for your ethnicity,
Illness now spreading upon which
I have no control over.

Helpless before the Creator I resign myself
That my days have become numbered,
I am dying in shifts, layers and levels,

Daily the cancer spreads and grows,
My body wants to shut down.

We fight so hard in this world to survive
To learn truth, honor, loyalty,
We work for knowledge and success
Only to have our lives shortened,
For the Creator has given each of us
Our own days numbered.

People pretending to be friends,
Treachorous spies and enemies,

Thrown into the circle of intrigue,
I talk of comparable knowledge,
Now I can die with peace.

Yet, how does one ever say goodbye
Or leave correctly?
Even so we all are forgotten
In time by those who still live.

NOTHING MORE

The sunshine is in my window
I watch the buds of spring
Brought with the cold winds
Of spirits of green,
Seasons show me everything
Has its season, Then it must die.

I could go on and on
Rationalizing, philosophizing
But nothing truly ever will matter
Except faith and the love of God
For that is what will bring life.

There is only peace in surrender
Joy only through sorrow
Happiness only through pain,
One can only fly after they've walked
And tread the ground with labor.

TESTING

Orson Wells did write prophetically
The book "War of the Worlds" -
He was putting into a novel
What the Bible had to say -
That in the end time there would
Be a great war of the worlds -
Of evil entities coming to earth -
They overcome mankind because
He made a treaty (concordant)
With the devil and his legions -
In the end two thirds die -

It is not mankind at all
It's unrepentant fallen angels themselves -
People are two categories to God -
They are sheep (remnant) and goats.

There is also other species here
Other than human on this planet.

There are some of great valor
Who do right for the people
While others are great evil,
God has allowed all world leaders
To exist, to fulfill HIS purposes
In sifting the chaff from the wheat -
Let us have wisdom not hysteria
For God is in control:
HE is testing ALL of creation.

NEW

I am nothing when I become
selfish, self centered, hard hearted,
I am nothing when I think
Less of others and more of myself,
I am nothing when I do
Blow my own horn for recognition,
When I demand retribution,
When I demand compensation,
I am nothing when I only see
Others shortcomings to but
Praise my superior qualities of strength,
I am nothing when I think
What I do does not affect others
My actions carry no repercussions,
I am nothing when I live

As singular, that I am the
Only one that matters and no one else.

Yes, I am nothing! Truly nothing!
For humanity in its Adamic nature
Has failed since the beginning of time.
Oh Lord in heaven, please forgive
My failures and sinfulness as
I forgive that of others.
When I have learned to do so
Then I am something: your child,
A new creature in Christ.

THE MARK

Mankind has always looked to marks
As signs, as allegiance, as guidance
They often mistake the guidance of God
For the Mark of a Man ~
The Holy Spirit is our teacher, guide
He leads us ever in God's paths,
Men, rebellious as they are
Choose their own ways of
Selfishness and self reliance ~
So God lets them believe
In their own selves,
They follow the path of perdition;
Divisions, covetousness, grabbing
What is not theirs to take ~

The eyes of the Lord searches
The Earth,the planets, the galaxies
On all of creation ever made -
Do we want the Mark of Man (Beast)?
Or do we want the Seal of God
Upon our minds and hearts?
Whatever you decide, be assured
God rejects a mark over the seal ,
Of ownership and righteousness.
(1 John 5:11-13)

BLUE WINGS

Who am I?
A man – A woman,
How was I born?
An Angel, yes -
Older than time I was
Sent to proclaim to men
There is a better way -
Omega, the catalyst
To shape men's hearts
Back to their Creator ~
Genesis 1:27 – Ambi /
Genesis Chapter 2 – Woman)

HISTORY

Day dreaming, dream weaver
Silly desires we all think about,
-607-

Planning our lives in our minds
Trying to wrap life around it ~

Wasted energy, emotion, resources
Trying to force and manipulate
To make others cater to us,
Spoiled children we truly become.
Let it spill over we think
Then enhance and embellish,
It takes off like a wildfire
Getting out of our control ~

Words lead to actions irrevocable
Factions, hatred and wars
All from the ill held hearts
Of men within their breasts ~

Dreams have been the downfall
Of many a man and great nation
For they chased folly and desire
Over the foundation of God's Word.
(Ecclesiastes 9:11-16)

IGNORANCE

My Guardian Angel reminded me
Not to let life so consume me,
The fight of good against evil
Overwhelming fatigue of battle

That unknowingly you drift
From being an angel to a warrior ~

We cannot fight the battles
For they will wear us down
And then consume us.
Diligence is needed in spiritual matters;
Prayer, Praise and Thanksgiving
Transcends us to God's Throne ~

A Special Friend once told me
To say, "Marthani Ithani"...
"May the curse of the Holy Spirit
Be upon my tormentors, against them."
This is the most sound advice
And has made all the difference ~

When not constantly barraged
Chasing our tails in vain
We have the Peace that Passes
All Understanding within us.
This fights the world's knowledge
and all attacks of ignorance,
- Hence, ignorance is not bliss.

SHOE SHINE

Hardwood polished to a shine
He says, "I'll make this country mine"
Palaver, pa nosh, oil it well
Use the spin, weave the spell ~

Visuals the people do coral
Colours they blend to a blur
Unknowingly they give up ownership
With the magicians fluent stir ~

Promises of dreams and visions
To raise the once oppressed
Blindly they close their eyes
Not realizing naked, they're undressed ~

Cold winds wake them up
Ashamed they realize they are poor
Beaten, discouraged, given up
They openly receive more ~

Stone, wood, water and fire
The elements once to build
No longer the strength of attire,
Driftwood you sink in mire.

PJ'S

It was with great trial
That I met my true love
Back to back encompassing
We closed the circle about us.
As we did look upward
True light filled our eyes
The darkness was then removed
In spirit form we recognized each other.

My whole life I felt a deep void
Feeling there was something more
I told myself that I was nothing
For I was incomplete, not whole.
Then I found my pajamas
Disguised in pearls and lace
Laughter bellowed from within;
- I was forced to wear pink too.

LESSON

Life is hard to humble us
To trust upon the Lord alone.
Many times we forget that
Traveling on our merry way
Creating our own world of hurt.
Each generation must learn

For themselves by living fully
In a world separated from God,
Only then can they be chastised
To want to seek Him.
Foolishness is in every man's heart
Pulling us in every direction;
Only by yielding our souls
Can our spirits become free.
It is a hard lesson to learn.
(Ecclesiastes 8:9 / John 6:43-48)

AMORE

Oh little one, you make the fire
In my loins burn greatly,
I desire you more and more ~

Always I relish drinking from
Your fountain of multiplicity,
The colour of your eyes – truth ~

Softly they say over and over
“Je t'aime vous”;
More I desire your mounds of flesh ~
As you press them against me,
Soft as silk, smooth to caress
I enjoy you in so many ways ~

My fountain flows into your cisterns
Enveloping the two of us as one,
-You are my true Amore.
(September 3, 2014')

CURIOSITY

Often it strikes me odd that
World leaders often quote the Bible
Yet break the Word of God the most.
If they can shroud their integrity
With God's Bible then they
Justify their actions which contradict.
This fascination reminds me of
Israel, a holy nation sacrificing
Their children to demons and gods
Such as all other nations.
There is nothing new under the sun
Human kind keeps chasing others
Giving sacrifice and praise not holy.
These often are the laws of men
And those who would live righteously
Often die for the Lord himself.

AWARENESS

It is a privilege, it is an honor
For life and a second chance,
Not all are given as such ~

One spot in early dawn is darkness
Changing of the seasons to cold,
What was the early kiss of dawn
Dew on the shrubs and grass sparkling
Turns to frosted grass like glass
When one walks on it, it breaks ~

Other places across the world
The light of morning brings heart,
Already perspiring and sweating
Even as you wake for the day ~

Shall I never complain again
Of small inconveniences, for I
Have the breath of life within me,
Still given opportunity to repent
To make restitution and restore,
To heal the broken which I caused
And to make things right in my power ~

It is a privilege, it is an honor
For life and a second chance,
Not all are given as such.

MONARCHY

Often those who live in glass houses
Are prisoners in a gilded cage,

Some freely live among pheasants
Bonded in camaraderie of understanding.

There is no need for remorse when
One understands the heart of the people,
They must be loved at all costs
Even if it means giving up one's throne.

All crowns one day shall bend
Their knee to the King of Kings;
It is all just tinsel and glitter
To true royalty over mankind.
(Philippians 2:8-10)

BABEL ON BABYLON

Poor little scattered lambs we be
Amongst the forked tongued giants,
The Nephilium are here!
As a giant cob web without end
Lowered upon the sea of humanity
The spiders come down to eat ~

Strong, valiant, superior exterior
Confusion, betrayal bonded within,
"Do as I say, not as I do"!
They demand all others to bow
To a throne that does not exist:
"Let us destroy all through democracy
That of our choosing dictate to others" ~

The cob webs are heavy and thicker
All we see is a web of white
Yet no sun ever filters in,
The more promises, treaties, words
The less value they have and become.
One day the victims have no voice:
And the spiders will die off
For lack of food.

ROMANIA

Long is your history of courage
Oh distant relatives of mine
Pushed back, enslaved to poverty
You hold true to God's throne ~
Prayer, petitions and much praise
You come before His Throne
A great Jewel in the Kingdom
For you look to your eternal rewards ~

Holy and cherished in His sight
Are the death of all his loved ones,
You have not been forgotten
For great are your hearts sufferings ~
You learned to always hold sacred
To the God of Heaven who is true,
Wealth you have the world cannot
Touch or take away from you.
Sheaves of grain, the holy staff of life
Your country has been greatly blessed.

NOTHING MORE

It is a wonderful remarkable thing
That so many had God touch them
Many attest to the truth of His being -
He has many different names
Yet we are to worship Jesus Christ
For He died to save us from sins.

Anyone can say that they believe
Yet Jesus said in the scripture:
"No man cometh to the Father
But by me". Many believe in
Jesus as a prophet, or Son of God
But not God Himself.
"I AM (GOD) THAT I AM" (JESUS)
The two are both God.
It is so simple we trip over it.
The Father sent his only son
And if we choose not to believe
Then there is nothing more he
Can do for us.

SUN AND MOON

The harvest moon is full
Dropped to the earth it is
Weighed down by the pull
Of gravity very powerful.

Bats and moths are drawn
To the lure it radiates
Only to be swallowed up
Then taken away.
I like the sun best myself
For its rays are comforting.

WORDS

The keyboard does stick
Certain keys cannot work
So the words miss vowels –
Part of the whole is but
Better than none.

CHESS

Checkerboard square is full
Pawn for your bishop
Queen for your Roque
Castle once, castle twice
Check, checkmate.

PLANETARY

Harmonious music vibrating
The range is crystal clear
Echoes in time it lapsed
Silence, noise no more.

MU, Lamerian, Atlantian,
Modern man,
The battle goes on...
The simple minded perish
For lack of knowledge...
Wisdom of God saves
Discernment is wise.

CHARIOTS OF GOD

For the Lord has wheels
Four eyes, to and fro
Messengers in and out
They fly to His throne...
The eyes of God fly
In every direction
He ministers His justice
On the wickedness below.
(Ezekiel 10; Ezekiel 11:22-25;
Daniel 7:9-10)

COMPLETION

Catharsis...
Deep in the heart
Tears of years well...
I remember! I remember!
Let the poison expel.

UNSUNG HEROES

How it does sadden me
Suppression used to silence others
To make enemies out of friends
Because of fear of illumination.
It is not history they disgruntle
Rather the truth of the Present ~
Man has been silencing others
And stealing their voices
To but control the life blood
In the veins of the artistic
So Poets struggle, become no more.
If we lose our love of expression
And the flow of our hearts,
Then what do we become?
Silent observers, trapped in remorse.

SENSELESS

For God made all things
Under the Sun He made them –

And mankind grew and multiplied.
Since the tower of Babel
They divided, dispersed abroad.
Each had their own conceptions
Of God and how to worship Him.
Rather than praise their Creator

Each faction kept murdering another
In the name of their god;
"Mine is greater than yours
So you must die"...
And the folly repeats, continues.
The blessed Earth is saturated
With the blood of men
For they have not discovered
God is Sovereign over all,
He created and loved all
With His Divine Love.
I call everyone to consider
Let us not make war anymore
But see each other having
Been made in God's image:
All equal of love and respect.
Demons rule the earth through
Wickedness of cold hearts
To destroy mankind
And laugh.

TO SEEK

Only Jesus can heal the blind
And open their eyes to see,
Heal those that are deaf
To hear his voice and direction,
Heal the bound tongue
Loosing the mute's vocal cords;
And men are all of these.

It is such for a great reason
For it is in the seeking only
That God may be found.
He does not take what is holy
To be trampled upon by swine.
The Word of God is a Pearl
Of great price, that it cost
Jesus Christ to give his life.
So only fitting it is
That we surrender ours to Him.
In so doing we then can
See, hear and speak holiness
Those who disregard, disbelieve
Are walking blindly in the dark,
Never knowing their true Creator.

WITNESSES

For the Lord does say
He is the Alpha and Omega
The beginning and the end.

In the Greek Lamed is
The twelveth letter of the alphabet
Which does equate MU (moo).
MU was the first creation,
The beginning of mankind.
Then came Lamerian, Atlantian
And now the last, modern man.

Omega is the twenty fourth letter
Of the Greek alphabet
Which means the end.
And God is the beginning
And He is the end.
Lamed and Omega are
The witnesses to mankind,
Messengers to speak His truth ~
And as they ignored the prophets
So they will ignore the messengers
Hoping to silence them for
The Word of God condemns the
Wickedness and rebellion of evil men.
First the witnesses come then
The Judgment of God pours
Out his wrath upon those
Who do not seek or follow him.

EXCELCIOUS DEO

The Kings dream is that
People would unite together
Be your brother's keeper

Rebuild the land in righteousness
In all spirit and truth,
For His Majesty does require
No less than what He endured ~
Man is but a vapor and perishes

Some, very soon
While others shall remain.
Let us make most of the day
For we are not guaranteed
Another tomorrow.

FIN

Human, such as we are
Physically there is limitations,
We were never meant to endure
Such pain and suffering of others.
As rain that does fall down
Collectively tears are collected in vials,
They are put in sealed glass jars
Stored in Heaven for vindication.
Grieved, stricken is the Father
In Heaven, for the abominations
The wickedness of sin and it's stench
Which has reached his nostrils.
Made in God's image we choose
To torture, maim and kill others.
So much sorrow has come upon man
That the earth is vomiting their blood.
My eyes have seen enough,
I have given up hope of mankind
They have spurned the gift of life
No longer worthy of Grace.
This old soul is going home...
Gladly.

O' Death

O' Death, where is your victory?
O' Death, where is your sting?
What could you possibly offer?
That Jesus Christ did not bring?
For all are but immortal
Each is appointed a day to die,
And where raised before the throne,
Your mouth proclaim, truth or lie?
Every inch and fiber of soul
You do clutch on for life,
When it is all over
Fruit of obedience or strife?
The victory was already won
On the cross at Calvary,
To deny it means death
But acceptance sets one free.
All hearts of souls do suffer
This life is woven with pain
Judgment will be about mostly
Obedience, sin you refrain.
There is no place to hide
When consumed before pure white light
And I ask you again now,
At death, what is your plight?
O' Death, where is your victory?
O' Death, where is your sting?
What could you possibly offer?
That Jesus Christ did not bring?

COMPLETE TRUTH

Fear is truth to those
Who do not believe.
Believing is ownership
Which expels all fear.
Lust, desires, itching ears
Pulls many souls away.
Slumber lulls to sleep watchmen
Who know not how to endure.
Sacrificed as a libation –
Grace is gratitude to endure
Giving one's life in the fight.
My goal is the Crown
Of Righteousness awarded me
By the King himself that day.
I have not faith in those
Whose gospel bears no scars
Of afflictions and sufferings for Christ.

When I listen to teachers of men
I have silenced the Holy Spirit's
Voice from ever being heard;
That is death of the soul.
Be not caught up with doctrines
Or the winds that carry them,
For when you have Christ
You have complete truth.

POET

I have heard of brotherly love,
I have read all of Khalil Gibran,
Sonnets by Browning,
Love of man and nature
Expressed by Thomas Merton,
Profound wisdom of Ghandi,
Thoreau, Robert Frost, Emerson
And various talents of prose
And the Holy Scriptures.
Searching within each of us for
Something we can comply too,
The world has endless volumes
But what have we learned?

A Poet is one whose life becomes
The expression through his work.
We are forever changing with
The knowledge and revelation learned.
When we experience what we write

Then we stop moving and settle
Upon the truth we proclaim.
Brilliant, crisp clarity is such
To make a road one walks on
Maturing us into who we are.

ST. JOHN'S LITTLE BOOK
REVELATION CHAPTER 10

Ten commandments
The law love they neighbor as thyself
The second commandment
Our Father and the Serenity Prayer
The Glory Be Prayer.
The Precepts, Thou shalt take no
God before me, sayeth the Lord.

Consolidated, condensed
The little book of salvation.
Obedience, humility, purity of heart
Over sacrifice of the flesh.

This was from the beginning
Of time, then written upon
The hearts of men.
Only the pure of heart know it,
The rest must be reminded.
The first time was creation,
The second time was Christ crucified,
The third time the Judgment of Salvation.

"Sweet to the spirit when eaten
Bitter to the dying of the flesh.
The Gospel of Divine Love conquers ALL".

THE CROSS

We have all seen one
The original with a man on it
Who did die. One particular,
Jesus Christ who resurrected.
Now I see a sideways cross
Which is adorned with jewels –
It mocks the resurrection
Implying he never did rise ~
Then there is a Corpus Christi,
A dead man nailed there,
As if he is still dead, not risen.
And daily he is re-sacrificed
For our sins, over and over.
Yet his death and his resurrection
Was the eternal, perpetual sacrifice.
How man does blindly believe ~
And the Cross which does blaze,
Flames of holy fire burn
From the very throne of God,
It overcasts the Temple,
With Shekariah glory glowing.
Yes, the Cross of Jesus Christ
He is the Real King, who lives.

FEAR

Men, afraid of their own shadows
And shadows cast of others,
They magnify the vision of darkness
Rather seek and dwell in the light.

Let us not fear, rather trust in
God our Heavenly Father for all
Provisions and deliverances in this life.
His Love is healing to us.

And I pluck the nectarine to eat
Sweet to the taste and flesh
Healing to the mind and soul.
There is healing in the leaves
To cure the nations of men.

- Revelation 22:1-2
 - Ecclesiastes 12:13/ Ecclesiastes 11:4
 - 2 Timothy 1:7/ 1 John 4:18
- We have nothing to fear
But fear itself – Jesus.

VARIANCE

A pond one can skate on
A stream cross in a dash,
Fall in, the depth is greater
Than a quick friendly sash.

To the bottom, the bottom
Whence all secrets lie,
Coming up out of water,
I see the deep blue sky;
And I ask, why?

REALITY

Take the red pill, take the blue one
Your life depends on the choice –
Once you do, you become liberated.
The Matrix, Delphic Circe Sprite
Spurious realism synchronize,
Autocrat martinet, roll –
Various types then multiply.
Flesh eating, blood thirsty
Perpetual oblations of desecration –
The Sacerdotal Circe tipped their hand.
Inestimable to avert worship;
The red pill, the blue one
I decline both.
I do not walk in false intelligence
Pure white light is my reality.

DELUSION

And God said, be fruitful
Go forth and multiply.

And Satan hated all mankind
Made in the Image of God,
He despised the Creator so
He castrates the men and women
Who do not follow him.

Hoping to kill "love" of mankind
He has raised their awareness
God is not flesh and blood,
Rather Divine Love of the Spirit.
Those cut in the flesh know
The deeper realm of God's being
For their love is drawn of the heart.

And what is the mark of the beast?
Besides mutilation of the flesh
And gross tattoos defiling
It is numerical equations of men
To number, tag like cattle
To be processed, hypnotized
Into the army of darkness.

Fools believe old history as current
Inflamed with the errors of men
Yet God Jehovah is Sovereign.
His mark is creation, of love
Multiplying to neighbor, ones' self
Lifting to the Throne of God.

HALLOWEEN

Silent night, quiet night
So different two years ago –
It was a day to remember
By your bedside, you dying
Ninety two years concluding.
A houseful of family, strangers –
Two days later you died
In the privacy of your wife.
So much has happened since then.

Children as adults, lost
Life's lessons they never learned
For all they could see around them
Was inheritance of things, wealth
Rather than the man who sacrificed.

Bitter sweet the memories
For you were a hard man to love,
Yet the sense of honor was there.
I did not truly understand
Why you did all you did,
Now it is all clear as glass.
Time has a way of healing wounds
Our own, others put upon us.
God has taken what was meant
For harm and turned to good.
Hallowed ground, I have been weaned.

October 31, 2014'

HEART AND SOUL

A whole life time can be
 Wrapped up in one look,
 You speak to my heart intently
 As you pour forth your feelings.
 Words do not express what
 Your touch and embrace can,
 Closely snuggled in your arms
 We understand one another well.

Moments shared are wordless
 Bonding with a human touch
 Our spirits blend as one,
 WE can read each others thoughts.
 I would not realize it possible
 Unless I had met you.
 Together we build a new world
 Molded of heart and soul.

ALTER

Tombs were meant for more
 Than just burying the dead.
 They are but time capsules
 To restrain inter dimensions
 Of realities merging to night mares.
 Ancient magical powers once used
 Are dethroned under the Lord God,

They were never meant to be
Resurrected, altering history of man ~
Many say all truth is parallel.
That is a reality over lapping
And altering the will of God.
Futuristic, Occultic dream weavers
Trying to seize immortality
Which belongs to God alone.
Mankind is severed from being
Eternal, until he is tried and purified,
For nothing unholy can dwell
Within the midst of Heaven.

Sad that mankind does rebel
Into the outer darkness of space
Chasing demons, fallen angels
Trading his precious soul
Altering his reality of truth.
Let the ancient tombs lay
Untouched as they were meant to be.
God is Eternal, do not tempt Him.

DESENSATIZE

Warfare, war-fair, war, war...
Battle ware, battle-wear, battle tear...
Decimation, decimate – hate...
Combat, communication battery batt...
Warfare, chemical, biological
War, war, tear, deplore, more, more...

Gases, igniting, explosions, emissions,
Diseases, plaques, silence, death
Death mask, death-mask, mask, mask...
Conceal, not real, look dazed, erased,
Cover up, cover-up, up, up, up...
Table set, full plate, ornate,
Throne elevated to on high
Beyond the sky, piled up, up...
Look down, on the ground...
Death, death, death –
And voices were heard no more.
And all, both small and great
Stand before the Throne of God
To be judged on that day.

THE DIFFERENCE

There is a community of men
And there is the Body of Christ –
There is global world peace
And the Peace of Jesus –
There is Judgment of the world
And the Judgment at God's throne –
There is making peace
And the Peace of the Lord God –
There is religion of unity
And there is born again believers –
There is men doing good works
And the Grace and Mercy of God –

There is dogma, man's teachings
And there is the Word of God –
There is dominance through power
And there is a living body functioning –
There is works for salvation
And there is submitting to God's Will –
There is taking the world for God
And surrendering to God's Kingdom –
There is carnal, fleshly desired religions
And there is Lordship of Jesus Christ.
There is a World religion boasting
And the Kingdom of God –
There is life in the flesh now
And there is eternal life forever –
That is the difference.

MY BROTHER

It is those who cross barriers
Of religious differences
Who dare to defile themselves
To help those not of their own –
That is my brother ~
It is those of different races
Those of different origins
Who give their lives out
Of love and compassion
Who count the cost for another –
That is my brother ~

It is those not of religious snobbery
Who hide behind their dogma
And declare themselves better than
The poor, the needy, the homeless,
They do not exploit for gain
Rather they give freely for others –
That is my brother ~
And the super religious chant
How holy and superior they are
From those less than them,
For they declare the right to murder
Others in the name of their god –
They kill their brother, Jesus Christ.
I ask, are you my brother?

BRAVERY

Many have their own definition
Made of personal experiences
What it means to be brave.
When we are born in this world
Trustingly we depend upon others,
Life is hard, difficult, brutal
For we have no control what happens.
We cannot choose our families
Or our fate that is dealt us.
Each and every one of us must realize
Even behind happy faces is sorrow.
All of us have a choice;

We can party oblivious to truth
Or face life's trials with bravery.
Elderly people alone are brave
Having no one to care for them,
The homeless must keep going
In the question of uncertainty.
Simply stated, all of us at one point
Need bravery to face what comes.
The most important is that
Of bravery to die with dignity.
All of us will face death
We need the courage to die
For it is the completion of life.
Friend, are you brave?
Jesus will never leave you Nor will He forsake you.
When you cross over the river
To the other side, make sure
You are going to a place Of great beauty and peace
Rather than one of great torment.
One day I too shall die,
For the Lord calls us all home.
My wish is that in the meantime
We can live a good life to others
So they may be around us at our end.

REX

You're ancient, one of the dinosaurs,
Lived here upon earth before MU –

MU the land of spirituality.
You became interbred with Adam's seed
 Ushering in the Lamerian Age;
 Half human, half dinosaur - reptilian,
 The great flood reduced many
Except those in the center of the earth.
 After the flood came Atlantis,
The advanced human inter dimension.
 Wishing to be like God the Atlantians
Took the crystals, altered the force shields
 Causing a super nova to sink Atlantis.
Then the world spewed reconstruction
 Splitting off into various continents .
 The Rex, in the center of the earth
 Resurfaced to claim what they
 Have considered their planet.
 Out of fear of extermination
They continued to interbreed with man.
 Rex dictated to the Elders of Zion
 From 1902 to 1936.
They declared war on the Hebrews
 Which is the Origin of Man.
 Gen.1:27-28 / Gen. Chapter 2
 Bolden you have become
Ravenous, insatiable your appetite
 For red meat to consume.
Now man is certainly perishing.
The war of the world's really is
Ancient predecessors who lived here

Overlapping time on terra ferma
The recycled garden of paradise.
Let not those before us be Stained, having died in
vain.

We will conquer! We will survive!
Let each man control his vessel!

PEBBLES

One who suffers much, gains more
For the Lord does reward obedience.
The way of the loyal is often uphill
Yet the view at the top is magnificent.
Ladders are used to climb
The purposes attached are considered.
Goals are most difficult when
The rewards are the greatest.
If I accomplished a task easily
I must question my laziness.
All good things one must fight for
Don't give up before the victory.
Analyze everything you are told
For liars have the loudest voice.
Many wish to ally themselves
But most are for their own benefit.
Never trust a friend who proclaims
For adversity will show their true colours.
Gifts are flattery, vanity, entrapment
To take one off guard to scrutiny.

It is better to live alone in silence
Then be snared in the drama of others.
Precious is time spent in prayer
They are given serious attention.
A yielded soul in God's eyes
Is a pliable servant to be used.
Keys are used to lock and unlock
So are prayers upward to Heaven.
Many faces bear suffering and pain
They show the struggles from the heart.
Each day is a gift of new beginnings
To make straight a crooked path.
The world is full of riddles
Which fools chase to no answers.
Intellectualism will block the spirit
From hearing the voice of God.
Difficulties are gifts in disguise
To strip our pride and make us humble.
Burdens weigh us down greatly
Because we refuse the Lord's yoke.
Senseless, meaningless is time if
Ill spent, wasted and unnoticed.
Hours can go by while we day dream
Yet necessary to free one's mind.
There are many voices in the world
Yet God's voice is above all.
Contentment in all things
Keeps one's soul in harmony.
When I look into the mirror
It should be a new creature I see.

After reading one closes the book,
Believers go past and live it.

WAS THRONED

The Holy Spirit is our teacher
He was given to us to direct
With Wisdom of application.
Man cannot teach man
For he keeps moderting "truth"
Until it changes completely.
Jehovah gave the truth
Yet only a remnant believed
So only a few He could save.
In all my ways I must
Acknowledge Jehovah to direct
My paths, steps, ways
For only in doing this shall
I succeed in my ways ~
No one seems to linger
At His holy mountain anymore.
They hear His voice then run
With their interpretation of it.
He desires I stay in His presence
Until I become like Him.
Men's knowledge of the truth
Often kills the messenger, deliverer
Who came to set him free....

And there are many empty altars
In the hearts of mankind where
God once was throned.

FELLOWSHIP

The people have forgotten
The name of the Lord
They no longer call upon Him.
They call upon the Son
They worship and glorify him
Yet they forget the Father.
It is true that we cannot
Come to the Father without
Being redeemed through the Son;
But he was never meant
To be a substitute of reverence.

What seems to drive mankind
Is his own understanding of God
Which blinds him to who
Jehovah truly is.
Religion is a doctrine of belief
Which strips away the relationship
Of peace, harmony and love.
I can no longer say that I
Am a this, or a that,
For no church can fill
The adoption of my sonship
To the Creator who made me.

And so this truth has shown
That religion is the enemy of God.
For it is fellowship which He desires.

CRADLE

Rest, of soul and mind
Truly unadulterated, pure
Deep as the breath to the lungs
A release of all that is toxic ~
Exhale, purging all which
Snares the mind and energy.
I have travelled great lengths
To find the resting place
Where my weary body may lie.

I have decreed it so
We shall be at peace now ~
Away from all who hound
Seeking out deceitfully, asking
Us for what is never theirs.
Shunned, pushed away
It is all over ~

Let me roll over to your side
Cradle and comfort you,
To heal the wounds of men.

I SURVIVED...

The dizzying summer of 2013'
UFO's, missiles, time warps,
Black holes of multiple invasions;
I grappled with the visions of truth

Which most men do ignore,
It was imploded upon me
Through homing devices of intrepidness ~

Sinister ministers declared Grand Overlords
Ministers of the World overseers,
They dwell among the ranks of men,
Protected by world governments
To make extra terrestrial contacts
For world invasion to overthrow
Bringing about the NWO ~

Secret councils made with aliens
From long ago now glorified and admired
Dazzled and brainwashed many follow
Hoping to become like gods;
The giants of old are re-established
They have infiltrated the earth
Vying for our water, air and soil ~

People are the food for the hungry
Who are not all of one mind

Rather to destroy then conquer.
Watch what you set your mind onto,
For it can bring sudden death.
(99 + 101 / Team 200)

REVISION

Truth is painful and always has a price
It can crush and destroy many lives.
An infant behind the Iron Curtain,
Parents murdered and just left there
Someone from afar rescues and takes it ~
Raised in another country, another culture
By the Masters of the Arian Race
To wipe out your Jewish identity,
Lied to, deceived, non- trusting
The truth has crushed me so ~
This is the constant continuum of men
Who wish to rule the world through insanity,
I now have to revise who I am
For I cannot be the baggage anymore,
I know my true identity ~
You can steal and lie to children
Yet deep inside they are directed
Back to the roots they were born into,

Sorrowful yet true every country
Is guilty of such criminal acts ~
I can only relate upon my true faith
For my parents face I never beheld,
In memory of truth covered over,
I expose the inhumanity and do say
It is in living that I shall become.

PAPAL

Professing yourself righteous, holy
Romans 3:12 says none is good
Yet in the place of Messiah
You reigned, ruled and stood ~
Pope Benedict XVI
You have stepped down
Soon will another elected
Wear the Vicar's crown
(VICARIUS FILII DEI: REV. 13:1) ~
The world is all astir
Ready for a shift, rearrange
Prophecy buffs are looking
For a moral, spiritual change ~
Occultic rituals and tradition
Casting spells the faithful blindly see
What is fed them they swallow
Next chosen eminence to be ~

How it saddens Almighty Yahweh
For him you have renounced
Hellenism forbidding your followers
YHWH's name to speak or pronounce
(Vatican Directive August 8, 2006) ~
Babylon is alive and well
World leaders over it do fawn
Next "Vicar" soon to be
Shall become Abbadon's pawn.

(Revelation 17:110-11, Romans 3:12,

Revelation 17, 2 Thessalonians 2:3-4,
Daniel 7:25, 2 Peter 2:4, Jude 6,
Revelation 13:2 / Satan hands his
Power over to Abbadon the Ruler
Of the bottomless pit)

TUTELAGE

Seize and desist, sequester
Range of motion controlled
The grillage official commission ~
The commodious commix tea party
Gathered upon Capitol Hill
Ignore and silence the ombudsman ~

Vilify the workforce unquiet
Brought low by your spending
The sealed pen of your edict ~

Indentured servants are citizens
Braced, enslaved beyond measure
Humans counted lost souls ~

Lust rapacious, insatiable
Disbursement what is not yours
Surreptitiously wealth, ownership ~
Likewise all hail the world viper
Whose vise holds men sway
Bringing forth order from chaos.
(Psalm 36:1-2/Psalm 37:1-2)

BUILD

Let us lay up BRICS
Place them one by one
Topple other blocks, materials
One new building sum ~

Change the structure and allegiance
Global strength to gain, hold
Pronounce our new vitality
World news gallantly told ~

Let us lay the useless confetti
Of other legal tender we destroy
And show forth our military power
With our armies we will deploy ~

Stealth and precision we count on
Like the rising of the sun
For we have a new leader
And our work has just begun.

FOR MARGUERITE & JOHANN STRAVINSKY

Dazzling does the sun filter
On flowing waves of grain,
A world that knows no time ~

Wild flowers sprinkled around
Gentle blossoms, lighted diamonds
Lush green of fields and trees ~
Sacred harmony of no words
Hush upon your eyes and face
For the Mountains of Moldavia ~

In innocence one contemplates purity
Privileged to carry vials of tears
The glass bells of heaven ring ~
Loving were the hands of which
You caressed me with kisses
Swaddled in safety's arms ~
Suddenly in a moment
The hearts of men were darkened
And took you all away ~

A world away, I feel a foreigner
The mountains seem strange to me
As a child with searching eyes ~
Tears will be no more
For your son-daughter shall
Embrace our home in heaven.
"You are not forgotten".

THEIR OWN

Recycled courage is all I find
For most of the world is blind
Asking for an antidote for pain
Anesthetize their selves all over again.
Hurtful to realize we are alone
For each selfishly is a true coward.
Not wanting to help others due
To betrayal done to themselves before.
To cut off point to being humane
Is often a short fuse in most.
So they look away as masses
Slide away into helplessness.
Then drugged they set to ignore
The next victims are the indifferent,
Who refused to help the weak.
Trust is a sacred word which
Few find, fewer worthy to receive.
Most drown of loneliness wanting
To share what's in their hearts

But cannot place themselves in
The hands of fools to destroy.
So modern man escapes reality
Each living in a fantasy world
Made all of their own.
Recycled courage is all I find
For most of the world is blind
Asking for an antidote for pain
Anesthetize their selves all over again.

A CALL TO ARMS

Let each soldier stand
With ever a firm hand
Vanquish our enemies
Helpless over our lees.
Our strength is the Lord
Who does but accord
Account, record, repay
All those not of the Way;
Stand tall, erect, strong
We shall conquer the throng
Implementers of great wrong.
Let each soldier stand
With ever a firm hand
Vanquish our enemies
Helpless over our lees.

ORPHANED

Born in this unstable world –
My parents murdered twice over
From before, before –
Stolen, my life was stolen
My life was a lie, a lie
Raised to be who I am not –

Emotions from my heart
Wrung out as a dish rag
To program me into another –

I do not see my mother.
My heart knows she is gone, gone
Her last breath you drew –

Constantly I journey this world
The forlorn, forsaken, forgotten
To you my heart bleeds –
God has but another way
Now grounded in my roots
My suffering has set you free.

EXCALIBUR SINGS

Pull out my scabbard fair
I draw the sword that sleighed thee
It does sing in the air
Jesus Christ the Lord shall be.

And the sword, the sword
That did judge Lucifer once
Now does carry forward
Vanquished the Heavens Ponce.

Crystal clear the water does flow
From the Emerald Throne
No more taintedness can grow
Cleansed is the Coronation Stone.
Sword, reverberate, sing unto others
Lucifer, galaxies you once did steal
No more your minion bothers
For Jesus Christ is very real.

I yield the sword of heaven
To slay thee Lucifer again
In pieces now is your leaven
Exposed you are no one's friend.

TOUCHING

Day unto day life reveals
Another aspect of God's mercy
His faithfulness does carry us
On his great wings of love ~
Constantly he calls to us
To fellowship in his presence
Showing us grace, tenderness
Touching the wounded heart ~

How he does know the troubles
Which this life does bring
Yet he is always near, reaching out
Hoping we grasp his hand ~
Our weariness he wants to take away
Our tears to dry, our heart to cleanse
Giving us renewal in his spirit
Telling us how much we are loved ~
No matter how far we may fall
Or the despair we dwell in
His ever loving kindness whispers
Within our hearts his hope ~
He touches the dying embers
That would make our heart cold

New life he gives us in our spirit
To rise above the waves that roll ~
Look up, see his power, his majesty
The eternal glory of his being,
The Creator on high to rescue us
From the trials that come our way.

AGAPE

Many people seek love
Yet they have difficulty finding it.
We aspire to great lengths to attain
Somehow it seems to elude us.

Many define it with words
Others with actions and deeds.
These can get entangled, mislead
Combining selfish motives, ambitions.
We tend to think love is acquired
Like a possession one can own ,
It is not.

Mankind in his understandings
Misconstrues, disorients a theme
The matters of the heart.
Only God, Abba Father is true love.
He is Creation, of love, through love
That breathes life into us.
We cannot love outside of him.
It is his great gift to feel,
To express, create, to love,
For we know not how on our own.

Life is the testing grounds
To mature in the Spirit,
To grow in full stature of Him.
Discouragement shows us,
It does magnify our limitations
Our insufficiency, our selfishness
Seperate from his governing.

HEADS

Grand design so intertwined
Disbelief, numbness manifests.
How you played me a fool
Thinking I would be a cog
In your wheel of motion ~
Political sacvvy, secrecy
Using my beliefs, emotions
To promote your cause, factions
Thinking to manipulate my life
Right unto the very end ~
All of you were so wrong
For I relinquished back to you
All the necessary titles and decrees,
Vanity to but serve your vanities
Of which I am now free ~
The Lord has lifted me up
Removed from the middle
No longer a pawn to be used
What happens now is but
On all your own heads.

RECONCILIATION

This is a goal few fulfill
The world encourages severance
Unforgiveness, finality, no solutions ~
It does not recognize a better way

Power in walking a higher road
Seeking to live within the divine ~
Bitterness is losing what is dear -
Reality is the harsh truth of evidence -
A gift is one given a second chance ~
Most estranged repel the olive branch
They hold in memory the offense
Renewed and fresh every day ~
When they can look past hurt
Look past what was lost to
What is given now, there is hope ~
To be reunited brings strength
It restores honor, integrity
It shows valor of character ~
God remembers not things of old
He does a new thing
It springs forth as he shows it ~
Jesus Christ reconciled us
To the Father through his sacrifice
One of obedience for us ~
When we regain a brother then
We learn to mend what is broken.

FAMILY II

The scripture does say that
A brother is born for adversity
And a friend is closer than a brother.

People do not realize that often
God leads us away from family
To the larger family of bretheren.
Many would try to quote scripture
To guilt trip one to retain
Unhealthy, toxic relations.
Only the Father does know
What each of us does need
And leads us in that direction.
Individuals can outgrow the
Boundaries they were born into.
They can love them yet not
Be a part of that environment anymore.
Weaker souls take to heart
Such a growth as hurt
Not realizing it is God
That leads us in the path
For which he wants us to go.
You can love someone and care
But not connect with them.
This is something people struggle with
For they fear growth and change,
They don't have the security
To accept happiness for others
Which they lack within themselves.

“Religion is of men
God is the living Word
Where men are complete.”

“Jesus himself said that
He trusted not men for
He knew what was within them.
We learn the hard way
Not all men are honest or
Trustworthy, for it is by
Hardships we do learn wisdom.”
“Often we must loose all
That we have accumulated
To gain what God
Has to give to us.
It is in so doing that
We become humbled,
Submitted to his provision
Learning to trust and honor.”

“Wise is the person whom
Does test the spirits of men,
For they often will weave lies
To manipulate and gain control
Taking those things not theirs.

Let us not be equated stupid
Rather astute of mind and heart,
Ever keeping watch and guardian
Over our souls”.

"Dreams are often put upon us
By others who would weave our lives.
Sad and unfortunate the one
Who finds their life was
Built upon lies,
Structured to be what
They were never born to become.
Courage is to walk away
Setting behind the lies
For the real truth of discovery,
Embracing in faith who
God really created you to be."

GENTLY

Seasonal they may be
The Monarchs, the admirals
Variance of size and colour
Yet delicate, majestic in flight.

To have one land beside you
Fluttering, sunning their span
You wonder the travel they endured.
Heavenly ornaments which dazzle
Gliding on the air defying gravity,

End of cycle they assemble
As a whole they canvas the soil.

Not a bird, no vocals to sing
Sweetly they adorn as living colour
With brilliance beyond a flower.

Such a short life space
They fly to other continents
Never stopping along the way.
If you find a lone butterfly -
Shelter it gently.

GRIEVED

Being human we often fail
In our being, our actions.
Some give and some take
Not alwaysw balanced or kind.
What wears a soul down
Is peopole and their baggage.
We try to help but get burned
Sadly to self isolation.
Others can torment the mind
Making life difficult to live,

That is why I have to pray
To remind myself I'm not alone.
It is ironic we are told to love

That which is unloveable,
Yet we ourselves unkind at times.

Yet we are told to live it.
They say it's the darkest before dawn,
And life must end to begin.
I hope to see the Son rise
In his fullness of glory, for
Being human is easy,
Being humane is difficult.

HOME

Each of us is born to walk
On a path of our choosing
What looks smooth is often rough.
No one knows what's ahead
And life often brings detours.
Some are hardship of others
Bringing much complexities,
Then there are those put upon us
By circumstances beyond our control.

When you are young you go
Eager to explore life's many faucets,
But with age we like to linger
Adapt to a slower pace.

Often we are not given the luxury
Of peace and solitude, rather
Age brings its own troubles.

The world has many pitfalls
Which people bring to our door,
Wisdom is learning to turn them away.
It hurts when you are the one
Left behind to walk it alone.
A road is more than a path
It is often without turn signs.
I can only say I look
For the light on the path
To see me safely home.

SHATTERED

Dead man's secrets
Knowledge of them destroy
Lives shattered, forever changed ~
There is no turning back.
Am I to vasculate?
Am I to languish?
Am I to forget?
Whichever,
I'm forever changed.

We often do not understand the work
Of God in men's lives. He tests our
Hearts by our choices and actions.
I have come to simplify, to read
The words of Christ in red.
When I obey, do and love them
Then the Kingdom of God
Is within me.

Each individual life is lived and tailored
Then presented to him,
Without the influence of men.
I can shed religion then, freeing
Myself from the lies of tradition.
This is true growth and spirituality.

We each have a commision ~
It is love.

In the lions den,
Carefully I watch
They watch me -
In quietness is my strength.

Our lives are an open book
Everyone reads something different;
I can only please myself,
For that others always find fault.
Loyalty, I am true to myself,
That truth is my strength.

Woven is a world of snares
Taking words out of context,
Such manipulation is power
That the world weilds as lies.

ACE

The Pied Piper is but a man
Who does what he does
Because he can -
Mankind is blind and deceived
Following a madman they perceived
To be but a god unto them -
Duped into submission, loyalty
For many a grand cause
Of the world applause -
By peace he shall destroy
And conquer the souls of many
With poverty, the price of a penny -

The world shall weep, shall see
He was just a man
Who destroyed a great many,
All because he can -
This is but fate to the majority
For there is no lesson learned
Bad choices and karma returned
And the great fall out
The grand showdown to take place
Between good and evil,
The horizon is the Ace.

MONOPOLY

"The strong hold of the few
Over the masses of the many,
Squeezing the life force of existence."

When one is caught in such
A wheel, there is no where
To go but UP to the Father -
He will have his way.

"Don't materialize your words into
something you will regret."
-Pamela

"Most churches are an extension of the political government. They do not recognize the injury they inflict upon innocent people, nor do they care."

"Our only strength is Love. Most people fail to recognize it."

We never really do learn
From history before us,
We are always erasing it
Trying to rewrite to our benefit.
Pride is the pillars that
Mankind has built upon,
The foundation always crumble.

There is but one Lord
That is the Almighty Creator
And His Son Jesus Christ.
Many attack the Word of God
Saying it is incomplete
Yet is is sure, solid.

The Word is etched in our being
It is the breath of God
Which is our existence.

My eyes are always fixed on Him
For He is the giver of life
And redeems his own.
Abba, my Father
Holy and true.

Our lives are an open book
Everyone reads something different;
I can only please myself.
For that others always find fault
Loyalty, I am true to myself,
That truth is my strength.

MESSENGER

Jonah with great reluctance
Taught with much fear
Gave the Word of the Lord.
And wicked Ninevah repented.
He was angry God would do so,
Spare the tormentors of his people.
And the Lord did say,
"What is it to you if I choose
To spare these people?"
And God had mercy on them.

Often believers have trouble
That God can grant Mercy
To such monsters, sinners
Yet in His eyes all sin
Is equally the same.
If God so chooses to forgive
Than who am I to judge?

They are not forgiveable?
And what is the difference really?
For all human hearts are the same
They can hate with murder
In their minds, their hearts.
The messenger must realize
We all are the same, equally
- Yet God receives us in love,
To those who turn to Him.

DISTRACTIONS

Man was given birth
The breath of life from God
The Almighty, the Creator
And also a free will -
To choose: good or evil.
The world as we know it
Is a huge stage upon which
All creatures created are placed.
Distractions are before our eyes
Imprinted upon our minds -

And we must decide ourselves
Whose seal we will wear
Either God's upon our forehead
Or Satan, within our hearts.
The Lord knows all our ways,
But he directs our paths.
Rebellion is distraction
Obedience is love fulfilled
With the Peace of God.

GEOGRAPHICS

Germany, England,
America, South America,
Various other countries
Have resurrected ghosts
Of war, war and war.
They play the executioner
Of butchering even their own -
For profit.
Stirred like a hornets nest
The great blood lust
Of insanity, destroying.
Repackaging old ideals
Reinventing the great tortures
Of the Inquisition
Which is very much alive.
Alien to mankind
It became his directive

To destroy the many
For the few.
And God did say
He shall always spare a remnant.

RESTORATION

I did focus on love
I did focus on injustice
I did focus on world politics
I did focus on reasoning
I did focus on end results
I did focus on world peace
I did focus on answers
I did focus on equality
I did focus on restoration
I did focus on law and order -
And I have found
In this world there is none.

I did see much evil
I did see much hatred
I did see much greed
I did see much indifference
Then God raised my eyes
To look within his
And he gave me my balance
Of being loved in
The midst of a lost world -
That has restored me.

RETROACTIVE

To watch the last ember die
It slowly burns out.
Reflecting upon the nightmare
Continuous, heinous crimes
Repeatedly inflicted upon men
It does overwhelm me.
There are those stripped
Of morality and conscious.
Some never had it to begin with
Others were erased long ago.
Converted into a great machine
Automated by dictated orders
They follow and obey.

Some stand up and say
"We no longer are your slave",
Those it cost their lives.
Sections, factions they play out
"To conquer through destruction,
Divide and we will conquer."
Creation, the fall, the flood.
After the flood Babel the tower.
Then it was struck,
Dispersed and confused -
The many languages brought
To their new nations Babylon
They kept progressing it
In their craft, culture, religion.

Now the dialogue is universal
Hypnotic everyone is eager
To concede to global unity
Stripping being a person
Unique and individual.
Those who do not comply
Are destroyed as trouble makers.

If you can think for yourself
You are a threat to Babylon.
The Tower is just restructured
Electronically, cyber space.
And the people have it so
They sold their souls
For convenience of ease.

One day it will be their turn
Under the witch hunt, the blade -
For the Guillotine is endless.

BATTLE WEARY

1,900 million years old
I walked as an Emperor
Jargon of Lameria,
The second age upon earth
After the civilization of Mu.
Then I spent 6,000 years
With Christ in Heaven.

Learning to become an Archangel
I left to be reborn
Upon this earth
In the fourth kingdom.

The first was Mu
The second was Lameria
The third was Atlantis
Now the fourth the end of time.
I came to find Lamed
The Creative force of God
Who is as old as time.
Together Lamed and Omega
We are messengers to mankind
That God will have his way.

Endless is the battle around us
Attacked, suppressed, tormented
Two old souls of Heaven
Born as children of God
We stand for the end, the return.
The Earth, the nations -
Alien nations they've become.

God's eyes go to and fro
Watching, looking, recording
He shall come with fire
To burn, to purge the Earth.

Oh soldiers look up
Every day is a gift of life
To serve the Almighty.

For we all have but breath
One heart beat at a time.
Dwell now in his presence
Draw from his holiness of love
And is shall strengthen your wings
For flight in the day of battle.
He is our Battle Axe
We just hold steady
With him as our anchor.

CHRIST

Jesus Christ the anointed one
Came to all mankind
To restore them to the Father.
He opposed traditions
He opposed religion
That does oppress.
He did not start something new
He did not sanction self praise
He reclaimed the father's love
To a lost and dying world.

He did not ask we teach
Doctrines, or beliefs, or cults
He asked that we repent

Change our rebellious ways
And be obedient to the Father
His law of love.
I have found that all religion
Is but man made.
Man takes often a truth
And professes a declaration of it.

He enshrines it, upholds it
Worships the knowledge of truth
While walking in self will.
Religion is man's conception
Of the thought of God.
He makes his mind a conduit
While his heart remains his own.
God never was a religion
He is pure love, mercy, grace
Which man must establish
A relationship with him.
Many who believe have a
False sense of spiritual security.
At the white throne the Lord
Will not honor religion
Or works, or deeds as justification
For only grace and mercy reigns.
When I threw off the yoke
Of religiosity, I became free
To see God for who he is:
He alone is life, love
That should be enough.

LIBERATE

If we can multiply confusion
Then deception can rule
If we can eliminate false truth
Then God shows forth in clarity.
Simplistic it truly is
Yet most difficult to live.
The key is letting the Lord
Rule our hearts and emotions
Of which we become free
To be the sons of God.
Liberation is not for everyone
Only the remnant, who see
Find and obey.

JARGON

As the essence of
The Earth rises up like myrh
And the red birds fly due east
To the sunrise,
So shall my heart beat.
As the wind blows
And the skies are blue
And the dew is crystal
As on the grass,
I will always love you.

THE PASSING OF DEATH

In the light of new creation
Jesus walks among us
To the deliverance of
The Holy Spirit's grace,
Magnifying the father.

Dispelling the wrath of the wicked
And stopping the issuance of blood
Satan shall wither away
Like so much grass in the desert,
Their kind shall fade.

In the bereavement of
The Queen of Heaven,
Neither will she abide
For her steps shall turn to dust.
Her words will pass with the wind
And her memory will be gone.
Jehovah lives forever and ever ~
Amen.

EVE

Long, silken red hair
Crowns your lovely face,
Ever loving guiding wisdom
Mother Earth of the human race ~

Savagely, brutally attacked you were
Out of reveng, great jealousy
For your person, persona, emblem
Your birth mark, they hated thee ~

You are the heart beat of humaneness
Holding together, to serve
Ignorance, great destruction
For Creation, Oh the nerve! ~

Patiently, silently you have held
Your tongue, your peace so long
Now northern lights surround
The Father's vengeance is strong ~

"Daughter, My daughter
Loyal you've held your place
Now your work is over,
Mother Earth of the human race."

ADAM

Created of the earth's dust
In my image you be
Made male and female
You were formed Ambi ~
Later others were fashioned
Seperated the sexes that were
Sifting of the three genders
To kill off the him and her ~

Further dominate the feminine
The male's ego as strong
Subjecting the balance of Ambi
Saying you do not belong ~

Suppressing the giver of life
The woman who gives birth
Asking her to subject to man
Murdering contractions of girth ~

Perverted God's design you have
Making man on his throne
Thinking that it is but men
To be worshipped, adhered to alone ~

Father is Creator of all genders
He made Adam with love
As Ambi, the primary gender
Reflecting his image above ~

Satan hated the first man
So he sought to erradicate
And replace his own self
The throne of God to equate ~

Created of the earth's dust
In my image you be
Made male and female
My reflection, you are Ambi.

CONSEQUENCE

Funny isn't it? Irony isn't it?
Humans are from the earth yet
They try so hard to destroy it,
They think that they know more
Than the Creator who made it,
That they can rearrange the atom
The molecule, the neuron, the molecular
Structures that are set perpetually,
They seek the God gene to become
The creator themselves, upsetting all
That is the foundation of existence ~

Irony isn't it? Sad isn't it?
They kill each other for dominance
To steal the fortunes of others
To enhance their insatiable desire
To want everything that is not theirs,
They seem to think that time never stops
That they shall become as God himself
To live forever and conquer all things ~
Mere dust, containers of dirt
Proud, Oh so proud! They do think
Independently of the one who made them,
And yet there is a consequence;
Those who seek their life lose it,
Those who lose their life find it
In the Father, the Creator above.

And I ask you, do you know
For your life the consequence?

SPITE

Hate, discontent, excommunicate
To inflict supposed pain upon
The Oracle, the Guardian of God ~
Hoping to ridicule and shame
An emissary of peace
You play God in judging ~
Religion, you have lost
For the gift you've given to me
Was to rip off your mask ~
Attacking what you cannot control
Trying to destroy what you are not
You have played your hand ~
As always karma does return
For the evil intent projected
Shall come back and consume you ~

No man in all his worthiness
Will ever be equal to God
By trying to be God ~
There is a power higher than I
Which formed and created me
Even if to witness against you.

AHIAH

Oh, Ahiah! You have delivered me
From the hand of the crocodile
Rescued me from constant danger
Solemn is your decree of holiness,
You require all to look at themselves
To have your name ever on their lips
And within their heart.
Ahiah, True, Divine, Holy
You are mankind's only hope
Of survival in this life and eternity.

MEMOIR FOR P.J. I. IN THE STARS



Quietly you watch, wait, hoping
To unlock an understanding mind
One you can relate too, teach ~
Exubrient energy, two atoms collide
Each whirling about the other
Not combusting but embracing energy ~
Whirling, rising, expanding further
Latching onto unheard of formulas
Growing, morphing, to others reality ~
And how such knowledge is found

Incomparable for most interacted with
Lonely brave soul you do thirst ~
Unaccustomed, all searching you are
For the most part a world of one
Never trusting now for evermore ~
A risk you opened your heart
Each vulnerable to the other
Collision, combustion, disaster ~
How can the beginning love the end?
How can a leader love a backup?
How blind to see each still cares! ~
And the words, "this is it"....
I am to hold onto forever
As I navigate the Heavens alone ~
Frail, the body has taken its toll
The mind you have expanded beyond
Now you live in the stars,
Quietly I fly to the Father.

II. WOUNDED

Do you believe in guardians?
Do you believe in angels?
Do you believe I was real?
Mortality healed unto immortality
The soul cleansed, it survived
To only unclasp, walk alone ~
Thirty nine clouds rose to heaven
Nuance, the breath of life
Returned to the Creator ~

Passion, vibrant and alive
Entwined two living souls as one
Touching depths yet unexplained ~
Blue wings, emerald wings....fly
Ever ascending, descending rails
Portals of heaven ~
The union now gone
The band now broken,
Do you believe I was real? ~
I know you were for
You've made a hold inside
Wounded my heart now beats.

III. WINDOWS

There is a true expression
Eyes are the windows of the soul
Yours came surprised, searching ~
You did look old then
Quickly searching while expressing
A battle was fought, walked away ~
Neither won, neither lost
For love was not enough
I had not the expertise you needed ~
My eyes a sea of green
Leaks pain from the heart
For I've lost my soul mate ~
Omega weeps for Lamed.

THE OTHER SIDE

Life throws us unexpected heart aches, changes,
things we have no control over...
Only thing I can do is manage my heart,
How I will accept what I cannot change,
To live through the pain, endure, see
That everything has a reason even if
I do not know what it may be.

Loosing a husband, a wife, children,
Whatever it may be to others, to oneself,
Life moves forward, it goes on....
Like loyalty to ones country,
The soldier who was faithful only
To discover he was forgotten upon return,
His service was not compensated for,
His life was put on hold for nothing
Only to be hated by his country
For not understanding an army is necessary
Only to be called a war monger...

So too association of those one is married into
One is born into, associated into...
Choices are made for us, by us
Yet we bear the brunt of others
Judgment and lack of understanding.

There is a bridge we all must cross over
For the River Sticks is calling forth

The exchange for death to life,
And only those who understand the Spirit
Succumb in surrender and patience
With much Love can enter to
The other side.

**GERIATRIC CENTRAL
BY AMBER TIKVAH FORREST A.K.A.
CINDA A. BERARD (c)**



**EVERYTHING BUT THE WHEELCHAIR RAMP
(By Cinda A. Berard © 2011)**

Where do I start? Geriatric Central is what I call my parents House. For it is there that I live with them. It wasn't always that way. I remember growing up on a spacious farm with an old farmhouse. There was my mom and dad, my five sisters and two brothers, and my invalid great grandmother who lived with us. And from time to time the occasional foster child that we would take in. Growing up one of eight children truly was an experience I shall never forget. I remember so many things of those days. Mostly the generations of wisdom from my grand parents, parents to us. The span of three generations and then a large family only added to all the things I learned and lived. I had since moved a long time ago from that old farm house. It got sold in the name of commercial progress and totally destroyed of all historical value and charm in the name of business. I had moved to other towns but have come out of necessity to move in with my parents. This was not my choice but destiny would have it so.

The house we live in now was started by my brother, who had a tragic accident. With the house not finished all the construction men and sub contractors came in record time and had the house completed within the month so my parents could move in as they had planned, for the other house was sold. This house is now twelve years old. And I can start from there with the story. When the house was somewhat new, I moved in.

My dad having never truly mourned my brothers passing internalized it. That had caused a stroke that affects him even now so much later. I saw my parents age terribly. The loss of a child will do that to you. My father has always been the independent type. He loved to mow his lawn. I think all men like the smell of fresh mowed grass. It does smell like fresh cut hay, a reminiscence of the farm. He would do one part and I would take the second mower and do the other part. We always seemed to work together and in record time get it done. Then it was small things that were odd. He would mow the lawn close to the road where the culvert is. He would get stuck and all of us from time to time would pull him out. But he could go back in the same spot and keep getting stuck. He would go in the garage and get a huge metal bar with an iron wedge at the end and use it to lift the mower up. Total strangers would stop and get out of their cars and help lift the mower out of the ditch. This got so bad that I would have to drive my car on the lawn, take a chain or rope and tie it to the lawn mower and pull it off the lawn. As time went on he would complain I was not doing a good job. I had a nice pattern up and down. He would take to mowing the lawn in various circles, making it look all cut up from the road. Then it was mom. One day I came home and thought, wow I smell a barbeque. Since when did mom get a grill? I walked into the house and found a skillet on the stove, black smoke everywhere with the skillet about ready to catch fire. I brought it outside and we had to air out

the whole house.

Mom put the skillet on with butter to heat it up to cook something. Then she walked away and forgot it.

One day I came home from work, and mom was blaming me for plugging the toilet. She said I used it and plugged it up with the water backing up through the ceiling into the cellar. The water was on the pool table which happened to be covered with my stack of blue jeans on top of it for quilting.

I ran upstairs and told mom off. I was yelling at her, telling her I had enough of her crap and I was not to blame. I did not use that toilet nor plug it. My dad was walking in at the moment and so was my nephew. It grew rather heated. I told mom she needed to get rid of her cheap water saving toilet and get one with a higher flush to it and this would not happen again. Needless to say mom apologized by writing a note on a three inch by three inch piece of paper leaving it on the counter for me to read. Dad asked if I read it, and I said no I threw it away. Then I got money and moved into an apartment. My dad at the time begged me not to move out but to stay to take care of mom. I said no and he made my life miserable about moving. I had to move all my furniture with no help from everyone with a disability and a bad back. I had re-sprained it at that time doing so.

One apartment was actually a house. I ended up leaving there when the landlord complained about supporting his daughter and boyfriend. I could feel a rent hike coming my way. So I left for a much smaller studio apartment.

It was okay but my landlord was a 92 year old smoker. I could smell the smoke come in my side from her house through the electrical outlets. I was always fearful she would burn the house down. Her daughter in law got the house and sold it without telling me until a month later. It was a verbal agreement between her and her friend that bought the house, a wealthy man always ready to make a buck. No one told me he would be my landlord. With great distaste in my mouth I had no choice but to move back home.

Life has a funny way of happening. As I lived there and worked full time, I was noticing more and more peculiar behavior. My mother I would catch her standing at the French doors looking outdoors wandering off in thought. She was a thousand miles away. Her memory was not what it use to be. I cleaned the bathroom for her. She was in a hurry to go to the grocery store. Being the fashion hound that she is, she grabbed a can to hairspray her hair. She did not have her glasses on so she grabbed basin tub and tile foam cleaner instead of hairspray. She sprayed her hair with it, making a white stiff glob in her hair like mousse. She was in a hurry so she said the hell with it and went to the grocery store anyways. She told me coming back home she got a lot of looks and stares. I bet she did! We had a good laugh over that I tell you.

My mother is the type that would be happy to live in an empty warehouse. She goes around looking at things and it will bother her all night long things that are not neat or orderly. -695-

She constantly gives things away. I bought her several silk night caps for her hair to wear to bed. She had too many and gave them away. Then she was looking for more because she accidentally threw her only one away. So she had to go out and replace what she gave away. This is a pattern of getting rid of things, then replacing the very thing she got rid of. My advice to a care taker is to put it away out of sight and bring it back as if you bought it new. Never get rid of things.

There are other moments that are more advanced. When she goes to bake in the kitchen and forgets to put a major ingredient in. Or walks away and forgets she has it going. The other day she laid down for she was tired. I had already left. Something told me to come home. I find mom had water boiling on the stove with sugar in it to make hummingbird food. You don't need to put the sugar in it. You should put it in after the water has boiled. She has her way of doing it. So I pulled the paste off the burner, one inch from burning down to the pan. Sugar was coated all over the burners. I added water back in with ice cubes, and then I filled the humming bird feeder.

It is sad to watch a parent lose their short term memory, their long term memory and their memory in general. My father has dementia. He can look at me and say, "Who are you?" And I tell him I am his daughter and I live with him. Or he will say, "I hear you live here". And I say, "Yes dad, I live here with you". He does not always recognize me or my siblings. Those who live out of state he asks me, "Who are they?"

He suffers little mini seizures in the brain which affects him. He was put on one medicine that made him a zombie. So we had to have it changed. There are days when it is filled with long dead silence. It is hard to find things that he can do or talk about. One good thing is to get him out of the house for a ride.

I will never remember a few years back. This is a classic!

My mother was going to drive my dad to church Sunday morning. Well my car was close to the house very close to her car port. Mom went to back out her car and saw mine. Rather than wake me up to move my car, she asks my dad who has limited eyesight. He is guiding her to "angle" her car out of the garage to get around my car. However, mom angled it to the right not the left and was about to hit my car. What stopped her is she ripped her side view mirror off the car doing so. So she woke me up. With just a nightgown and barefoot I ran outdoors in the snow and moved my car. Then I had her pull back in the garage. I noticed some fluid had leaked out of her car and said it was not safe to drive. Meanwhile mom called my sisters husband to come up and look at it.

Well I managed to pop the side view mirror back on mom's car for her. Her car was leaking antifreeze. So mom decides to jump in dad's Lincoln and decided she was going to leave her car as is and take dad in the Lincoln to mass. She is four foot ten inches and was having a hard time adjusting his seat to drive. She could barely see over the dash!

I told her she was forbidden from driving his car. So my brother in law said her car was okay to drive to mass and back. Then mom turns to me and asks if I want to go to church with them! I said, "I don't think so!" Then I went back inside. They were progressively becoming more like children around me. They thought these things were funny and kept doing them.

Another time my mother honked the horn. I went to the garage and she wanted to know why her car was broke. There is a tire gauge clamp that holds it by the emergency brake. I told her that is what it was. Then she wanted to know what the light was on the dash. I said it was the brake light because her foot was on the brake. The more recent thing is she got out of her car and asks me what that noise is. She left the car running with the keys in it. Now she is deaf as a fart but will not get a hearing aide. I would be a millionaire for every time I have told her to get one. It is pointless and useless to say it anymore. If people call she will answer the phone. She will say, "I can't hear them" and hang up. If you do manage to talk to her she gets everything wrong. I use to yell to her across the room. Now I yell to her across the table.

My father has an automatic chair with a remote control that brings the foot rest up or the chair up to boost him out of the chair. I went down cellar for a minute. My mother was just in the other room. I came upstairs and my dad decided to get out of the chair. Instead of using the remote he got confused and tried to crawl off the end of the chair.

He flipped the chair over with him on the floor. This is the second time he has done this. I yelled to mom in the other room and she did not even hear me. So I went in the room and yelled at her to come help me lift dad. She grabbed one arm and I the other one to lift him up to his walker and out in the kitchen.

I can see where my mom is overwhelmed with this full time job of dad. And I can see where it is a chore for him as well. It is not easy on any of us to say the least. I can say that once it starts changing drastically you have to learn to laugh at things and find the humor in them. This is not always easy to do. I find that there are times I get upset, frustrated and angry. It is never at them but the situation. You have to take time out for yourself to renew your batteries. You have to have boundaries, learn to say no. I have siblings that would love to micro manage me and put me on their schedule. This is not a good thing and isn't always going to happen. You have to find ways of creatively defining your space. Learn to stick up for yourself without being disrespectful. You are never good for anyone if you don't take time for yourself. Don't feel obligated when you are not up to it. Nor feel guilty to say no.

I have found that you need a network. You need a good friend or therapist that you can talk to. They can help you work out your feelings which are just that, feelings. They do not define you or make you a terrible person for feeling them.

We need to vent and doing so is very healthy. Take better care of your body. -699-

Eat right and exercise. Don't consume nervous eating. That will just put more stress on you. I have found that keeping a journal is a great thing. It helps you looking back after they are gone on the good points, the wonderful memories. You can relive the joys of the relationship and the journey getting there.

If there is a family pet they can be instrumental. My mother just loves the cat. He helps her find love and peace when she is in turmoil. Growing up my dad hated cats. He has gotten so now he pets him. He actually calls the cat the dog from time to time. I just agree it never hurts. I also find not to correct my dad. It just makes him feel worse. And if they repeat themselves listen to it again. It won't kill you. It is never easy being with elderly parents. We always struggle to see them still as our parents, when in reality they have become the children and we the parents. This transition is never an easy one. The only advice I have for this is to do the fun things with them they use to do for you. And learn to pray and ask for guidance for you will need to lean on it.

No one likes to get old, grow old, feel old and become totally feeble and helpless. Patience is something we need everyday for ourselves, so much more for others. I will never forget the time mom had the television us so loud you could hear it down the road and around the corner. I live in the basement. It would come through the ceiling up over the noise of the furnace. One day I had all I could take. I was about to blow an artery.

So I went to a store and bought the lawnmower hearing projection earmuffs, twenty one decibels. I got them home, put them on, walked upstairs and stood in front of mom talking to her. She split a gut laughing. It got the point across. I was using wads of Kleenex in my ears but it didn't block the noise out anymore.

Having to put up with their noise is deafening. Literally when you get older you will become hard of hearing from their loud nonsense. Do what you have to for peace and quiet. Another time I stood there and lip synced to my mom with no words. She got quiet then realized what I did and laughed. Any little bit of humor you can add to the situation is good.

There is also the many times when my mother would lay back down exhausted. Meanwhile dad would wake up coming down the hall with his walker in his underwear wanting to know where mom is. Or I would wake up finding I had been locked in the cellar. I popped the lock open and mom tells me dad must have gotten up in the middle of the night. The kitchen light was on and the cellar door locked. This is no laughing matter. In their confusion they tend to lock the house up, regardless of if you live there or not. I am grateful he no longer drives. Since then Brian reversed the lock to the basement so that I can lock it at night. If Dad were to try to come down cellar he would not be able to.

That brings me to the biggie.

Everyone with dread anticipates the day they have to take away the car keys.

As dad's driving got worse, first it was questionable. He was driving home and got too close to the center line. His side mirror hit the other car going by. Coming home his mirror was hanging. I had to secure it with two rolls of electrical tape. Meanwhile the car dealer had to order the mirror. When they went to put it on, they commented what a good job I did with the electrical tape. The family does not make the decisions. My baby sister is in charge. She often comments they are "her parents". Need I say more? She is the executrix. So when the possibility of the family help decide if he should not drive anymore a war ensued. It cost me two years of my sister and me not speaking. I did not start a campaign to do so. I have an older sister who used my concern to launch a campaign to do away with Dad's license, which was not of my doing. She took my observation and gave me the credit for her calling everyone up with it being "my idea" to have dad's license taken away. Every family has a sibling like this. In their mind they are being helpful, but it only causes more hurt feelings and heartburn. My advice to you if you have a sibling like that is this: Read the serenity prayer out loud. If you cannot fix your sibling, then remove them from your life. Once you remove the cause of problems, they will cease to exist. It takes courage and wisdom.

I can say you never say to a person with Dementia, "I am taking away" anything.

You ask "would you like to give it to me?" Never "I am taking it away from you". They need to feel safe and secure and to be able to participate in the decision making. Family members need to support each other. They may not agree, but that is okay. The worse thing to do is argue in front of the parents. It makes them feel threatened that they will be abandoned. Home should be filled with what is familiar, safe and loving.

Dad did finally "give up" his drivers license. He mailed it back not renewed to drive. This has helped him tremendously. We keep his big car to drive him around in. This still gives him the dignity and status that he has earned. It is only respectful To comply with his wishes. My sister and her husband do a wonderful job with the parents. I live here which is something different. I am their security so they can feel good about being in their home. My baby sister is in charge of all the doctors and financial aspect of it. I support my youngest sister in any way that I can. There will always be heartburn or contention of others who are jealous. Many sad things will come to the surface with the passing of a loved one. I have heard too many stories of people fighting over things or money. You must be prepared for that. One should just focus on the ability to reciprocate in kind for their raising you. This is something that you can hold onto and nobody can take away.

You will find yourself acting more and more like your parents. Subconsciously you do that. I find that I too will put the television very loud and walk from room to room. It is a familiar noise in the background to drown out the quiet. Also so you can hear the commercials and when they end go back to your show. We do become our parents, and this book is the story of the transition of it happening to us. While caretaking you are looking both forward and backward at the same time.

Gradually you inch forward. I no longer desire a house with a huge yard to mow or garden. I no longer desire a two story house with extra stairs to climb. I see things from their perspective and adapt to them myself.

THE WHEEL CHAIR RAMP

We no longer are without the wheel chair ramp. Last year we finally had one built in the garage. Dad's legs have gotten very weak. He has difficulty walking. So we have the wheel chair ramp for his walker and occasionally the wheel chair when he is very tired and doesn't feel like walking. I use to joke about it with my past co-workers. Now it is "with the wheel chair ramp." Love is the most important thing. The ramp allows them to be as independent as possible. I am all for them to being independent and I support it in any way I can. My mother is still quite capable of driving. She does a beautiful job of it.

Lately however, she needs a cushion to sit on otherwise she barely can see above the dash. She gets dad out of the house for a ride when she can. He does not remember houses or towns anymore. But he does love to see the cows, horses and other farm animals. We grew up on a farm and there is something soothing about it for him. He loves cows and so do I. It just does not seem right to have a landscape without dairy cows dotting the horizon.

I had another sister that took all my mothers recipes and make several notebooks. She did such a wonderful job! One for deserts, meats and dairy. It is in plastic sheets in a three ring binder. We try to organize as much as possible for her. The pictures mom has gone through and given back to each of us kids to have now while she remembers what she does. And we have put our names on things we have given her, that will be returned to us. This is the only fair way of handing things. You will always have those that will squabble, so this diminishes any chances of that happening. My mother went to make a torte recipe. She was upset and tired. I had to help her figure out how to use the new mixer, and walk her through the ingredients. (Mom was putting old beaters on the new mixer. I took them off and put the new beaters more square on the new mixer. Then it worked). I stood there and helped with adding all of them in, and helping her with each step. This is different but manageable. Mom took all the credit for the desert which came out great. Remember it is not about us, it is about them.

They get all the support and credit. We help make that happen for them.

I went to gas up my mom's car for her the other night. Coming home a hot air balloon was in the neighborhood. I told mom to come out and look at it. It landed in our yard, so she got dad out on the porch to look at it. It didn't really mean anything to him, but mom was all excited! That just made her day; it was all she could talk about. She even called her best friend up with the news. These little surprises life throws our way are gems that we can all enjoy and hold onto.

I myself have a disability, a bad back and arthritis. I have great difficulty getting around. It is 6:55am. I heard this banging so I went upstairs. As in time past I thought my dad fell or my mom and was trying to get my attention. Mom was in the kitchen with a rolling pin banging out a bag of ice for her leg. The ice cubes were too sharp in it. I told her I thought someone had fallen. She said no smiling at me. I told her I was going back to bed. She thought it was funny I woke up so early and went upstairs. I suppose if I were her I would think the same, but right now I don't think it's funny. It is little moments like this mom does enjoy. I am not quite sure why but she was smiling. With my cat winding around my feet I suppose I could go upstairs and make my coffee. Next month autumn will be here. And with it the challenges of cold weather and transportation to and from places. I love the falling of the leaves.

It reflects well this phase of life that all three of us are in.

Mom the other day was not sure if she had her driving glasses on or her regular glasses. So I had to check them out. Then the other day she stuck dad's reading glasses on him because his bifocals the bow was broke and needed a new screw. My sister asked why did she stick the wrong glasses on him and mother said because he needed something on his face. Now I'm really loving the reasoning behind things. I know which are which now. It is sad when they both put them on and can't see any difference. Oh Heavens!

Dad the other day left the kitchen table to go to the bedroom. Mom went after him to see if he needed assistance. He was screaming where was his checkbook. He was looking in the bathroom. Mom had to show him it was in his office not the bathroom. These things are not funny yet they are. You have to laugh at them to lighten up the mood. Then two nights ago mom found the cellar door locked and the kitchen light was on. He got up in the middle of the night to make sure the house was locked. He locked my door from the cellar to upstairs. We had to reverse the door, so I could lock it from the cellar. We are worried he would try to go downstairs and he would fall. This way I lock him out and don't have to worry about his falling down the cellar stairs. I find that as the days goes by there is always something new you have to adapt to or contend with.

My brother in law did a beautiful job with the door lock. He is just awesome with things! We are blessed to have him around.

We have found out that mom has arthritis in her jaw. This is contributing to her deafness. Today she goes back to the doctor for more diagnosis and tests. Myself I just got an application for a handicap car placard. With my own arthritis and other conditions it is greatly needed. We have all learned to become part of a tag team. We synchronize our schedules to each other, making sure of ample coverage for the folks. It is just my sister, her husband and me. My other brother in law comes to play cards. I do not know how other families deal with it. They often have no choice with the skyrocketing price for elder care and for nursing homes. Growing up the kids and grandparents all lived together, so there was always coverage. Today, with job travels, relocating and the selfishness of most people they leave their elderly to fend for themselves. I find this most shameful in this country. The Orientals take better care of their own. I think that is why the Chinese are so loved in America. Besides, they have wonderful food! I love Chinese!

It has been a while since I have written last. Time is just flowing by, with doctor's appointments, errands and events. Mom lately is repeating herself more than usual. I am okay with it. I am relishing the moments. She had the simple pleasure of my sister and her going shopping.

She bought some little saucer plates she thought pretty. Today she got out a small crackle ware pitcher, washed it so she could see how beautiful it was. She saw a larger one at the doctor's office so she came home and did that. It was neat to see her pick things up, go through them with pleasure. Dad is sleeping more, tired more often. It is a concern to us but considering his age, this is all in good stride. I often wake in the middle of the night, writing down poems and thoughts that came to me from the day. That is my special hour, when I can read with the house so quiet. It is a time when I can reflect after the troubles of the day at hand. I can put them to rest, and relax for another day accomplished. I got my own handicap placard in the mail today. Now I am one of them! (Funny how that happens). Life just comes and transition also. I use to keep on top of everything with everyone in the day. Now I choose what I want to hear and am content with living in my own definition. It is such a release to let go of all the extra baggage of others and just concentrate on ones self.

I have just had the privilege of having one of Dad's old friends; he, his wife and son stop by. They were married on the same day as my parents; he was a WWII vet and was wearing his purple heart. He also is an author! He gave me a copy of his book, and he is writing a 3rd! He is 88 years old and they both are alert and spry. His son was wonderful also! He remembered me and all the earlier years when we were all so involved in church events.

This is the second week in a row that older people have stopped by to say hello to my dad and get re-acquainted with him and mom. Days like today are gems in ones week. Truly we had such a lovely visit. I will end this entry on that note.

I thought it was the end to a perfect day but life strikes again. I decided to go up after everyone went to bed to take a shower. I get someone knocking on the door. I yell, "What"? And they just keep knocking. Well with soap in my hair I turn the shower off, drape a towel over my frame and crack open the door. It is my dad standing there in his shorts. My mother is screaming to him for he has no hearing aide in that I am in the bathroom taking a shower. He did not see me so I quickly shut the door and resumed my shower. When I get done I hear my mom asking for me. I yell again, "What"? I get out and she says to dad who is still there, "see, that is her in the bathroom". Well mom got dad back in bed. It seems that he thought he saw and heard someone go in the bedroom and he wanted to see who it was. It either was an angel or a ghost, or a spirit of some kind, but it was most emphatically not me. I went down cellar and locked the door. I did not want him to get up in the night, and try to come down cellar so it is all locked on him. Now that the lock is from the cellar he can no longer lock me down here from up there. I can come and go from this side. Good thinking to have the lock reversed. I think most who deal with people with dementia are experiencing things they thought they would never see or hear. -710-

It only seems to get crazier as the days go by. (Much patience and prayers is needed by all who walk this walk). Some are better than others. And with that, a good night to all.

Today we were blessed with the perfect day. It was in the high 50's which is nothing to sneeze at. I am enjoying the turn to autumn weather. Mom made pot roast. However she took out some small carrots and had them on the stove earlier. I thought nothing of it. After the meal I told her about it. She said she thought they were small sausages, so she didn't give them to dad. She could not tell in a sauce pan in front of her. She said her eyesight is getting bad, not what it use to be. Now I knew that but this is frightening. However she still manages to drive so I take my hat off to her. I just will check what she makes or serves me first the next time. We had the hot air balloon in our neighborhood again. It went and landed in my neighbors cow pasture then dipped back up. It proceeded to fly over our house. At the same time a two winged single engine airplane flew overhead, circled the hot air balloon then went on in the other direction. I miss the Brrrr of the engine. It is a lost art, but when I hear one it is music to my ears. I got mom back out on the front porch again to see the balloon. My trip was a success. I purchased \$5.00 of lottery tickets to be the next millionaire, and a gallon of chocolate ice cream. With those two things done I do feel much better. If only life could be so easy. (I didn't win the megabucks. Oh shock of shocks!)

When I use to work my coworkers were all a little older than me. It was useful to hear their own personal struggles with family and parental elder care. Several took time off to help out the other siblings. Many lost their parents while I worked with them. That was really a blessing to me, to give me the patience and insight of their examples to draw from. My friend Alice, her mom always had a nightcap every night before she went to bed. I thought that remarkable a woman in her age to continue to do so. And even Beth, her dad always had a beer. To me that says a lot. It tells me they were sharp to the end, they appreciated life and the journey. They had no regrets and loved their family. To all those wonderful people, I salute my glass to you. I felt like a member of the family as we all shared our strengths and sorrows with each other. Mostly we learned to go through the daily grind together. I do miss my old coworkers, and this paragraph is a tribute to them and all the wonderful times we shared together. Thank you Alice, Beth, Polly!

Today mom was coming home from giving dad a ride, honked the horn as usual for me to get dad out of the car. Dad in his confusion turned his walker around and sat on the seat. He couldn't hear me so I had no choice but to push him up the wheelchair ramp in his walker. Now he is heavy and I appreciate all the more what care attendants do for others. It did put my back out some. I am not 20 anymore, not even 30 by a long shot.

My body is screaming that to me, my mind is flattering me with denial that I can still cut it. I think the body is winning this time. I theorized why Dad did that. He goes to church with Kitty and Brian. They push him up the ramp in his wheelchair. He saw the ramp and I think got confused and wanted me to push him up it. So I think that is what happened.

You really don't realize how fast a stretch of time does go by. Everyday I feel much busier than the day before. Mom's legs keep swelling on her. It is her heart and she needs to put them up, rest more. I got to make Dad lunch and whatnot. Well my cat is just crazy about my dad. It is male so go figure. Today the cat was in the way so dad just ran over the cat with his walker, over his stomach. Now the cat is so dumb and trusting, no matter how much dad mistreats him he just goes back for more. The cat really loves my dad. I just think across the animal species, all men like to stick together regardless. That is the only logical explanation I can think of. My schedule now is so wrapped around theirs that it is one and the same. I find myself making more meals around the house. Now that is scary because I can bake, but cooking is pushing it. I can but I am rather lazy. I have learned to LOVE Rummy 500 the card game. And I have learned to love listening to them repeat themselves many times over. It is part of the patience and humility that comes with care giving. One day I will be there and I hope that I can step up to the plate the way that I am meant to.

Hopefully in turn there will be someone there for me when it is my turn. We can only hope.

Mom stepped on something on the floor, couldn't figure out what it was. Dad had hotdogs for lunch. He chewed up the skins and spit them in the waste basket. He missed. Yup, we found out what it was! Never a dull moment. Much time has lapsed since I have written. It seems I have become one in the same with their routine, that I have lost respect of time. Months have gone by, so has spring, summer, fall and now winter is here. I have been watching my parents daily change as they age yet more gracefully. What use to bother me much now I can laugh with them through it. I have surrendered and gained peace in the process.

Some little things that are funny, that I try to keep track of. My father went for a ride with my mother. He put on his sunglasses that wrap around, and they went on a long ride. My mother came back so excited she took him and he enjoyed himself. Walking in he still had the sunglasses on. Removing I did discover that he took off his eye glasses to wear the sun glasses. Hence he never saw a thing my mother jubilantly pointed out to him the hour long ride. Another time she went to take him for a ride. He said he was going to stick her in the back seat. She said, "And who would drive?" where he replied, "Me". Mom laughed so hard she peed her pants laughing. These are the light hearted moments that we are enjoying. Bladder control is another whole issue that we are dealing with.

Dad usually gets himself up in the morning and mom just goes along with it. This morning was different. She said something told her to check his bathroom. He went to flush it and it almost overflowed. She had to plunge it. It had already overflowed once cascading down into my closet, which I had to clean out. (My clothes were spared). It is never a dull moment around here. Today is actually Thanksgiving Day. Everyone upstairs is napping resting up for the event. Kitty my baby sister really is such a good sport. We are all going down there this afternoon. I bought her some chocolate to bring over. What little I can do I enjoy doing. I find it most different not working or earning money because I am disabled. I have been for yet more tests from various doctors. I have learned to be grateful for what I have. I also shop exclusively at thrift shops, and get freebies at the dump. People get rid of perfectly good items in this country for which I can always use. I have watched some good shows on TV today. Yet I am dismayed at the wicked commercialism which has replaced the meaning of this day, and the greed of never being satisfied, always wanting more. It never was like that growing up.

Being raised on a farm with a very large family, we did recycling before it was "new". We stretched everything we had, from clothes as hand me downs to my brothers ice skates. We even had to share a bicycle which actually was my dads. We each learned to take turns riding it and respecting his property and

returning it back in its place. I feel that at least two generations have been removed from my dad. Since WWII people seem to have no wants and take everything for granted. Yet I see now the economy of the world headed back into dire straights, far worse than my dad's time. I see where we will learn again the value of items, but value of family should be more. Either people learn to have a heart or they do not. Most kids today have never prayed or know of any spirituality to define as their own. They are living blindly life as it comes. And I feel sorry they do not have that inner peace and strength which makes such a difference. As was said, erode the family and the nation will soon follow. And this I am seeing unravel before my eyes as an epidemic across the globe.

Without gratitude people can never be happy, for they have not learned to be content in all things, with little or with much. I wish these things were taught in schools today but they are not. These values are dying with the older generations of long ago. To live in a society that has no God or Values is a dangerous thing. Nationalism cannot replace spirituality. WWII has proven that and all that did died failing. What do we have if we stop teaching our children? They will grow up to take care of us. How will we be treated if they don't value us or what we have lived for? Reflection helps but it must be implemented as a way of life, so that we can guarantee against moral decline and devastation of future generations. There is much on media today; it bombards us 24/7.

We have to get away from that and be still and know our God, and be strengthened in Him for what is coming our way. For life is not for the weak, but the strong. And my parents are an example of this.

Mom just yelled to me so I ran upstairs. You would have thought the house was on fire. Dad got up and decided to close the magnetic mini blinds. He pulled them off the door. So laughing I hung them back up, and handed Dad back his walker that he misplaced. Always something. The carpenter was suppose to come today to replace the shingles on the roof where it meets the garage. No show, no carpenter, no phone call. Like I said, you got to love it. A small chickadee hit the window earlier really hard. I stepped outside and picked it up in my leather gloves. I tucked it away in the dogwood bushes for it to recover. I went to feed the birds later and checked in on him. He got well enough and flew away. I like happy endings. Mom and I were watching a video of Dad's 75th birthday party. A lot of people on there are now dead, one of them my younger brother. It is amazing to see how time flies and fashions change. I am signing off for now. Must keep my ears peeled and check in on the folks.

Dad has changed how he plays Rummy 500. It use to be deal seven cards, pick one up, put one down. Dad will take from the pile what he wants, leave the rest not take them. Then he will pick up one or two more times from the deck till he gets the cards he needs to get out. You just have to let him do what he wants.

If I have three of a kind, he tells me he wants my cards for points on my side. I just add them in for him. At his age and confusion, I have learned when I correct him he gets angry and confused. Don't rock the boat. Let him "cheat" as he does when he thinks he is doing so well. Other times he is his old self and nothing wrong. It is for sure the mini seizures in his brain. All in all he does very well with staying active. We do search the word puzzles and then we put videos in of little animals. He watches those. I think they remind him of the farm growing up. That is something where mom and dad can sit together on the couch. Mom can't drive now because the sunlight bothers her eyes, and her arm hurts her. She will need cataract surgery. After that I think she will do much better with glare. Another day winds down. And for that I am grateful. Glad to have my parents one more day, more events to add to the loving memories. I hope my daily saga helps someone else out there who is also a caretaker. Know that you are not alone, and humor and prayer works wonders. These are our tools, without them we are nothing.

NEW LIFE

***BY AMBER TIKVAH FORREST
A.K.A. CINDA A. BERARD © 2021***



PONDERANCE

*Sitting quietly dwelling on my mind
Is the thoughts of yesterday, mingled
Intertwined and merged into memories
Ones i choose to ignore, to bury, to forget...*

*And i face the greatest of all
As Divorce comes upon me,
Ripping all the foundation of love
that i had placed so tenderly upon thee....
How can one just walk away without feeling
altered?*

*You took something, a part of my soul
My heart feels and my heart dies
I have suffered a thousand deaths...
Oh how anguish, feel like a failure
For i gave of myself and now am rejected
I am not good enough, tossed away
my self worth has been crushed....
I have to decide how i want to
Remember you after it is final,
what to do with you in my mind
So my heart will stop bleeding.*

(C) A.T.F.

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FRAGILE

Fragile is life, yet as bad as it is we all hope for things to get well in the future. The future of which there are no guarantees. I wait quietly each day to see what new thing comes my way, yet wanting desperately to reclaim years gone, loves missed and lost. And it is but a mist, a vapor that rises off the water and evaporates. Age brings with it limitations and circumstances not of our own doings, ones that hinder us further and lock us into a place we cannot escape. How i wish i had lived life fuller, richer, more loving, kind. How i wish i were more gentle and understanding, yet it is by mistakes we learn the most to become the things we finally understand and need. And what do i wish of others? I have lost all anticipation and acknowledge others do not define me, it is my heart and what i let grow within it. So this soul walks the waters that still me, that are beside me to drink of the wisdom i so thirst.

THE SECRET

*There is a secret ancient as time
Through the ages guarded, passed down
Shrouded in ignorance and slavery
Men cling to fallen wisdom ~*

*As the Days of Noe so it is
Now we are revisited, yet again
There is nothing new under the sun
For it is here before you ~*

*Satan lost in the Garden of Eden
And so he tainted the DNA of men
Fallen angels Daliance the Dance
The making of great men of old ~*

*Think upon this things for upon us
Is the Religion of demons, fallen angels
It perverts all that is sacred
To defile the bloodline of mankind ~*

*The mark of the beast is just this
Hybrids of alien/demon dna
Mingled with that of mankind
Distorting the image of Yahweh ~*

*You can see it now around us
Remove the blocks off your eyes
Because there is no ignorance when
Asked to accept to follow the Mark ~*

*In Yahweh there is no secrets
For it has been written long ago
As it sayeth in the Word
Psalm Two.*

HE WILL...

*He is a consuming Fire
He shall bring forth judgment
He will return in Wrath,*

*He is faithful and true
There is no wickedness in Him
He will requite to mankind,*

*He is at the threshold
There stands the Messiah ready
To return with the army of righteousness,
He is the Eternal One
The Father of all Creation
And Holiness is His name.*

DANGEROUS

*Dangerous to ride a star
To be but thrown off,
It is just to delete ~*

PROSTRATE

*Worship,
Worthy,
Is the King*

*My soul is transparent to You
Your eyes see all within me,
I prostrate my soul unto Thee*

*Worship,
Worthy,
Is the King*

*There is no more time
What we have squandered is gone
Now we are weighed and wanting
Sackcloth and ashes
I prostrate my soul unto Thee*

Mercy i beg of Yahweh

*Worship,
Worthy
Is the King.*

EXPEDITE

*Fire, smoke, blood
Shall rain down upon
The cities of mankind*

*I use my hammer for justice
Turn the hearts of men to war
To requite my vengeance on wickedness*

*As Sodom and Gomorah
The rose up to play
Tossing to the four winds*

*The clock is well past midnight
The time has stopped
The hands click no more*

*Squandered away life given
I now unleash the censor
Of incense my wrath i expedite.*

I HAVE LEARNED

*I have not wasted all this pain
Of which I have gone through
Having known you has shown me
In torment one can still function,*

*Your depth of being was marred
Greatly by those before,
You are the distorted light bearer:
Light with a shadow in the midst,*

*You are a damaged being, lost
Still searching for ground zero
Trying to reclaim time that is gone
No longer a voyager,
You cannot travel any more.
Yes, I have learned
From you.
(I shall always love you)*

PUZZLE

*In plain view I show the answer
Reality has been defined for you
Plugged into the brain game
You see round, I see flat ~*

*The barrier must always be up
Illusions keep us hidden, secret
Yet we are among you
Ever leading and inventing ~*

*From the beginning the tree
Of good and evil was unleashed
Truth and error coexist
Always showing a piece ~*

*Only the Truth can find
The hidden missing keys
To bring about the answer
To the puzzle you live ~*

*Shed your concrete ideas
I am not limited to your knowledge
I expand without limits
Everlasting that I AM.*

SIGNAL

*Constant barrage of frequency
My ears are battered with signals
Noise of triggers, codes
Attached to my battlement ~*

*Few can race the paths
Worm holes, black eddies of fluid
Motion without direction
Only ancient portals and gates ~*

*You call to me in volume
Daily I hear the hums, the noise
It has not any meaning
For I have changed channels ~*

*White circle on stones
Gone but all was seen
I shall terra ferma, create
The Omega force is here.*

FORFEIT

*A band of gold adorned me
Now tucked in the drawer
My heart that once was tender
Is no longer anymore ~*

*I forfeited worldly treasures
With promise of much more
Gladly embrace the charade
With this life to trade ~*

*Ever in front of my sight
As things keep growing worse
I anticipate the glory of reward
As I push ever forward ~*

*Lustre has grown dim
In my sight so limited
Vain repetitions of life
With all this sorrow and strife ~*

*A band of gold adorned me
Now tucked in the drawer
My heart that once was tender
Is no longer anymore.*

IT IS NONE OF MY BUSINESS

*It is none of my business
What others do think of me,
My worth is not of validation
That of men or otherwise
My value is of God, having been
Born of his image and likeness ~*

*I care not what others say
I care not what others think, for
I care only if I am faithful to
The Father who called me to himself,
And that is what really matters ~*

*Mind set is of Him, on Him,
Through Him I have my being
And not anything of myself,
For I shall always remember
My value is of God, having been
Born of his image and likeness.*

TO DIVIDE

*Did not the Father say he would
Bring division of a sword?
He is sifting the sheep
From the goats amongst them ~*

*We are called to rightly divide
The Word of Truth...
Do you know what truth is?
How can you divide truth?*

*We take the Word of God
Apply it to our lives
Letting it go to bone and marrow
Surgically removing from our hearts
All that offends and destroys ~*

*We undergo a transition of which
Is more than physical, rather
Spiritually we remove from us
All that goes against the Spirit ~*

*Embrace the Truth who divides
The sheep from the goats
Purifying the bride.*

I AM...

*I truly am not tubal cain
I am not stars or planets
I am not Vulcan or deities
I am Aliyah... The Great I Am ~*

*I am not Zionist,
I am not the light bearer
I Am The Light,
I am not Kabbalah ~*

*I am not proud, arrogant
I am humble, lowly of heart
I am Love Incarnate,
I Am Aliyah, The Eternal ~*

*Many play games with
Numbers and Letters,
Making magic of my name
Saying that which it is not ~*

*I AM Aliyah,
The Great I AM,
The Eternal.*

BIOSPHERE

*Fourteen is the state of things
Decline in population
Logan's Run revisited ~
DNA altered, repackaged
The practice of medicine on you
The death knell to a population ~
Novus Ordo Seclorum...
Hidden the elite do rise
Formulating a New Order ~*

*Fourteen is the state of things
NLP supervision, driving people
Into a new mindset of compliance ~
Model state to dictate law
Dominate the servants of the rich
The only reason to exist ~
Those who can see leave
Quickly while the door is open
Before it closes for good ~*

*And there is the Clown
Who governs embracing the Joker
All for the sake of false promises...
Know for whom you live, don't compromise.*

STRETCHED

*I feel fragmented in my mind
Complex is the multi facets of my life
Layer upon layer of various differences,
Separate and compartmentalized experiences
Which frame my mind and being
Often I do find myself stretched ~
Directions are many to choose from
For they all are different and varied
Yet each is necessary to fulfill the other,
As stones on the beach are multiplied
So the training which I have learned
That I find I glean from ~
Complicated is the growth
Which varies at each and every level
It is necessary to know and remember,
Without such I could not make sense
Or connect the present life now
To fulfill my task at present ~*

*Many have pulled me in different directions
Each demanding semblance of order
Asking for things I must give,
Hexagons of prism lights
Brightness that does lift off
The inner depths of my soul.*

PURITY OF HEART

**BY AMBER T. FORREST
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SECRET

There is no such thing
As a secret follower
For to be a disciple
Means living it openly.
Actions speak louder than words.
Ones whole life and being
Daily shows forth what you believe.
You can't hide the light within,
To do so is to smother the flame
Which is to be a beacon to others.
You cannot claim the word,
A light unto your path
And hide the light within;
To live in secret is to
Die in secret with the hope within.
No, there are no secret followers.
(Luke 11:33)

TIKVAH (HOPE)

Every nation starts in glory
Goodness of heart is put forth,
Integrity and honor of the people.
Some rise quickly and fall
Others exist for centuries ~

Some keep the truth of power,
It is the people who are the nation
Others use government to rule,
They dominate and take from them.
No one country through history
Has ever been without contention ~
Modern times are just as dangerous
For with the taste of war
Comes technology of annihilation,
Religion promises a person
Hope and success in an afterlife ~
For as long as mankind lives
His heart is always towards war,
Fighting, never satisfied.
The human heart is wicked,
Only a change of heart
And submission to Yah of heaven
Can bring hope through righteousness ~
There will always be inequality,
Unfairness, brokenness and despair
For the world has demons unleashed.
Know who you believe in
Place your hope secure in Yahweh
For He helps us make a way
Through this life into the next with Him.

BELL

For whom does the bell toll?
The answer – all of us.
Put not off today what
You can do for tomorrow.
Chances never repeat themselves,
Foolish people think they have forever ~
Work while it is yet day
For there is no guarantee
Of our ever living a tomorrow ~
Wisdom goes out in the streets
Crying out to the children playing
She is passed up for folly
For happiness of the moment
Mostly of ones making ~
Wisdom seeks men of understanding
That she may pass onto them
The secrets of life and success.
She has always been there
With her solid pillars set forth,
We choose not to see them ~
Only when we seek with all
Of our hearts do we find her.
It is a gift to obtain knowledge
To apply the wisdom found,
Do so while you have opportunity ~

Life does not repeat itself.
Eternity is not awarded to all
It is rewarded by obedience ~
To put ones hope in eternity
Is a lie to rob you of salvation
Which we are to work on now
With much fear and trembling.
Yahweh's eyes scan to and fro
He sees the earth and all in it.
The bell tolls for us.

SIGHT

When you lay your head on your pillow
It is yourself all alone,
You know what is right and wrong,
Your choices you made and live.
Once you have tasted of the truth
You can never turn back.
This is a place of dreams,
Put your hand through the wall
And pull the vision towards you.
Bring your future forward now
Into this dimension as your own.
For dreaming with possibilities
These are endless and alive.
Wake up and stir up that within
See yourself alive to new dreams
That have come to you in a gift.

See the end before the beginning,
See the finish result as done already.
You just put your hand forward
To grasp what you need to make
The vision happen today.

FORGIVE US OH FATHER

Comfortable, convenient
Like a worn out old shoe
How people have used you Yahweh!
To rescue them from their sins!
To bless them in their needs!
How people selfishly seek you
To bless them, bless them, bless them!
They ask of you, what you give
Rather than seek you to love you!
You are a Father of Mercy and Love
That none of us can deny ~
We are so clingy, needy!
Forgive us for only asking you
And not just loving you!
The world is visual, physical
We think we need to acquire.
We tend to forget we are spirits
Living in a physical body ~
Life is constant shift, change, motion,
It is not stagnant but exciting.

So should you be to us Father
Alive, fresh and new each day!
You are not an experience
You are our breath, energy itself.
We get in trouble when we shift
Your life for our self efficiency ~
Do not desert us oh Father
For our foolishness and sinful ways.
We do love and need you
In our core, our very being.
Thank you for the Ruach Kodesh
Who keeps us in your current
Alive in you, forevermore.
So forgive us oh Heavenly Father
For we love you in our human weakness.

ONE IN HIM

How Peter must have struggled
To throw out the net one more time
After toiling all night with nothing.
How we are asked to go once more
To give yet again after we stopped
To go beyond our measure
And learn to walk in Him.
We all are asked to heed his voice
When he tells us but once more
To go and do what he beckons of us.

Are you weary with toil?
Does your heart ache for more?
Have you truly stopped where you are?
When we have not the energy
To go a step further he gives us
His measure, his grace to do so.
There is so much yet to be done
And little time to accomplish it.
He is more than able to sustain us
If we believe him to perfect it so.
All of us are called to do our part
However different or varied
Let us be true to our calling
Faithful to his voice who speaks.
For we are blessed without measure
Being one in him.

AGE AND HONOR

The youth of passion goes forth
As a blazing flame consuming
Rush to expedite urgency
In time the flame extinguishes
From mortal exhaustion ~
The age of experience resides
With daily endurance of steadfastness
It is not the point of being right

Or showing forth ones wisdom
It is that of daily obedience
Loyal to truth one knows to live ~
And the aged watch the young
Each generation vows change
Much folly is spent on youth
It is past ones midpoint
That wisdom shows itself
For by mistakes does one learn
And then grasp a previous riddle ~
Proud, strong and unbroken
Life shows forth itself
Only to those who seek it
You cannot grasp it for it eludes
One can only worship it with honor.
(John 18:37-38; 16:13; 14:6)

DECEPTION FROM TRUTH

Trouble is when we become
focused on just one aspect of truth
negating the balance of it.
Many believers have a part of truth,
collectively as a whole we become one.
The body is made up of many parts
yet the parts are not singular
(1 Cor. 12:14-26).
When we feel we have it all

to the exclusion of the others
we have walked in great error.
Blindness of pride puffs up
saying you are right, others wrong.
Only Yahshua is ALL truth,
He leads us in all truth, righteousness.
Just as He was tested in all ways
(Hebrews 4:15)
yet He remained without sin, lawlessness.
So we are to be keeping His Law
(Romans 2:13).
When we take away or add to
we are removed from The Book
(Rev. 22:14).
None of us have it all,
only Yahshua is ALL in ALL.
Let us walk daily our deeds
with much fear and trembling.
Our works is to keep His Law
it is all of it to completion
(Matt. 5:17).
The servant is not greater than the Master.
Yahshua kept The Law, taught The Law.
He is our example for us
to do the same together in Him,
to the glory of Yahweh in heaven.

FEELING

Seasons of my heart
the chambers bring forth
I cannot contain the satiety.
Tears well up under eyelids
softly splash chinking streaks
fluid of emotion spilled.
Hearts beating as one swell
warm, robust and alive
intertwined my spirit with yours.
Truly we have connected
I dare not move for fear
that doing so you should relinquish.
Holding the flame burning inside
there remains no more dark crevices
I am exposed under your gape.
Our liaison we have become unitary
each coveting the other as air
to breathe deeply and exhale.
Beyond words or fancies
I am drunk in the moment
extant today as if my last.

HEAL

Numb, mute yet speaking
you communicate to me
too much you have seen
too much you have endured
death a thousand times lived
to but bestir again.
And you lay back, close your eyes
liberating out a long sigh
for you are beyond sentience, tattered,
a spent life existing
drowning out all outcry and woe.
How I would have held you
to ease all your anguish
yet two damaged souls
would only extinguish each other.
All of us have the fortuity
to search the mysteries of our heart -
With a measure we pray to heal.

REBIRTH

The unborn child looked down
upon the souls of earth
turning to its maker it begs;
"Do not send me down there
better not to be ever born
than bear the sorrows and heartache

of mankind amiss of its Creator
breeding hatred and pain".
Then the Master spoke so gently;
"You were born for this time
to be a ray of light among men.
Your example is for the good
even if at the cost of your sorrow."
The little soul looked up
into the great Master's eyes.
Tears running down its form
the child submits in obedience
knowing that He is right.
And a child was born
to a couple who loved her.
Tender and strong she grew
having survived much opposition.
Her destiny is now to teach
the young souls of others
who need to learn to overcome.
Eventide gives way to the Epoch,
The Sun is dissolved in Immortality,
The child is born anew.

SPUR

Mournful echoes the ram's horn
Calling forth all tribes
Stirred within our being:

“Remove your garments
I shall clothe your nakedness.

Become willing in my hand
And I shall use you
As a vessel of honor.
I shall plant your seed
Buried in fertile soil
You shall bear much fruit.
I see your heart’s condition
Desiring to heal and restore,
Yielded you must die first.
I will purify you with fire
In the furnace of affliction
You will come forth a flame
Walking in white and pure” ~
And I disrobe casting aside
All works of rebellion
Prostrate before my maker.
Eagerly I accept His life
Making my election sure.

MEMOIR

Many words have been written
When a golden flute is silenced.
It is vapor leaving the clay
All whispers are gone,
We exit in sleep escaping.

Blades sprout from the seed
Arched with sunlight filtering
The landscape lush and wild.

All of life rings true
With the sky's electric blue
The height of it unknown
Resounding brass of baritone
Float clouds of coloured hue.
Pleasant are the memories bright
Of the musical notes played
Which now rest merged as one.

CRYING HEART

Sometimes I see my smallness
Filled with doubt of my value,
My hands are bare, empty.
I cannot grasp or take
It is not my nature,
For I am but a simple person
Awed in a world of wonder
Asking what will become of me ~
I hear the wind song
Carried to my ears
I search the sky for answers.
Huge is the tent over us
It covers all souls searching
Looking for their place ~

Arrows have pierced my heart
Sorrow has washed over me
I cry out to the Great Spirit:

"Hear me Oh Father
Take away this burden so heavy
That I may run swift again" ~
The canyons echo the wind:
"Simple people can touch that
Which others cannot handle,
I carry you on my wings.
You feel no pain I have not,
Through this we shall ascend
To the heavens together" ~
And wind walker was born
Who walks across the sky
With the laughter of Love
She has found her place.

THE PRIESTS OF EZRA

I could very easily fall in love with you
Your heart is beautiful and deep
I can see a thousand dreams and wishes
Lived within your actions and words ~
Your eyes speak so tenderly to me
I get lost in your love so soft

What you do to me is hypnotic
You pull me towards you longingly
With fullness overflowing ~
I fight myself not to give in
Easy to get lost in you

Your canopy covers over me
With sweet kisses and words
Asking me to stay completely ~
It is out of love that I leave
For I cannot be a heart divided
Many have fought and lost
Yet I choose to leave while I can
Before I fall away in weakness ~
You have a strong allure my love
One that cannot be contained
For I could easily love you.
(Ezra Chapter 10; Nehemiah 13:23-31)

STONE AND CLAY

Far too long it has been
Since I have been so loved
You come forth with a touch
To melt the ice of my heart ~
I have put up a wall of stone
Asking to be left alone

Yet you did penetrate through
With a voice so lovely and true ~
Far too long it has been
Since I have been so loved
You come forth with a touch
To melt the ice of my heart ~

Truly you have cut away
Within where the stone did lay
All hurt gone from separation
In clay a new creation ~
Far too long it has been
Since I have been so loved
You came forth with a touch
To melt the ice of my heart.

VALLEYS

There is the lowest dip
before the hill set high
we often are caught down below
thinking things will not go by ~
We cannot entertain such thoughts
or they will rob us blind
of the victory soon to be ours
if we'd be like the hind ~

For craggy slopes of hard climb
yet it does ascend on top
regardless of the ache and toil
to conquer the hardest rock ~
When in the valley so deep
and ones mind is over wrought
know that you are not alone
your answers to what you sought. ~

Everything is but a season
it all shall not last
for it is all for a reason
this too shall soon past.

GRATITUDE I SAY

Gratitude they say ~
We tend to forget it
our focus is on our troubles
rather than past blessings
Gratitude they say ~
For life full of pain
racked with much sorrow
yet grateful for the lesson
Gratitude they say ~
Being shaken from a stupor

rescued from self destruction
with the chance to start over
Gratitude they say ~
To take what life gives
learning not to curse or complain
embracing truth and humility
Gratitude they say ~
To have a fellowship
of those who also suffer
yet love knowingly and unconditionally ~
Yes it is Gratitude I say.

A FOLLOWERS PRAYER

Oh Mighty Father ~
May I never walk out
Of the shoes of love
Stepping forth in vanity,
May I remain loyal to mercy
Giving to all those around me
As much as I've received of you.
Oh Loving Father ~
May I never stop thinking
With the illumination of the Word,
Relying on man's wisdom
Growing away from the truth
Building a foundation on sand.
Oh Merciful Father ~

May I always wear the truth
Close to my life and heart
As a measure of righteousness,
To help me guard my ways.
May I be true to your Word
Not falling into error and confusion.
Oh Heavenly Father ~
May I always carry the Sword
To divide truth in all things
To vanquish all that offends.
I ask that I not stop carrying
The weapon you gave me to fight with,

For your Word is your Sword
In my actions, words and desires.

Oh My Father ~
Your shield deflects all harm
Raised up to cover all those
Who rely on you for protection,
May I honor your name
In all truth and righteousness.

Oh Mighty Father ~
I thank you for your truth
Which you gird my loins with,
It is an honor to do rightly
Living and producing truth
In obedience and love for you.

May your name never be dishonored
By my actions as your follower.
I thank you for your grace
And mercy to fulfill your will
In all things in my life.
Oh Loving Father ~
I praise you in all awe
Your wisdom and love is endless
In the depths of my being
I praise thee in all righteousness.
Thank you Yah for life,
For having chosen me to yourself.

TRADITION

How many do argue, to defend
To disagree with the Law,
They give their many excuses
Why YOU are so very wrong
To cling to the Old Testament.
How they tell you that GOD
Had to change the Law!
And you look with amazement
As traditions of men do condemn
Every Word of the mouth of Yahweh,

How they condemn His Feast Days,
How they condemn the Law
As being done away with!
Yet they claim to believe in
The Messiah, the spoken one!
The lie perpetuated so boldly,
That Yahshua is not Jewish,
That Yahweh is not Jewish,
The New Testament is not Jewish!
Then what do they believe in?
HE cannot be the Messiah
Spoken of in Jewish Scriptures!
HE cannot be the Son of Elohim
Living the Torah of Yahweh!
They claim a form of godliness
Yet deny the power thereof, THE WORD!

A Messiah OF WHAT?
Of the gentiles, for the gentiles?
Doing away with the Father's Law?
This is such Blasphemy!
YAHWEH changes not!
HIS WORD changes not!
So what do these traditionalists
Actually believe in?
(John 8:43-45; Matthew 4:4; Malachi 3:6a;
Isaiah 40:8; Isaiah 29:13; Mark 7:6-9)

INDIFFERENCE

Indifference of a cold heart ~
Does not feel the loss of a soul
That slips away into perdition.
Selfishness with greediness
They do not see the poor and helpless
Nor care for those less fortunate
All they breathe and live for
Is to consume more than they need.
Indifference of a cold heart ~
Watching as people suffer
Not raising a hand to help
Nor offering consolation in despair
Turning their back walking away
Not caring because it's not them
Grateful to put it out of their mind
Going about their life as usual.

Indifference of a cold heart ~
One day your hour does come
You are awakened to judgment
Standing before you is The Book
Opened your name does not appear
Shocked in disbelief you question
Only to be quoted moral duty
Which you have broken.
Indifference of a cold heart ~

Dying you left a void
Taking with you hatred for truth
In death even you reject Life
A God unto yourself you lived.
Now you bow too late in submission
Acknowledging you chose your path,
Here you are abolished forever.
Oh indifferent one ~
If you can read this now
Won't you change before it's too late?
(John 14:6; Hebrews 9:27)

CANOPY

Trees are people
Each a variance of shade
Filtering to the common wealth
Allowing only enrichment to settle.
Larger trees over time block out
The sun to smaller trees

Starving them for nutrients to grow.
To manage a tree lot one must
Cultivate, groom, cut and dissect
Making allowance for the smaller ones
To grow in stature and height
From those who were before.
The passing of the torch

Governance changing of roots
A whole new system of living.
Each generation like the first
All start out in the same soil
Only to be pared off to degrees,
For only the strong shall survive.
And as I look skyward underneath
A huge canopy of lush green
I see myself up there with leaves
Every day dropping to enrich
The very soil we all collectively live in.
For we are all intertwined one to another
Nor can I ignore you without it greatly
Affecting my own self and well being.
The Forest speaks softly, do listen.

CONFUSION

The world is run amuck
In chaos and despair
For every improvement of man
Has brought forth much confusion.
To make life simpler
Has only brought more heartache.
Opinion replaces knowledge
Lengthy news casts of surmising
Breeds speculation and Conjecture.
Polls give way to judge and condemn
Those in the limelight abroad
Bypassing the Law of Court.

News is rather entertainment
Of mass hypnosis and reactionaries
To dupe the populace to action
Of those who would benefit the most.
We turn our back to Wisdom
The Words of Knowledge and Life
To follow the Pied Piper of Media
Which lulls all to sleep.
Soon the ground shall slant
All shall slide off their foundation
To land in the hot mix underneath
Boiling in the Caldron of ripe discontent.
Madness can only be the outcome
To all those who proudly rise

Following the footprints of men
Rather than the gentle Shepherd
Of the souls of mankind.
Many trade His Yoke which is easy
For the confusion of the world.
They love to be their own God
Living a life with no rules.
Soon they shall answer for all
Their wantonness and gluttony
Of never having enough
To the Throne of Wisdom Eternal.

TRANSHUMANISM

Directed Evolution, destroying the barriers
Borgs to Cyborgs, singularity
Man's desire to be like ELOHIM
To alter the human gene
Merging animals and humans
Creating *a new race* of beings.
Science taken to a new level,
History is now repeating itself.
As in the days of Noah
All was destroyed which were altered,
Only Noah was perfect in all his lineage ~
We have altered foods, *transgenetics*
We have science fiction movies
To *Cyborg, Chirma*, Nanotechnology.
Arrogance, smugness of the Elite
Universal Immortalism is their belief,

Being manufactured on the human race.
Hidden truths in the scriptures
Revealing the wickedness of men's hearts ~
Wanting to be like ELOHIM
They "*create*" new life abroad.
It is bombarded on TV and internet
You cannot escape *the norm*
Of the *new bizarre* ~
Quantum Biology and Physics.
aaaaaaaaa

"Pride, by it Satan fell,
By it mankind perishes."

SCRIPTURE REFERENCES:

Genesis 1:24-25; 6:5-13; 11:6-8
Deuteronomy 8:1
Daniel 12:1, 4, 9-10
Ecclesiastes 1:9
Matthew 24:1, 4, 9-10
Acts 17:28; Galatians 5:19-21
Philippians 3:20-21
2 Corinthians 4:4; 11:14-15
1 Peter 5:5-11 Luke 4:6-8
1 Timothy 4:1; 2 Timothy 3:1-5
Romans 1:18-25; Ephesians 6:10-18

CONFORMITY

Lift up your head Oh Child
No longer you need to surrender
To the expectations of others.
I have liberated you to freedom
Accept what you have been given ~
Your walk is a different cadence
Others no longer hold sway
Over your soul or spirit.
Live in your new established station
In true character modeled daily ~

Shed your old way of thinking
Be transformed into my image
Fulfill your vow of spiritual service.
Think on My Word and thoughts
Prove what is good within you.
(Romans 12:1-2)

GARDEN

Oh we have been taught
Go sow into the Kingdom
That is not what Torah says,
There is but ONE husbandman
HE alone sows the seed.
A field may look barren
Yet the farmer knows what's planted.

We tend to judge others
By what we see on the outside
Yet we know not the matter,
If Yahweh sowed HIS seed
Into their very hearts!
We know not if or the season
Of when the fruit would mature.
When we sow we make ourselves
To judge who shall be saved;
Yahweh has removed that
From our hands entirely.

HE tells us tend to OUR soul
To the fruit of our garden,
Not the garden of another.
Let us humbly acknowledge Him
As the Sower, the Husbandman
And gratefully tend to our own fruit.
Let us just produce fruit
Showing forth His seed within us.
(Genesis 1:29-30)

MYSTERY BABYLON

There is a mystery with no answer
The need of mankind for religion.
Those raised in austere fashion
Of strict rigidity with great protest
Years later find themselves returning
As a moth to the flame they congregate ~

The lure strong beyond one's reasoning
They return to the very thing they hate.
Freedom comes at a cost for many
Of which untold gave their lives to flee.
It is a cycle of insanity repeated.
How many were oppressed and tortured
By the very spirituality they embrace? ~
It makes no sense yet it holds true
People will return to a hold so strong.

How the Israelites were coddled
Nurtured, pampered and protected
Yet they overreached their Abba
To embrace the jealousy of deities
Without remorse or repentance.
Idolatry, rebellion to run after
The very snare they were delivered from ~
Mankind seems to overcome much
Yet religion remains a stronghold for many.
Mystery Babylon is alive and well
In the hearts of multitudes of men.
Know whom you worship and why,
Guard your heart and soul not to fail
To remain loyal to the truth in this life ~
When you hear the bells my friend
Run fast, not ever looking back.
Gaze up to your Messiah who loves you
Ever praying without ceasing.
(Galatians 5:1; Luke 9:62)

PROPHET

I awoke with a thought so tangible
And now it is slipping away
Escaping into the background of dreams.
There dance within my head
The words imparted to me
Thoughts of clarity and wisdom.

Retire once more to slumber approaching
The chamber of response to speech
Words that are directed to me.
Once awoken it is with such vibrancy
Energy that cannot wait but express
The present moment as unfolded.
Meaning too true to ignore
I find myself once again
In prayer and much reflection.
The gift of the prophet imparted
Never does it tire or to communicate
Rather agonize in much expression.
Foolish men tend to run with it
Before discerning the depth and measure
With great forethought and intercession.
Few can handle the responsibility
Of the mature mantle placed
On the shoulders of a steward.
All thoughts are not good
Only those that pass the test
Of truth, correction and edification.

True purpose is not of ourselves
It can only edify the King himself
Presented with humility and obedience.

DESTINATION

If I cannot forgive you
Then Yahshua cannot forgive me
For what we sow we reap,
Better to love and do right
Than hold onto being wrong
And in eternity to weep ~
Our heart all through this life
Is divided by flesh and spirit
We have to become whole,
No one can choose for me
Or change my journeys path
Only I decide for my soul ~
Each and every day is
Too precious to ignore
To put off salvation so true,
For we all have a time
And a place my friend
Where death shall come for you.
(Psalm 95:7-8; 2 Corinthians 5:8)

HERALD

Speak your words of knowledge
To fall upon deaf ears,
Refusing, not wanting to change
Is the audience of your peers ~
Clamorous, anxious and eager are they
Engaged with the affairs of the world,

Silent and alone you stand
With the message still in thy hand ~
Ignored, mocked and riled
Assaults upon your being,
Heaping judgment it is piled
To those who wickedly reject ~
Ezekiel the Watchman you recall
Scripture comes to your mind,
Never are your words wasted
For some will find in kind ~
Loyalty in face of opposition
Bravely endure on oh soul,
Never compromise your position
For you don't know who will listen.
(Ezekiel 33:1-9)

MY CHILDREN

My children
How I weep
How I lament
You are asleep
And destruction is upon you ~
How you have fallen
You have lost your first love
The rudiments of the earth
Have enraptured your heart
You have forgotten ME
Yahweh your Elohim ~

I do not desire
For any to perish
Yet you choose your rebellion
Over my way of love and obedience ~
Terror of such magnitude
Will suddenly destroy.
Thou are hated, despised
Many are against you
Many within your own borders
You will be as lambs to slaughter ~
There is no place to hide
Only in me
Prepare your hearts
Come in my presence
On your face

Seek the hiding place
Under my wings
For I protect only my own
Only those who are separate to me ~
My Children
How I weep
How I lament
This doesn't have to be so
You do not have to perish
If you will only come to me
Before the hour is here ~
You have deadened my voice
You have seared your conscience

And now you are
But the walking dead.
I cannot protect you
I have not abandoned you
But you have deserted me.
Come, before it is too late –
Before it is too late –
And I shall plead no more.
(Psalm 91:1-4: Words of the Father)

MADNESS

The Spirit moves upon the earth
To prick the hearts of men,
Cut asunder the cords that bind
Breaking loose the heart to feel ~
Move and weep with compassion.
Groaning uttered in depths so great
Beyond human grasp or reasoning,
Deep hurt for lost souls of men
Who toss aside the gift so great ~
What more can be said or done?
The impalement has said it all
To die in my place, for me
That I can be restored to the Father ~
Eternal Life! Bought for me!
With innocent blood so precious,
And many reject the gift
Not knowing their doom ahead ~

The knife to the Creator's heart
To cut one's self knowingly
Free from the Father's love and care,
Madness rules the hearts of men ~
Longingly the Spirit pleads
Watching many lost souls die,
And that free will He must honor
Our choices he will not violate ~
Even if it means loss of Spirit.

*****EARTH*****

Blood is soaked deep within
You cover the bones of men
Blanketing the secrets of time.
You bare the scars of war
Birth and death are in your ridges,
Few know you house the belly
Of Hell Fire, stoked in your center.
On top variance of placidity prevails
All that men can see you show,
Barren to lush spots of green ~
Eye sight alone is deceiving
Recorded in your lines are echoes
Rock spit from rock smothered
Covered with sulfur and hot ashe.
Spirits clash and divide
Conquering lands that are fallen.

All relinquish their temporal houses
To return to the dust where they came,
Daily many descend to their base
The roots from where they sprang ~
Created in mystery and wonder
Faithfully you have maintained
Your divine purpose and course.
The end with Trumpet Imparting
From your center soon to vomit
All who inhabit there to the King,
To be thrown into the second death.

Then shall you become a new earth,
Your old foundation will mourn no more ~
Look up Ancient Gates to the Throne
New Jerusalem and Earth of splendor,
Here souls of the faithful eternal live.

EVERY WHIM

Useless it is to fret and worry
Over what ifs, what was
And all of the to bes,
The Father does know best
It is for our good measure
He will do as He shall please ~
When we learn this fact
Give up the doubt and fear
Latch onto the promises true,

Then He will hear your prayer
Bring about a swift answer
By an angel straight to you ~
So drop the hands open
Down to your very sides
Give it all unto Him,
nothing shall come against you
Or torment your spirit or soul
When Father hears your every whim.

THE RACE

Having exhausted all my energy
I succumb to unabashed slumber
Drifting into much needed sleep ~
It is in my dreams I escape
The unpleasant realities around me
To the promise of a better place ~
As in Native American Folklore
I heard the owl call my name
I walk out of my moccasins ~
A person is known by their shoes
The wear on them shows the toil
That one's soul has much endured ~
Swift we do run the race
Slowing down to gauge our measure
We struggle to cross the finish line ~
Do not look at the line so close
Rather at the prize on the other side
Which shall become yours when done ~

Sleep no longer is a dream
Shadows and sorrows fade away
As in the everlasting light you enter.

PRESENCE OF HEART

Vision, to see
Amidst the storm that surrounds
Always there shall be turmoil
Motion of agitation and noise
But thou are kept in all this
You are in the cleft of the Rock
Sheltered through the storm ~
All who leave the safety
Are caught up and swept away.
The humble, weak and trusting
With gratitude they are cared for.
Yes, we all do need
Vision to see, to see ~
And presence of heart
To but believe.

DELIVER

Wake up oh "believer"
You have fallen asleep
The world has disarmed you
Claiming your soul to keep ~
You have been taught ease

Give up your diligent ways
To give access to Satan
Into your mind a maze ~
You have stopped meditating
Upon His Holy Word
Now you fill your mind
With profane, vain and absurd ~
You entertain many a thought
The multitude of great sin
Once thought upon fully
You find yourself engaged within ~
Outwardly you stand for truth
Inwardly you drown in sorrow
Caught in a lie and despair
You dread the days of tomorrow ~
I entreat you to rescue
The flame that does remain,
Otherwise the Father will but have
Your entrance to Heaven refrain ~
What we sow we reap
WE have the power to address
Repent and make things right
By now in tears confess ~
For He is able to deliver,
If you want Him to.

IN TUNE

My hand is not my own
Nor my voice or my eye,
I only can but use them
As you direct I comply ~
Other men may use theirs
Freely their will does rule,
But I am under ownership
What is yours that I do ~
It is not cowardice or fear
Nor is it arrogance my friend,
Yet I am too compelled
To broadcast the coming end ~
A watchman does decelerate
To all those behind the wall,
Once the words have been spoken
They are responsible if they fall ~
As long as I do have voice
Opportunity and the means,
I will continue to but speak
Which ever way He leans.

CENSORSHIP

Shock, Shock but they do mock,
Voice, Voice they say a choice,
Free, Free we can yet be,
Vote, Vote the tickets they tote,
Led, Led the people are fed,
Stead, Stead your way they tread,
Feel, Feel to be but real,
Smoke, Smoke it lifts to choke,
Eyes, Eyes open to surprise,
Choice, Choice has no voice,
Real, Real you cannot appeal,
State, State you now debate,
Give, Give in fear you live,
Drone, Drone you're not your own,
Fun, Fun has come undone,
Run, Run the sinking sun,
Wire, Wire enclosed in fire,
Eyes, Eyes you now see lies,
Too late, Too late
You now live your fate.
(The Death of Freedom)

HE CAME

His silence spoke volumes
Every foot step walked closer
My heart raced as I gazed on him.

Words were spoken as never before
Of life, hope and eternal promise.
Love he gave to all who mistreated
Even weeping over the sins of men.

He deeply cared about us
So unlike others who came before
For his whole being was different.

There was a gentleness that
The world never knew
And men thirst after.

Many followed from great distance
To drink in the Words of Life
Sitting at the feet of Him.

He came for you, for me
That we could change ourselves
Starting with each of us
To build our foundation in Him
And become a Living Body.

He died and rose again
He delivered his promise to us.
He still lives in the hearts of men
Who follow in his foot steps
Carrying the message of Hope ~

And love to a dying world.
Let us follow our example
Rejoicing for the privilege to do so.

OUR GIVEN PURPOSE

The reformer laid down their protest
Gave up educating people around
Tired of the slanted propaganda
The self-imposed posse sound.
Took a look at their doings
Saw all effort was in the flesh
Tried to blend spiritual revelation
With a media mix mesh.
A wrong spirit did show itself
Fighting flesh and blood alike
Realized contradiction of scripture
It's principalities of Air to Spike.
Had to drop the Barabbus spirit
And walk in the Master's shoes
Had to willingly shed correction
Self-appointed Judge to lose.
Pride had hid its face behind
A fighting for the truth
Ripped the mask and saw
That Satan's work was aloof.
In the name of declaring truth
One warped Yahshua's witness
Had to become broken and humbled
To say they were guilty of this.

We are not called to be opposition
To all things in the world that offend
For that is not our given purpose
What we shall be rewarded in the end.
We are called to but love others
To witness hope to a dying race
Then we can hear "well done
My faithful servant" when Him we face.
(Mark 15:7)

DECLARATION

Jealous is He for us his treasure
Guarding only those under his wings.
Foolish are those who leave his protection
They are deceived and consumed within.
Ruach Kodesh guides and directs those
Whose trust and measure is him ~
Silence the world with the
Great music from Heaven
With healing in its wings.
Take the coal upon your mouth
Thou are called
To proclaim the truth
To a rebellious and sinful people.

(Isaiah 6:1-8)

BROKENESS

I am squeezed in your hand
There is no more life within me
Here I lay lifeless with no strength ~
You chastise those you love
Wringing out all that weakens
In my weakness is your strength ~
The clay has been broken up
To be reshaped and thrown
Cast upon your wheel and worked ~
Then I am put aside to dry
All that remains of me dies
To but be thrown into the smelter's fire ~
Skimmed off the top all toxins
Bringing forth a mirror pure
All contesting is silenced within ~
The clay now broken and humbled
You pick up to shape it anew
Into a vessel of great honor ~
These will come through dire circumstances
Guarded and undamaged by him,
For existence is total declaration
To holiness, the prayers of the saints.

(Romans 12:1-2 Revelation 7:9-17)

WHAT IS HEARD

“Often in our eagerness to find
One who shares the word of truth
We drop the way of love
For the law of being right.” ~
What is more important?
Examples of the Master’s Love?
Or correction from the word spoken?
Yet in the process one does find
The golden rule is being broken ~
Many fear contamination from others
Of error in doctrinal teachings
So their voices one smoothers
With their opinionated preachings ~
Resembling the parable spoken
Of the two sons so opposite:
One said yes but did not
The other said no but did,
For sin can be found
Crouched in “righteousness” it’s hid ~
For the inward man does speak
Our actions are louder than any word
As much as we try to convey
Others read what is “heard” ~
“Often in our eagerness to find
One who shares the word of truth

We drop the way of love
For the law of being right”.

FRUIT OF RIGHTEOUSNESS

He who wins souls
Is wise, is wise
Let us not him despise ~
For he makes good use of measure
Time allotted to gain great treasure
His vision and goal of the master
The souls of men he can see,
He knows life is but a vapor
Then soon slips into eternity ~
We shall give an account
Of all such time we do waste
And for all the tasks at hand
Salvation of souls make haste ~
To snatch another soul
From the lake of fire
To escape a hopeless plight
Endless agony so dire ~
We must be about the Father's business
Not slacking in hand we go
Speak forth the Savior's story
With new found life they know ~
He who wins souls is wise, is wise
Let us not him despise.
(Proverbs 11:30; Ephesians 1:3-5)

GRASP

All are born for a purpose
First and foremost fellowship
Companionship with the Father.
Think this not an odd thing
For we are created in his image.
Loyalty and Obedience does bestow
The royal inheritance to us.
For those who rebel, nothing.
In this life they may prosper
But in Eternity eternal torment.
Life is so fleeting, blinding
It promises everything under the sun.
Wisdom is to know who to follow
We must ever keep our eyes on Him.
Yes, sup with the Father, refresh
In his bosom is Love Divine
With splendor beyond description.
When we are tempted at the Pinnacle
Shown dazzling worldly treasure,
May we know what does last
And forever hold onto that.

(Matthew 4:5-7; 2 Cor. 4:1-8; 5:7)

THE GOSSIPER

The gossip is one of all
Races, creeds, tongues and religions.
It is the pride of men who give in
To place themselves as Judge and Elohim
Voicing their opinions of other's lives.
With ease, no twinge of conscious
They destroy another with pleasure
By repeating with their mouths.
Some do so for the excitement
Others for appearing knowing all.
Often what is repeated is distorted
Far from the truth with
Not much truth left at all.
These people have no guilt
Rather feel justified in so doing,
Taking joy in revealing other's sins
As if they had none of their own.
Many a life has been destroyed
By the whispers "of a friend".
Words spoken can never be undone,
Only forgiveness and turn the page
For the victim to go forward.
Little do men really know
We judge our eternal salvation
Based on our own words we speak –
ALL our words we EVER SPOKE.

Words are everything, they carry weight
And the scales will show accordingly.
Keep not company with a gossip
For these do the greatest harm of all.
(Read Matthew 12:35-37
This is both good & evil men)

BRIGHTLY

Loyalty to man is a snare
It pulls your heart from Elohim
Humanity grows into humanism ~
To become loyal to a man
Becomes grave idol worship,
We are to be loyal to Yahweh
First and above all others ~
If we slide or drift, we fall
Our foundation comes undone.
Often we feel obligation to those
Out of sense of loyalty,
Do not confuse that with bondage ~
Ha Satan will use people
To bring us down and turn away
From following Yahweh's precepts ~
Neither country, nor man, nor wealth
Can substitute nor replace
The sole ownership of the King
Who rules our hearts and minds ~

Let us turn away from such
That would undermine our faith.
Let us be ever diligent against
All neglect on our part,
Ever lighting our candle brightly.

SUFFERING

This one word we all know
Humanity does suffer greatly
Some in mind, body and others
Greatly suppressed in spirit.
For all have come to this
By the sins from Eden
It has given root and cause
For torments of Lucifer the fallen.
He brings bad seed into being
Through the hearts of fallen man
Men with hatred breed violence,
With wars to dominate and conquer
Do to others unmentionable cruelty.
History does repeat itself greatly
With lust for carnage of blood
Insanity inflicted on those
The masses like grapes of wrath
Squeezed of their very beings,
They do fill that very cup full
Soon to be poured on the earth.

Nations will destroy each other
As acid rain falls and kills
All trees and foliage does die
So does the hope of all men
As their eyes are opened to see
Those they murdered, the blood
Of the innocents cries out –
How long? How long Oh Yahweh?
Before you bring retribution
On those who murdered the saints?
Yes, we are now in the years of foolery
Great deception men do embrace
For they love the lie greatly
And persecute the truth.
Here now are the Saints
Who possess their souls in patience.
(Seek thy Elohim while He may be found)

****UNRAVELED****

The White Dome of marble groans
It looks to the east, west, north, south
Constantly it rotates its position
Ever stressing its fixed moorings ~
Faltered foundation crumbled to change
Perplexed by oaths of compromise
How to fulfill all obligations given ~

A deep rent is soon to sunder
Given over to birth pains
Within and without to strike,
Tumble down your crown of white
Given to confrontation of the truth.

THE OLD PATHS

Days without end the misery
Men who lost hope to work
Futile rewards for ones efforts
Questioning the dreams of life ~
Stolen lives by big bankers
Who ride the backs of little people
The monster of greed runs
The governments of all nations ~
Loss of personal regard and care
Contempt breeds wantonness
Gone forever the days of old
Lifeless eyes, dull that once sparkled ~
Return to the old ways
Put Elohim into your remembrance
Seek the safety of Yahweh's name
The shelter under His wings ~
For all men shall walk through
This life governed by darkness
Hold onto your anchor secure
To reach ever homeward bound.

(Jeremiah 6:16)

FALLEN ONE

A Bride cast aside for rebellion
You were the Queen of Heaven
You have brought pain and suffering
To all of mankind who follow you,
You desire the worship of Yah
In the place of Yah with blasphemy.
Beautiful were your pipes and gems
Dazzled with brilliance you led many,
Even the angels followed your piped piper
Into ultimate rebellion against the Master.
You have come to earth and polluted all things
Perverted music from worship to rebellion
Men acting out your perversions of music
In their thoughts and minds manifesting.
Isis your high priestess did manifest
To proclaim to the world a new dawning
Ushering in the reign of Lucifer to the world
Asking men to open their hearts
To be but loved by him.
Thirteen minutes the coven displayed
Black robed your sanctified Convocation
Sang the Black Mass of invitation for all
To surrender their hearts in peace.
Great wrath has Satan to destroy men
Made in the image of Yahweh,
Lucifer, you dethroned Queen of Heaven
You still seek worship and a following.

You seduce men's souls and minds
Cross the line to bestiality with vileness
Gross darkness slaves give way to.
The world is your play ground
The hunter of men's souls to perdition.
This fallen angel of light does masquerade
One day she shall fall and all shall see
She was but "a man".
(Isaiah 14:12)

EXPOSED

Stacks of books
Columns on floors and chairs
Towering leaves bound and gilded
Lives eternal of their own
Each soul wrapped in covers
Memoirs for posterity ~
And such are shafts of light
Clothed in flesh and blood
Wearing works read by all.
Things we do cling to
Hold private and ever dear
Exposed our hearts by eyes
Which speak of fountains within.

***"Collectively we may agree
Individually we must stand."***
-793-



PATERNAL

Such a barren wasteland
Vast multitudes of words
Twisted and canonized
Changed with lying wonders
The beliefs of all men ~
To even change one word
Has made all the difference
No matter how small it be ~
Such a weightier matter
Shall be settled from His throne.
(Revelation 22:18-19)

NEGLECT

Young blood, restless in motion
Second guessing yourself on everything
You had walked the tight rope
Jumped off into the flames
You met the Kiss of Death
Then mid- motion given a second chance ~
You revel and marvel in the memory
Yet not enough to have it change you.

Brushing yourself off to walk away
The invisible one sees and notices,
The net may not be there a second time.
Rather than embrace The Light
You slouch in your comfort of gray
Giving up all desire for consolation,
You are addicted to your misery
Of life in constant turmoil.
Refusing to read the pages
You put the book on the shelf
Tremble foolish one, tremble...
One cannot mock such Grace
And take it all so lightly
For your destiny is but such ~
Only a single breath away.

TESTS

Judgment beings first
At the House of Yahweh
He shall purify his saints ~
Think it not odd what oppresses
For all normalcy shall cease
And in its place chaos reign ~
Look up ever watching
For our home is with Him
Mt. Zion on the sides of the north ~

We are passing through
Pull up all stakes of anchorment
For we are ever growing closer ~
Purify your minds and heart
To receive hidden manna from Yah
Who reveals it to His chosen ~
Ever consuming as flames of fire
The earth is never satisfied
It perishes and all in it ~
Hold true to your faith
Hope and assurance without measure
We shall pass the tests of time.

LOVE THE TRUTH

People would rather we believe a lie
So not to expose their deficit
None wish to be stripped bare, alone,
Righteousness convicts of sin
Many argue their justification
Angry you woke up their conscious ~
It is easier not to think, address
Unsolved questions that do haunt,
Ugly realities many choose to bury
Under busyness of merriment.
They say believe as you do, fine
Just don't rock the boat
Don't confront our wicked ways ~
Strongholds they bear deeply

With many a grudge to defend
Against the Spirit's revelation.
All truth given in Love
Shall be deeply assaulted,
Know that we were born for this ~
Let us follow the way of the Master
Steadily He shall carry us
When we haven't strength of our own.
You cannot compromise truth
That illusion many do live
With false sense of security ~
Brave and strong solidly endure,
Love the truth at all times
Escaping the deception of deceit.

WHAT ONE CAN KEEP

Give not your handshake
To those not of equal ground
For they would but rob ye ~
Why give your inheritance
Away, to be taken of you
Leaving nothing to live from? ~
Trust not every man no matter
How much outwardly a success
Fraudulent masquerading trust,
Possess your soul guarded well
Holding onto the spiritual matters
Which make up the whole sum ~

Give not your pledge or loyalty
To those not of your own
For many leach from others,
Solid make your foundation
Lay nothing viewed to display
Enticing thieves to but steal ~
I say look well to your life
Know each day as a last
Blowing all away as dust.
Your treasures are mere mortal
Dust walking in brilliant light
Emulating the wealth of the Father ~
Let no man steal from you
What does lay eternal within
Being only what one can keep.

GREAT WONDERMENT

Come away with me, let us fly
To the other side of the moon
Where no footprints have touched ~
Journey with me to the land of clouds
High up and beyond the firmament
To visions of stars and galaxies ~
Let us gaze upon the beauty in space
Touching the stars as they fly by.

Life has altered its meaning to me
For no longer hung in balance
Suppressed within a fleshly frame ~
Free to roam the outer boundaries
Of life and explosions of creation,
Let us string together the comets
Stars and black holes mapping the way
As we look upon our new domain ~
I can only say spirits we echo
Knowledge is vivid and tangible,
We create with our thoughts new beings
Of life and great wonderment.

INHERIT THE WIND

The wind blows gale force
Stripping away all in its path
Surprise of sudden violence
Unleashed on those in complacency.
Like a magnet we do attract
The chastening of the Father -
Unnecessary antagonizing of others
Who are at peace with you ~
A wrong spirit does stir up strife
One of the abominations before Yahweh,
How he despises those who do so.
So many do profess with loftiness
Their profound beliefs and actions
Yet their deeds do stink, they reek ~

Soon to be unleashed upon them
Repaid onto their own heads.
Stand back wise one and watch
As the cleansing removes what offends
Before the Holy and Righteous Father.
(Proverbs 11:29: "He who troubles his own
house will inherit the wind, and the fool
will be servant to the wise of heart".)

STAGES

You are to be inured
This is advantageous to you,
Afflictions being momentous
Exerting influence of power
Of one greater through you ~
I prune you with hardship
Building endurance, layer upon layer
Strengthening the inner man
By My Spirit that rules within ~
Endurance by hardening one's self
To sufferings of the Cross
Where you reach the apex of victory ~
Steadfast and not moved you stand
Reaching up, beyond apogee and perigee
Grasping the Victor's Crown.
(Psalm 31:15a; "the stages of our lives
are in your hands!")

THE SUMMARY OF VISION

Planetary lineage does align
March 22, 2012 they say
To bring forth 189 day cycle
Much shall be in array ~
The physics thrust down the stratosphere
Echoes blasts upon the earth to scar
Mega-quakes, rumble, shakes
That will ripple very far ~
Default, the walls come down
Global collapse shall start to rend
Greek dominoes to tip Mexico
People to the banks shall send ~
Withdraw, withdrawn from the North
Like a great sucking sound
Close the run on banks
With military on the ground ~
And scales of weights become heavy
For all that one shall need
When riots, looting and shortages
Even many futilely plead ~
They say the planets will align
Soon to come my friend
And if this to be true,
Is this the start of the end?

*Contrived Protocols of Control
Needless assistants of authority –
Coup d' etat, emasculation, advocacy,*

*Nilus has blown his trumpet
Against the "Sons of Covenant" ~
The Fabian Society unleashed
In politics, economics, education
Conquering a country from within
Union and progress of one cult.*

IT IS NOT THE ECONOMY...

It is not the economy
No, it is Yahweh's directive
To humble a nation(s)
That would puff itself in pride
Putting trust in wealth and
Self-sufficiency which is futile ~
It is not the economy
Nor the world banking system
Rather the Divine Judgment spoken
Against a world separate from
Their creator, boldly rebellious ~
Raising humanity as unstoppable
The lie of divinity within oneself
The power to be and become
Just the illusion to those perishing
From their own lusts and will ~

It is not the economy
Nor the political parties
It is the unstoppable hand of Yah
Who allows all oppression to come against
Those to punish their refusal
Of all his ways and seasons ~
A fool puts his trust in money
Puts his trust in others
Puts his trust in military force,
A fool reasons he is right
And nothing shall stop him ~
So the Heavenly Father allows
The fool to follow his dream.
It is not the economy,
It is Prophecy being fulfilled
By the very hand of Yahweh.

JAMES 4:14-15

Let us presume, assume
Let us arrogantly plan and boast
Let us tear down our barns
To enlarge them yet bigger
For all our projected wealth ~
Let us hoard up treasures
For ourselves in time of need
Blind to those in poverty around us,
Let us live out our dreams
Planning all our tomorrows ~

Let us demand what we desire
Feeling entitled to all our wishes
Giving nothing of our affluence to others.
Pride in our accomplishments
Let us boast of our abilities
To get and acquire many things~
"The Pride of Life blinds
To all that really matters."

(James 4:14-15; "You do not even know what will
Happen tomorrow! For what is your life? It is even a
Vapor that appears for a little while, and then
disappears. Instead, you ought to say, "If Yahweh
wills, we will live, And we will do this or that.")

~~~ **RISE** ~~~

A lifetime of thoughts
Which comprise a human Soul
Collectively diminish to nothing,
In a moment all that remains
Is a blank canvas, empty ~
Other art work is complete
But this one is wiped clean;
Given up the task of display
Access to the content of heart,
Communication chosen to silence
For the tranquility of being ~

Empty echoes in a pond
Is not the source of truth
Rather distractions of navigation
As one journeys homeward. ~
These wings can only carry
The one it was meant to be,
Remain loyal and true
To whom you were created as.

"PATRIOTS"

When spoken we often think
Of freedom fighters of valor
Now the term is derogatory
Attached to insurrectionists,
Instigators of false politics
Which hide behind self defense
As a means to wipe out opposition.
False religions merge patriotism
For their extreme hatred of others
Dressed up as righteous zeal.
Yahshua Messiah did say
All that take up the sword
Shall perish by the sword.
He cannot protect those
Who choose to defend themselves.
All who trust the arm of the flesh
Die, perishing spirit and soul.
Our death is to be voluntary,

As a seed that dies, only then
Will and can it bear fruit.
There are too many stirring up
A call to arms, to defend
And by the very means
They all shall perish by it.
Yahweh's ways are not our ways.
He calls us not to resist evil
But let evil overcome us
So that in our death
We shall bear witness for Him.
Our lives are to be a testimony,
We are not greater than our Master
Let us live the example Yahshua gave us.
(John 12:23-26; Matthew 26:52)

COUNTERFEIT VISION

Man uses his third eye, the occult
Opens the gate to remote viewing
Looking ahead to things to come,
Quietly you shoulder the burden
When the Sun breaks the bow
Here comes the deadly Kill Shot.
You are one of many in a crowd
Shadow lands you do walk
Visions that startle and rattle
As Nostradamus of old,
All are horrific and tragic.

It is better to have the Word of Yahweh
Rather than the spirit of divination
For the Ruach Kodesh comforts,
He brings correction, reproof, discernment
Calm, healing and righteousness.
Our trust is not in a source
Outside ourselves or outside Yahweh,
HE IS our source, we trust in Him
To protect us, deliver us, even
Carry us over to the other side.
For we walk not in fear, rather
In Peace, Love and a Sound Mind.

[Isaiah 26:3-4; Psalm 46:1; Proverbs 3:6;
Psalm 27:5; Psalm 50:14-15; Psalm 91;
Psalm 138:7; John chapters 14 + 15]

(Nahum 1:7; "Yahweh is good, a strong hold
in the day of trouble; and he knoweth them
that trust in him.")

THE FULLNESS THEREOF

I give thee permission
To leave the crowd so dim
We shall be alright
Now is your time to leave
And grasp your reward lovingly ~

This is the thing you taught me
My whole life to live so that
I may walk in the true love
And embrace the light of truth ~
Well have you served and shown
Walking in the designs of creation
Passing on to your children
A life committed and displayed
The covenant of Yahweh and man ~
The circle shall be complete
For you were born
And now you must return;
Feel no need to stay here
For your reward is waiting for you ~
Go and walk in the Joy
Embracing the fullness thereof.
(1 Corinthians 2:9; Psalm 16:11)

HE BROUGHT YOU

The house is quieter now
The silence comes from your room
When perchance I view your slippers
With grief I am consumed ~
Many a day your feet shuffled
Down the hall, through the door
For lunch, dinner, breakfast
Your meal, coffee gladly pour ~

Your over stuffed chair empty
Suddenly so big and hallow
All I can do is see you there
Now empty I give a hard swallow ~
A life so full and vibrant
Lived to the length of days
It is a great loss of depth
No more your guidance and ways ~
Much I can give away
Except what housed your feet
For there you stand now
With the Master you do meet ~
He had cast his net
Reaped a harvest so true
For you he lovingly called
Heaven bound were brought you.

DANIEL'S VISION

Oh great Lady Liberty
On your tablets are numbers
MDS (600) CLX (60) XVI (6)
You are the women of mystery
Thou art Babylon the Great ~
Oh little horn you shine
Atop the pyramid of 13 steps
Light shines forth from your "horn"
With the eye of a man
And mouth speaking blasphemies ~

You are the Great Seal of Babylon
You also bear MDCCLXXVI (666)
You adorn the "mammon" all worship
Your great motto is NWO;
NOVUS ORDO SECLORUM ~
Psalm 2 speaks of your rebellion
Ten toes, organization of treaties
Bio-economic regions rule
You devour those whom you conquer ~
Drunk with blood lust, souls of men
Destruction shall come from seven
In one hour Babylon is fallen
How Daniel has spoken of you ~
The blood of the saints speaks
All those loyal and true
Asking vengeance be brought forth
Upon all those with his number ~
The false one wages war
With Him who Rules On High
The 7th Trump has been blown.
(Daniel 7; Revelation 18, 19;
Revelation 17:16-18)

A WITNESS

Swiftly life ebbs by without notice
Busyness robs one of the moment
Direction is tossed to the wind
Gathered in the current flowing
Ones course is up to chance ~

Thinking upon what one was taught
You learned what you heard
You lived what was important
And even well intentioned advice
Can leave one very empty ~
Many try different things for meaning
And have failed miserably
And what good is it I ask
If you do all the right things
And you still are left empty? ~
I find that in my brokenness
Inside where I have failed the most
That the Master's hand turns
All my wrong into something good ~
He uses my weakness to shine his strength
Giving glory to His masterpiece in me
I take no credit for his Mercy and Grace
On display giving hope to others
Who struggle within their humanity ~
We were never meant to carry
The weight so grievous we bear
We were meant to trade our weights
For His freedom which He gives
To lift us into new creatures
With new life in our eyes
And hope in our hearts ~
Our lives are a witness to Him
And how love transforms you
If you let Him.

MEN LOVE TO HAVE IT SO

How men love to have it so
Comfortable and convenient
Rolling around in the pig pen
Comfortable wallowing in filth
Your concern for souls is casual
Your heart is addicted to entertainment ~

How men love to have it so
To sing lip service to Him on high
And show forth openly their love
Yet their hearts are far from Me ~

They mourn not the lost souls
Nor for the less fortunate
Casually they walk by rationalizing
We are all the children of God
And they will find their way ~

How men love to have it so
Selfish, ambitious, greedy, hateful
Willing to kill to defend what's theirs
Yet ignoring human life in need ~

And I shall break my silence
I look for those who stand
In the gap and pray for the souls
And they have all been weighed
And been found wanting ~

I shall break my silence
All of earth and heaven will shake
As I pour out my anger and judgment
On a world of uncaring people
In nations that kill the innocent
And leave the defenseless alone ~
And men will not love it so
For when I come I will reward
And pour forth the wrath of my cup
For I love the neglected and poor
Not the rich, wealthy, greedy and blind.

IN THE MIDST OF MY PAIN

In all my sorrow and troubles
I came through the other side
Often not knowing how
In the midst of trials ~
I know that you are there
Never leaving me abandoned
Your strength is my peace
Your love is my compassion
Your hope is my Joy ~
Drawn by your Mercy
I have often in wonder
Asked why me? And you
Say that you Love me ~
Humbled I yielded my pride
And learned that all along

You believed in me
You made me for a purpose
I have a destiny to fulfill
And you wish to see it in me ~
If I had no troubles then
I would never know what
You my Master could do.
I had to lose myself to find
The person you wanted me to be ~
And knowing that all along
You walked with me through it.
I was never totally alone
I just had to find that out
For myself realizing your Love
In the midst of my pain.

LIBERATE

The chant of double speak
Lulls many to sleep
The equation is non-solvable
Set is the Rubic's cube
Stationery and secure
The World wants soldiers
To do its bidding ~
Refrain, contain
Harness your tongue
Suppress how you really feel
For your expression of thought
Will cost you dearly in much ~

There is no place for individuality
For standing up for what is right
You crack the illusion all is well
A trouble maker to society
Is one who thinks and questions ~
You are a threat to manipulation
For you are living proof
People can become free
You have shown the way
To rise above and live
Even in the face of opposition ~
You have become greatly hated
Many seek your life
For whom you represent,
You have filled the Master's shoes ~
You also carry your cross
Soon to be impaled upon
In your sanity rejoice!
Break all the chains you can
Taking as many possible
With you.

SLAY

The Archer has let forth his bow
Forward flies the arrow by night
Upon the sleeping people,
Ah, pierced from within and without
No movement is fluid
Mind struck, flooded with thoughts,

Restless nights in a row
Repeat your onslaught of turmoil
Wanting to vanquish ones definition
Put upon you by another,
Alas, break my chains
Set me free to roam again
For a death one thousand times over
Is to dream with no freedom,
Wounded is the creative inner man
Wanting to be but what I am
Held forever in place –
Stagnate one's emotion,
Watching as a stand by
Your own life as if another's.
I shall take my own sword
And slay the Archer so that
I shall be free once more ~
Gone the terrors of night
I shall walk by day.

DEJAVU

By decrees and concordats you rule
On the balcony from your throne
Flowing robes are your pajamas
You are the Prophet of Sleep
Soon you shall betray your daughters
Who not knowing follow you ~
You change laws and times
Breaking the Sign of Covenant

Destroying the Divine cycle of order
Scales held in your hands
Teeth are clean for lack of bread
They starve twice over ~
Endorse the echoes of deceit
Magnified the benefits of brotherhood
Distributing the communion of death
Synagogue of Satan
Tower of Babel twice fallen
Dejavu - the Grand Climax.

PERILOUS TIMES

Television is the psychological medium
Used to slant opinion and mold thought,
Premeditated judgment of world issues
Painting a person a killer globally
Using media to demand justice
While blocking the courts from
Doing the job and listening to evidence ~
Guilty until proven innocent!
Let us uphold the Natural Law
And throw away the Cannon Law,
Let Socialism speak forth via media
To mold society to think their way
Undo the heritage of the forefathers ~
Bypass the Justice system and use opinion
To rule and raise up riots
Spearheading flash mobs of anger
Pressuring innocent into victims.

Let this mind conditioning continue
Next let us victimize biblical believers
For being hate mongers for holding fast
To the Word of Yahweh, exhorting it
As life to a dying world ~
We live in an upside down world
That calls good evil, evil good.
There is no fair trail or representation
With the Multi Media doing a job
Of attacking ones innocence before the facts
Or trial in judicial system to do its job
Which now is challenged by Committee 300 ~
Dangerous to call the mob judge and juror
To sentence you to death for non compliance
To social reform that opposes all Godliness
Upholding all that is liberal and vile.
Know we live in perilous times.
Expect and Prepare for it!
(2 Timothy 3:1)

STRIKE AGAIN

Clandestine Sons of Loyola
Visionary soldiers of domination
Infiltration of global governments
Feigning biblical principals and belief
Millions died at your hands
As you converted the pagans ~

Given clemency and absolution
Your crimes are blessed and sanctioned
You are now closing the circle
For the Last Great Inquisition
Reinvented is the olive branch
Extended is poisoned blossoms ~
One half does support the other
Together increase your coffers of wealth
Your compass covers the globe
Break and remake men as you please
Call to arms Azul, in delirious frenzy
The Society, The Company of deceit.
Be on guard against sacrificed consciences
As lightning shall they strike again.

BEST...

Like a bad dream
All that one can think of
Gone within a moment
It happens that quickly
Yet men avoid contemplation
Of the means to the end ~
Always holding to the illusion
Life is vast and endless
Dreams are for the making
You can plan your whole life
And take your ease and comfort ~

Then it comes upon you
Without warning and suddenly
Destruction, blindsided and maimed
Pressed against the wall despairing
With no deliverance in sight ~
Every day is not a promise
Nor should it be taken for granted,
One life that is promised to us
Is eternal life in Messiah;
For this life we are born into
We have no say or measure
To create change or given stature ~
It does not have to be a bad dream
It can have a silver lining
In the clouds that sit above
It can be a promise eternal
For those who will receive
The gift so precious and loving ~
Our Passover Lamb is Yahshua
He paid the ultimate price
He says we will do the same
In this life, yet we shall
Reap the rewards in the next ~
Best to live for Him and live
Than for ourselves and die.

THE SOULS ABOVE

Branches outward they do reach
Globally towards all mankind
Reaching with the torah true
Words of life, hope to the blind ~
Feet which bring glad tidings
To wearied souls weighed down
With burdens beyond bearing
That often in sorrows drown ~
The leaves of the book
The pages lighten ones soul
Gives joy and newfound love
Fills up an inner black hole ~
Eyes can sparkle anew
Shining forth life as never before
They had heard and chosen
To open the heart's door ~
They have become born anew
Not the old self what was seen
For their perception of life
Is now fresh and keen ~
They are grafted in
Branches into the olive tree
For what Messiah purchased
To give precious, eternal to thee ~
And so the Bride is growing
More into his image each day

Coming soon into completion
For when his voice shall say ~

“Come up hither to me
Into your eternal rest
For thou was tested and faithful
And gave it all your best ~
You were faithful to share the Torah
Of truth and freedom of love
And gave the gospel of Yahweh
To enlarge the souls above”.

ALL ALONG

Deep within the breast of men
Is heard the cries within
For heaviness and torment
Of much unconfessed sin ~
Daily the struggles of self
Accusing ones total mind
Of any and all sorts
Compulsions of any kind ~
A vice that does wring
Ones sanity in its grip
If not quickly addressed
Presence of mind could slip ~
Tossing and turning of sorts
Beyond the mind of reason
Tormenting and holocaust
Of delusion beyond treason ~

Against ones honor and fortitude
Of all that is full of sense
That poor beggar boy begging
For but one lone pence ~
And forgotten in a crowd
Invisible your wants and needs
To those so self indwelled
Ignorant and deaf to pleads ~
Yes the heart does well up
Full to but soon break
For all the lost love of those
Who give but soon take ~
And there is but a slice divine
Of peace to but give and share
It's yours for the asking
To all those who despair ~
To cure the heart so ill
To break the bonds so strong
It is but the Master's Love
Who petitioned you right along ~
And in His care you find that
For which you had looked for -
It was there all along.

ON YOUR RIDE

It was spoken in ages past
Of the end to come our way
Some had feared and now gone
It never came to stay ~
Now knowledge does increase
Daily in quantum leaps
Motion of speed accelerate
Beyond the stars reach ~
Now you find yourself unsure
In the middle of a crowded zone
For all truth and familiarity
None to share, you're all alone ~
Watch as it materializes
Fiction becomes reality
Never to live simplicity again
Or hug or love naturally ~
Put in a silicone box
All your identity
For all those who inquire
To search it up and see,
All no longer is sacred
No more privacy ~
It was spoken in ages past
There'd be no place to hide
You can scurry for all you want
They'll find you on your ride ~

So gather close my children
Listen to my words I say
Seek the Father and his love
In worship and prayer do pray ~
Life's storms will increase
To great intensity
Know the Rock, cling fast
Endure to eternity.

COLD ART THOU LIPS MY LOVE

Cold art thou lips my love
To me forever gone
I sing of you from far away
Remembrance of long ago ~
When youth was full of promise
The world was friendlier then
When everyone knew your name
Support of family always there,
Now years have past, family gone
Strong in years advanced
I run across your name with thought
What would I do perchance ~
If I should but meet thee again
Would I recognize that tender face?
Or the loving sound of your voice
Which did your frame did grace? ~
And if I were to meet you
Would you still be the same to me?

Or lost a thousand times over
In the life around I see? ~
Can people reunite again
With love that once was?
Can they be enraptured still
With fondness and memory of love? ~
But now I wake from my dream
As I look down on your stone
You left a long time ago
I really am here alone ~
Cold art thou lips my love
To me forever gone
I sing of you from far away
Remembrance of long ago.

DOMINOES

Sleek wooden slabs lined up
With dots of white on black
Linear or circular in command
Rows of soldiers at attention ~
One touch, one finger tip
Sets off motion so exact
Simultaneously they do fall together
An army which totally defeated ~
Now visually lost the battle
Spectacular in array full asunder
Precision of domination once complete
Brought now to total ruin.
(Psalm 37:1-2)

NOW REIGNS

Thou shalt not murmur
Thou shalt not complain
From ungratefulness you shall refrain ~
Stumble not with your mouth
Unstitch all within thy hem
To loose and never gather again ~
Thou shalt not seeth
Nor shalt thy boil
Over little pettiness which maligns ~
Set not your hand outward
To grab a hold nor strike
Let thy palm be upward ~
Docile, subservient let it ply
Thy power to but perform
What you know to be true ~
Let nothing over manifest
From the flesh of you
For the Spirit now reigns.

MONOTONE

Manifestation of drug induced culture
Living with assistance of chemicals
Regulated to maintain daily functions
The cork in the bottle
Upholding standards put upon you
New subculture a medicated society ~
How did we manage before?
Responsibility for ones own actions
Facing and solving all problems
Resolving difficult circumstances with care
Ability to think for ones self
Finishing tasks one has started ~
Monotone you need not be.

ASOCIAL

None of us are born that way
But we end up that direction by sorts,
Accumulation of people and events
Overload barraging upon us so much
That withdrawal and retreat for sanity ~
In the quiet and stillness is Yah
His voice speaks balm and calm
To our spirits suppressed within;
Even when one decides to leave
The society of men and its power,
You trade for a simpler life
With Yah at the helm of protection ~

Few can understand this behavior
They ask why you not like them?
What is wrong with them that you reject?
Yet is it seeking for the Spirit to direct
To lead, comfort and give peace
Which one so badly is seeking ~
It is the society of worldly pursuits
That hunts the souls of non-conformists
To persecute by their father the devil
Who uses them as tools to prune
To kill the old man within us ~
We all need our hiding place
Our high tower, our fort
In the Holy of Holies.
They cannot understand us for
We now are dead to them,
Our lives shine a light which
Makes most uncomfortable ~
And so the dying by degrees happens
We as lambs to the slaughter are lead.
To them we may be asocial
Which is the furthest thing from the truth,
For we are surrounded and dwell in Him.

WHICH DOES RULE

How high the horse does ride
To resurrect your pride
Be ruled by the senses five
Separate, your flesh to drive ~
Ha'dam red man of clay
The senses which did rule
Rebellion did give sway~
Mouth leaking power to ruin
Speaking proclamations to declare
Powers from the prince of air ~
Your tongue rolls words awash
Swarm like locusts taking a toll
Destroying faith you bestow ~
Red man be renewed within
Your senses no longer rule
Have control over what you do ~
Speak words of faith, of light
Bring forth life's healing touch
Diminishing doubts plight ~
Supreme He does rule
Slay dominion of sin
Humility does pride bring low
The Spirit rules within.

OUR RESOLVE

Little does it profit one
The toil of worry and fret
Sleepless nights, insomnia
Fears projected one does let.
Imagined into reality
Wrong perceptions about life
When the Master does say
To rest in him not strife ~
Days go by too quickly
Grasping to remember the day
The weather sublime or majestic
Hard for one to rightly say.
What compromised the moments
The hours filled you live
Rather dwell on the rich fullness
The Word written to give ~
For lifted from the pages
The power to fully express
Life altering revelations
Our future we earnestly press.
Weights, burdens we drop
Our load to but dissolve
When we choose the path of faith
Resting in Yahshua our resolve.

GUARD YOUR HEART

Born into this world I was
Amongst a large brood
Many the lessons I learned
Taught a strong work ethic
Obedience to those above me
Hoping to please those so ~
In time one became jaded
Tarnished child like kindness
Ones heart stomped upon meanly.
Given to much rebellion
Seething with independence
Not wanting or liking others
The flame extinguished in the heart ~
It was the Word of Yahweh
That cleansed the smut of sin
A new heart was put within
To live as a new creature.
We are warned to guard our hearts –
We are told and shown
Even those who know the truth
Yet if they harbor unforgiveness
Are lost to the tormentors forever ~
For there is no salvation
With unforgiveness in ones heart.
The great deceit of apostasy
Is letting ones heart grow cold
Letting the Holy Spirit withdraw.

Guard your soul for only you
Can give account for yourself.
(Matthew 6:14-15)

GREAT YOUR REWARD

Selflessly you gave all
For the sins of all mankind
Even the hateful, ungrateful
The depth of love so deep
To reach into the depths of Hell
To pluck a soul from the flames ~
How far we have fallen
From our very first estate.
The world's dark soul stains
Blinding the hearts and minds
Of the creation of Yahweh ~
So great the need of salvation
He sent His only Son
To testify of the Father's love
Beckoning to return to Him.
Give up the insanity of hatred
For your heart to be circumcised
Bringing forth fruit unto the kingdom ~
Oh my children! My children!
Let your hard hearts break
Let the tears cleanse the poison
Let my shed blood purify;

Prove yourself, your loyalty
Lay down your life for me,
Great shall be your reward
I promise to those who love me.
(Revelation 12:7-11)

LESSON FROM SUNSHINE – MARTYR FOR YAHSHUA

Horrific crimes beyond reason
Done from man to man –
Act on obedience to the Word
To rise above wrongs done
Reclaim ownership of forgiveness,
Release love's healing to those
Who stole from us our innocence ~
Loose the bondage of hatred
Let revenge fall to the ground
Walk on in His strength
To release victims from torment,
To overcome the spiritual bondage
That would rob one's salvation ~
Holiness does not judge or condemn
Nor does it demand revenge
Yahweh ***does allow all things***
For the good to those in Him ~
Brazen are the wicked in Satan
And all those in this world
Who follow the god of this world.

Demon possession rules the minds
Of those who refuse Yahweh,
Know we are victorious in Him
Through Him, because of Him ~
Our sufferings are a small price
Compared to what Yahshua paid.
Surrender to the will of Yah
Even the death of martyrdom
Let us seal our obedience
Praying for our enemies,
Let not unforgiveness rob you
Of His salvation so sure.
(Rev. 13:7-9; Rev. 2:10; Matthew 18:32-35)

FUNCTIONING

Life is not what you make it
Rather it makes you what you're not
And in the cycle of things all is mute ~
Find one person who has it all together
And I will say they are a liar
For all is agitation in motion ~
The process may vary for some
But life does ring true for all
The more answers the more questions
And a riddle answers yet another ~
When you can stop totally and see
All that is visible is actions well spent
The effects on others and the ripples ~

Many are on auto pilot like wind up dolls
Saying and doing by rote
Functioning on crumbs of civilness
Enough not bordering on rude ~
Divided not able to give attention
To what needs to be dealt with
And managing in the middle of crisis ~
There are many voices in this world
Some soothing others not
But all the same much is noise ~
Life is not what you make it
Rather it makes you what you're not.

THE WORLD WAR

The World War is here now
Many cannot see it for what it is
Rather it is the hammer of Yahweh
To walk across the globe
Against nations that oppose his people ~
As Yah used Babylon to chastise Israel
He is using modern Babylon systematically
To collectively organize and umbrella
A global economy and spirituality
Which shall martyr the saints ~
Why would such a thing be allowed?
To call out believers from Apostasy
To call them into the wilderness
To cleanse their souls for purification.

And after he is done using his hammer
The world shall destroy it in one hour ~
That great nation, that great city
Shall fall in an hour,
For that nation itself persecuted the saints.
We are in a world war,
One stirred up to fight the other
And the other to retaliate ~
Let us not get entangled with loyalties
As patriotism or nationalities and sides
For our loyalty is only to the King of Kings
It is not in this world or to this world
Which is of the beast system ~
There is a World War globally going on
And there is a war daily for our souls
Of which hang in the balance.
Precious in the sight of Yahweh
Is the death of his saints in him ~
Know for whom you live
Know for who you shall die.

MARK OF YAHWEH

Sealed in your foreheads
The knowledge of Yahweh
Living the wisdom of the Ruach Kodesh
Our witness will be his mark
Upon us in this earth ~

The mark of the beast
Shall war with holy flesh
To destroy all that is anointed
To Yahweh, Elohim on high.
Mark shall fight mark
Evil shall cut down righteousness ~
For we are children of resurrection
Eternal life shall breathe in us
To rise up a cloud of witnesses
To watch the vengeance of Yah
The wrath of his righteousness ~
Yes, we shall overcome
By the witness of our testimony
And our blood, the blood of the Lamb.
The Mark of Yahweh our ensign
Declaration of the torture stake ~
Yahshua said, "It is finished."
We know we shall die also
And we shall be resurrected in Him.
Strive with all your being
To hold onto the truth of Yahshua
Give him claim to total ownership
For our lives (souls) are in his hands.

LIKENESS AND IMAGE

We never know when we
Shall be recalled to the wheel
When the potter shall decide
To mar, brake and recast us ~
To be smashed and thrown
As a vessel of perfection and honor.
All of us are created for a purpose
Each our task is individual
Tailored to our character and talent ~
Pottery goes through many stages
Of drying and purification
Then glazed and re-kilned
To make the vessel water tight ~
If we are not sealed by Yahweh
With his Ruach Kodesh
Then we cannot contain nor keep
The Spirits' leading or fruit within us ~
We need to trade our pores
Which do compromise our integrity
For total sealing of containment
Stewardship in the master ~
Each stage we go through
We then rest afterwards thinking
This is the end of which
Another wave comes upon us ~
It is only a totally dried pottery

That is able to be fired
Burning all imperfections away
And so in the midst of affliction ~
It is not meant for our harm
Rather for our sanctification
So that we can be made
Into his likeness and image.

SUNSHINE

POETRY BY AMBER TIKVAH FORREST

A.K.A. CINDA A. BERARD

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DREAMING

Open my eyes see a vision one of
Expressed desires yearning of the heart
Wanting to repair the hurts and wrongs
Envisioning restoration where there is none;
I see on the path good things, purity
Loving kindness and truth fully lived
Yet humanity robs the vision I receive
While sleeping sweet blissfulness.
How we find comfort in this world is
Often by chance or compromise,
For one has to give to receive often
Contradictory to ones benefit.

My choice is sweet solitude for then
One can find the release from turmoil
And believe in the dreams given,
Even if within their heart they are real.

MOCKINGBIRD

Most people know the song birds which
Grace the sky and heavens,
They are the prayers in morning
Lifting their song to the creator.
One of such is the mockingbird

For he mimics what he hears with
Such clarity of presentation you
Would think him to be authentic.
In this world people reflect nature
Often the creatures in it so us ourselves,
For the mockingbird is but an echo
Of others, borrowing their identity
To cast shadows away from themselves ~
How many people are like that, not
Having solid identity but borrowing of others.

CHANGE

The reason why change is painful
Is because it removes us from the familiar
Out of our comfort zone into the hands

Of a loving and caring God
Who directs us in life, often where
We choose not to go.

LOVELY

Today I did not expect
A phone call to come see you
Quietly I left the house apprehensive,
I got there and you were resting.

I saw you on your journey
You see the finish line ahead
Wanting so patiently to cross over,
I see the love in your eyes.

Often we miss the given message
That is visually before us
The person at peace and accepting
While we struggle with letting go.

How beautiful to see the yieldedness
The acceptance in faith of a greater
Assurance, a blessing to be greeted by
While the gate of passage presents itself.

I often feel we are bankrupt souls
Thinking we are losing so much when
We take a part in the heavenly embrace
Which the loved one looks for.

It is written in the Book
How lovely in the eyes of God it is
The death of his loved ones,
More so to be in his presence.

RETURN

The Master has done everything
To tell mankind he is coming back
Yet we take for granted his words

Not in our lifetime.
Many go about life as normal
Burning up the minutes and hours
Wasting precious moments not assured
As if there is an endless supply.

Once our soul leaves our body
It is a one way ticket of no return
The other side we have been warned
It exists and all the penalties.

Foolish people scoff at God
Ignoring His Word and Admonitions
Treating it all as hog wash
Spurning the Father's care and regard.

There is no second chances then
Many will see living lies in flames
As they scream in nonstop torments
While flames lick their souls.

If you are alive today right now
You are given the chance to make right
To be restored to the Father now
Before his coming seals your fate.

SHOCK

I have spoken before to you
Already you have the truth and yet
Choose to ignore all the warning signs ~
The world has denied, despised me
It wants the glory of self fulfillment
So I have turned it over to it's own demise ~
Soon to ravage the earth shall come
Great birth pains like never before
For your sin and rebellion has reached Heaven ~
Those who are mine, called by my name
Humble yourselves, pray, for great
Shall be the shaking upon the earth ~
There is no false security of separatism
For the chaff and wheat alike shall go
Through the fire to be tried ~
I ask my people to seek my face
To bow in prayer, repentance, to come
In submission to my Word ~
Do not be drawn aside in fear
Be not stirred up with terror and anxiety
Rather dwell in the secret place ~

Many have fallen asleep and forgotten
This world is not their home,
Rather they are but passing through ~
Rededicate yourselves to me and I
Shall sustain you, I will be there
As you go through it ~

Only those who endure to the end
Shall enter into the kingdom,
Remember to cross the finish line.

SPEAR OF DESTINY

Long since the beginning of time
You shrined the god of war
Alluring man to worship Apollyon ~
Every spear the tip was formed
To honor this god of destruction
Mimicking the piercing of His side ~
Great pain you inflict upon others
The killing of the body with the
Torturous ending of a soul ~
All want to nail to the head
The grand finale for their posterity
To be worshiped as God ~
There are many arrow heads and spears
Lances, bows, knives, forks
But there is but one mighty sword ~
From His mouth it shall come forth
The wrath of the Throne wreaking
Havoc on rebellious men.

ETERNITY

Ever before me is my flight
I see it in my minds' eye, the mission
My legs move with the rhythm of motion ~
Each journey is different than the last
I am never told of the dangers facing me
I trust in faith I shall return ~
I am not the Captain, she is...
I am the backup to her allegiance
Ever ready to defend and uphold her ~
I am as old as the stars that I fly by
My ships are antiquated yet advanced
More knowledge modern man has abused ~
As I sleep I navigate the universe
Aware of the many sorts and details
Fallen angels disguised as aliens ~
Yes, the Great Restrainer very soon
Shall step aside and allow the flood
Of evil to come, to punish the world ~
Everyone wants to be protected,
Protect us! Defend us! Yet they know not
God uses evil to judge the world ~
They shall have their wish very soon
And I shall no longer navigate
For the King of Kings declares the end ~
I refrain from now and fly as told
Ever present in my mind is this truth,
Soon I trade this body for a new one ~

I wish everyone would detach themselves
From the bondage of this fleshly world
To attain salvation in eternity.

HEBREW MEANINGS TO 2013 – 2017 STUDY NOTES - STRONGS CONCORDANCE

2013 = poverty. In Hebrew 13 is (Reysh) (raysh),
reysh or resh or riysh (poverty), mem (mame),
forsake, give up, push away. Sow, spread, stretch
forth.

2013 Revelation 6:2-4.

2014 = be perpetual, be continued. In Hebrew 14 is
(Nuwn) (noon), Nuwn (moon) or Nown (perpetuality)
or Nuwc (to vanish, flee, put to flight, lift up a
standard).

2014 = Revelation 6:5=8.

2015 = to lean upon or take hold, (favorable or
unfavorable sense), lay, lie hard, stand fast, stay
(self) sustain. In Hebrew 15 is Camek (saw-mek),
camak (saw-mak).

2015 = Revelation 6:9-11.

2016 = fountain, affliction, outward appearance. In
Hebrew 16 is Ayin (ah-yin).

2016 = Blood flows- Revelation Chapter 7.

2017 = seven (as the sacred full one), a week, the
sacred week. In Hebrew 17 is Phe (fay).

2017 = Revelation 19 & 20, Marriage Feast of the
Lamb.

DIVERGENCE

How the world looks anxiously
For the anticipated coming of the
God of this world to manifest;
Forces emerging from the portal,
All look for contact, speech, motion ~
The Heavens are opening up
The Moon is glowing red, fourth
Veils open, vapors descending,
The white stone clasps the black
Together in the middle the union;
Shooting stars fall on the ground
The Earth vomits up the center
Out comes locusts of sulfur striking,
Sheraphim and sword turn away
Opening up the pit with the key ~
Hands clasp making the covenant
Mankind has embraced his destiny
Turning towards the change he desired,
The Truth is watching and recording
For the balance, scales and measure;
Divergence, Convergence, Consumption
The great wasting away of men

Melting tongues and eyes in sockets,
Wasted flesh on the bones
While still standing.

CHOICE

Many people surmise,
They project thoughts, feelings,
Some believe scripture, others do not
This is a choice we all make ~
There is a time for all men
To waken to the Creator
To stand before Him and quake
Listening to each man's verdict ~
The time to sleep and slumber is over
Need to wake up and renew
The spirit within you.
The days grow long and dark
Only those whose lamp is lit
Will walk into the light ~
Sorrow is for but a moment
Salvation is for all eternity,
The choice is yours.

THE NATURAL MAN

How often I see with my physical eyes
The world around me, and the pain in it.
I am overwhelmed by the noise, smells of life
Wanting to escape it in intervals.
I have to retreat to my sanctuary
Take time out to heal the wounds
Those inflicted by others, those of my own doing
In dwelling too long on the pain of others.
The natural man hates the spiritual,
Constantly sabotaging my intellect
Of reasoning and understanding
Marring my vision of self and others.

SOCIETY

The opinions of men
Through the benevolence of society
To judge others.

TO QUESTION

It is in the heart that one
Does find a twinge, a quiver
Of unsurety that lingers too long ~
To find that ponderance of measurement
Which each does change the balance of
Variance of calibration ever so slight ~
And i question my resistance to those
Who would requite of me substance
Which I have not the strength to give ~
Why does it bother some and not others
Such indifference tossed about like wind
Blown as dust covering everywhere ~
Should i find it within me to go or stay
I know my mind is made up rather
My heart wants to remember as it was ~
Don't come looking for me for
When i am gone i cannot be found
Then i shall question no more.

MKULTRA

I exist due to science of men
Merging technology into my DNA
All my cells have been altered,
What once was pure is tainted

The prototype to build upon
Excessive manipulation,
Mind control also implanted
Subversive the fantasy machine
To live made up memories ~

Oh how angered was false light
Try targeting, to wipe out mankind
Made in God's image,
Unsuccessful he still tries his hand
For self glory and worship
The world is his playground,
Scientists have bought the lie
Of immortality of man
That he is a god unto himself ~

Oh tell me what you have done
What advancements you have
To make man into a machine,

A living breathing computer
With the brain on line in overload
To monitor the projected thoughts ~
Diodes, resistors, chips
Bionics, silicone implants
Wiring into the brain,

Let us contact through the third eye
Grasp the vision and alter it
Away from the truth,
MKULTRA, you are a sacrifice
To see what else can be done
For mind control of the masses ~

The governments of the world
Have all played a part
Now it is the Omega Code,
But that is not the end....
For the return of The King
Brings vengeance and restitution.

PONDERANCE

*Sitting quietly dwelling on my mind
Is the thoughts of yesterday, mingled
Intertwined and merged into memories
Ones i choose to ignore, to bury, to forget...*

*And i face the greatest of all
As Divorce comes upon me,
Ripping all the foundation of love
that i had placed so tenderly upon thee....*

*How can one just walk away without feeling altered?
You took something, a part of my soul*

*My heart feels and my heart dies
I have suffered a thousand deaths...*

*Oh how anguish, feel like a failure
For i gave of myself and now am rejected
I am not good enough, tossed away
my self worth has been crushed....*

*I have to decide how i want to
Remember you after it is final,
what to do with you in my mind
So my heart will stop bleeding.
:throb: (C) A.T.F.*

FRAGILE

*Fragile is life, yet as bad as it is we all hope for things
to get well in the future. The future of which there are
no guarantees. I wait quietly each day to see what
new thing comes my way, yet wanting desperately to
reclaim years gone, loves missed and lost. And it is
but a mist, a vapor that rises off the water and
evaporates. Age brings with it limitations and
circumstances not of our own doings, ones that hinder
us further and lock us into a place we cannot escape.
How i wish i had lived life fuller, richer, more loving,
kind. How i wish i were more gentle and
understanding, yet it is by mistakes we learn the most*

*to become the things we finally understand and need.
And what do i wish of others? I have lost all
anticipation and acknowledge others do not define
me, it is my heart and what i let grow within it. So
this soul walks the waters that still me, that are
beside me to drink of the wisdom i so thirst.*

THE SECRET

*There is a secret ancient as time
Through the ages guarded, passed down
Shrouded in ignorance and slavery
Men cling to fallen wisdom ~*

*As the Days of Noe so it is
Now we are revisited, yet again
There is nothing new under the sun
For it is here before you ~*

*Satan lost in the Garden of Eden
And so he tainted the DNA of men
Fallen angels Daliance the Dance
The making of great men of old ~*

*Think upon this things for upon us
Is the Religion of demons, fallen angels
It perverts all that is sacred
To defile the bloodline of mankind ~*

*The mark of the beast is just this
Hybrids of alien/demon dna
Mingled with that of mankind
Distorting the image of Yahweh ~*

*You can see it now around us
Remove the blocks off your eyes
Because there is no ignorance when
Asked to accept to follow the Mark ~*

*In Yahweh there is no secrets
For it has been written long ago
As it sayeth in the Word
Psalm Two.*

HE WILL...

*He is a consuming Fire
He shall bring forth judgment
He will return in Wrath,*

*He is faithful and true
There is no wickedness in Him
He will requite to mankind,*

*He is at the threshold
There stands the Messiah ready
To return with the army of righteousness,*

*He is the Eternal One
The Father of all Creation
And Holiness is His name.*

DANGEROUS

*Dangerous to ride a star
To be but thrown off,
It is just to delete ~*

PROSTRATE

*Worship,
Worthy,
Is the King*

*My soul is transparent to You
Your eyes see all within me,
I prostrate my soul unto Thee*

*Worship,
Worthy,
Is the King*

*There is no more time
What we have squandered is gone
Now we are weighed and wanting*

*Sackcloth and ashes
I prostrate my soul unto Thee*

*Mercy i beg of Yahweh
Worship,
Worthy
Is the King.*

EXPEDITE

*Fire, smoke, blood
Shall rain down upon
The cities of mankind*

*I use my hammer for justice
Turn the hearts of men to war
To requite my vengeance on wickedness*

*As Sodom and Gomorah
The rose up to play
Tossing to the four winds*

*The clock is well past midnight
The time has stopped
The hands click no more*

*Squandered away life given
I now unleash the censor
Of incense my wrath i expedite.*

I HAVE LEARNED

*I have not wasted all this pain
Of which I have gone through
Having known you has shown me
In torment one can still function,*

*Your depth of being was marred
Greatly by those before,
You are the distorted light bearer:
Light with a shadow in the midst,*

*You are a damaged being, lost
Still searching for ground zero
Trying to reclaim time that is gone
No longer a voyager,
You cannot travel any more.
Yes, I have learned
From you.
(I shall always love you)*

PUZZLE

*In plain view I show the answer
Reality has been defined for you
Plugged into the brain game
You see round, I see flat ~*

*The barrier must always be up
Illusions keep us hidden, secret
Yet we are among you
Ever leading and inventing ~*

*From the beginning the tree
Of good and evil was unleashed
Truth and error coexist
Always showing a piece ~*

*Only the Truth can find
The hidden missing keys
To bring about the answer
To the puzzle you live ~*

*Shed your concrete ideas
I am not limited to your knowledge
I expand without limits
Everlasting that I AM.*

SIGNAL

*Constant barrage of frequency
My ears are battered with signals
Noise of triggers, codes
Attached to my battlement ~*

*Few can race the paths
Worm holes, black eddies of fluid
Motion without direction
Only ancient portals and gates ~*

*You call to me in volume
Daily I hear the hums, the noise
It has not any meaning
For I have changed channels ~*

*White circle on stones
Gone but all was seen
I shall terra ferma, create
The Omega force is here.*

FORFEIT

*A band of gold adorned me
Now tucked in the drawer
My heart that once was tender
Is no longer anymore ~*

*I forfeited worldly treasures
With promise of much more
Gladly embrace the charade
With this life to trade ~*

*Ever in front of my sight
As things keep growing worse
I anticipate the glory of reward
As I push ever forward ~*

*Lustre has grown dim
In my sight so limited
Vain repetitions of life
With all this sorrow and strife ~*

*A band of gold adorned me
Now tucked in the drawer
My heart that once was tender
Is no longer anymore.*

IT IS NONE OF MY BUSINESS

*It is none of my business
What others do think of me,
My worth is not of validation
That of men or otherwise
My value is of God, having been
Born of his image and likeness ~*

*I care not what others say
I care not what others think, for*

*I care only if I am faithful to
The Father who called me to himself,
And that is what really matters ~*

*Mind set is of Him, on Him,
Through Him I have my being
And not anything of myself,
For I shall always remember
My value is of God, having been
Born of his image and likeness.*

TO DIVIDE

*Did not the Father say he would
Bring division of a sword?
He is sifting the sheep
From the goats amongst them ~*

*We are called to rightly divide
The Word of Truth...
Do you know what truth is?
How can you divide truth?*

*We take the Word of God
Apply it to our lives
Letting it go to bone and marrow
Surgically removing from our hearts
All that offends and destroys ~*

*We undergo a transition of which
Is more than physical, rather
Spiritually we remove from us
All that goes against the Spirit ~*

*Embrace the Truth who divides
The sheep from the goats
Purifying the bride.*

I AM...

*I truly am not tubal cain
I am not stars or planets
I am not Vulcan or deities
I am Aliyah... The Great I Am ~*

*I am not Zionist,
I am not the light bearer
I Am The Light,
I am not Kabbalah ~*

*I am not proud, arrogant
I am humble, lowly of heart
I am Love Incarnate,
I Am Aliyah, The Eternal ~*

*Many play games with
Numbers and Letters,
Making magic of my name
Saying that which it is not ~*

*I AM Aliyah,
The Great I AM,
The Eternal.*

BIOSPHERE

*Fourteen is the state of things
Decline in population
Logan's Run revisited ~
DNA altered, repackaged
The practice of medicine on you
The death knell to a population ~
Novus Ordo Seclorum...
Hidden the elite do rise
Formulating a New Order ~*

*Fourteen is the state of things
NLP supervision, driving people
Into a new mindset of compliance ~
Model state to dictate law
Dominate the servants of the rich
The only reason to exist ~
Those who can see leave
Quickly while the door is open
Before it closes for good ~*

*And there is the Clown
Who governs embracing the Joker
All for the sake of false promises...
Know for whom you live, don't compromise.*

THE JAR

*Tinted green stands a bell jar
Open with no lid,
Light prisms through it
Reminding me of telephone insulators.
I have grown old ~
Like a deserted land mark
Which people have long forgotten
My language is dated
A step out of time ~
A rarity, oddity, that someone
Would take the care and time
To have once put up their own garden
Now it is a metal can at the store ~
In things now tossed out
They capture a beauty all of their own
And so are each of us
Pure light translates us all.*

SECRET

*There is a secret ancient as time
Through the ages guarded, passed down
Shrouded in ignorance and slavery
Men cling to fallen wisdom ~*

As the Days of Noe so it is
Now we are revisited, yet again
There is nothing new under the sun
For it is here before you ~

Satan lost in the Garden of Eden
And so he tainted the DNA of men
Fallen angels Daliance the Dance
The making of great men of old ~

Think upon this things for upon us
Is the Religion of demons, fallen angels
It perverts all that is sacred
To defile the bloodline of mankind ~

The mark of the beast is just this
Hybrids of alien/demon dna
Mingled with that of mankind
Distorting the image of Yahweh ~

You can see it now around us
Remove the blocks off your eyes
Because there is no ignorance when
Asked to accept to follow the Mark ~

In Yahweh there is no secrets
For it has been written long ago
As it sayeth in the Word
Psalm Two.

SHADOWS

*People... have so changed that it is a crime to talk to
each other anymore... for one may be offended. And
we have lost touch with our souls and expression. We
have become a pliable mass of flesh to be led over the
cliff as lemmings...*

2017

*Golden waves
Scales fall from the eyes
They now see ~*

*Armoured Bohemoth's
Little ones,
Leaving trails ~*

*Only the Cheribum
Wings do protect
The Holy ~*

*Mirrors of brass
Blind with light
With great duplicity ~*

*Pure light illuminates
Projected rays of vision
Brilliancy it consumes ~*

*Caves cannot cover you
Cowardice and rebellion
Shall be rewarded.*

*Embers do smolder
Ignite and consume
So purity impure ~*

*Hush, holy balances -
Thou art weighed
And found wanting ~*

*Arrogance does blind
Robs with assumption
Of familiar spirits.*

*The Golden Bough
The Green Evergreen
Consumed in one hour ~*

*Drones the surfs
Vision ever earthward
Never looking up ~*

*Empty, parched and void
Black centered holes
Cast down and rejected.*

*Endurance -
Commitment of the Saints
Completion to the end.*

REVEAL

*A visionary
Is not recognized
Til after the fact ~
So various levels
Prophecy is proclaimed
With different gifts ~
Read the Word
Then you will see
The true meaning.*

GOOD STEWARD

*Only those who seek
Will be given understanding
Of parables ~
The Master showed
With few words
Hidden treasure ~
Take your talent
Invest with commitment
For Eternal reward.*

The Words Of Amber
Tikvah Forrest (C)2015
a.k.a. Cinda A. Berard

“Religion is of men
God is the living Word
Where men are complete.”

“Jesus himself said that
He trusted not men for
He knew what was within them.
We learn the hard way
Not all men are honest or
Trustworthy, for it is by
Hardships we do learn wisdom.” -873-

“Often we must loose all
That we have accumulated
To gain what God
Has to give to us.
It is in so doing that
We become humbled,
Submitted to his provision
Learning to trust and honor.”

“Wise is the person whom
Does test the spirits of men,
For they often will weave lies
To manipulate and gain control -874-

Taking those things not theirs.

Let us not be equated stupid

Rather astute of mind and heart,

Ever keeping watch and guardian

Over our souls”.

“Dreams are often put upon us

By others who would weave our lives.

Sad and unfortunate the one

Who finds their life was

Built upon lies,

Structured to be what

They were never born to become.

Courage is to walk away -875-

Setting behind the lies
For the real truth of discovery,
Embracing in faith who
God really created you to be.”

**WALK ON
BY AMBER TIKVAH FORREST
A.K.A. CINDA A. BERARD (c) 2013**



WALK ON

Softly spoken words reflect
The tenderness of the moment
Lay the flowers down with care
The wind blows ever slightly
Stirring the memory of what was,
With birds' flight on wing
Bringing forth recognition
Of a life well lived
I reach for the strength
To walk on.

No one can fill your shoes
Your name is but a declaration
Of the man who lived so fully
With conviction, courage
Strength to live for truth.

No one will ever know
The mark you made in me
Even in death you gave
A love so deep freely.

Softly I do speak to you
As you listen from beyond,
I lay down my cares
To your tender ear that hears.
You remind me I am not alone
That I have all the promises
To remember, recall and live.
The bird cries out and departs

Shaking me from my slumber
To a new awareness of time
As like never before;
And I, I walk on.

THE FATHER'S HEART

Eyes lock onto eyes
Words are never spoken
Speechless you succumb
Leaving the key departing,
Trust having been broken
For stretched truth and lies
Unreliable promises made.
Now without excuse, ashamed
Eyes show forth emptiness ~
And those reading them
Disappointed and sorrowful.
Hope having been displaced
Disregard for regard and respect.
I caught but a glimmer
Of how the Heavenly Father
Sees a rebellious child caught,
Spiritual death is all one sees ~
A pain so deep, beyond words
To see one just throw away
All opportunity to mend or repair
They walk in their own will

Alienated and alone they still rule
Not wanting to repair the breach ~
The Father's heart feels deeply
More than you can ever know
To see a child refuse him
Choose not the path of righteousness
Being a beacon of spiritual death ~
From such a one
He does remove his hand
Love with sorrow he watches
As that one slips away.

PRECIOUS

Thorny vines that do unwind
Stretching forth in the sun
Buds blossom green with life
Lush the promise of foliage
Warmth blown on the breeze
With seeds of great promise ~
Soon the outlined limbs
Shall weave together as one
A canopy blended of splendor;
Life does perch and anchor
Springing forth from the boughs ~
Light does cast forth and shimmer
Singing a song of creation.
Often from pain and torment
Comes the sweetest fruit,
Precious beyond measure.

THE AWAKENING

Baby steps you have taken
Now walked with a stride,
Milk gave way to meat
Solid truth of no compromise
Vision enhanced of clarity
Having come from the far land ~
It was a lifetime ago
Struggles, dilemma and quandary
Fizzled out and dissipated
A tangible peace of fortitude
The steps do reach up higher ~
No more a level path
Rather the ladder one ascends
From becoming to being,
I know from where I came
And the turns in the road ~
Now I see clearly the end
It is the longest stretch
For the shortest distance.
I now am much focused –
On my ending,
So clear and near.

I AM TO YOU

The tip, the scale, the slide
The cause to but divide
The E.O.'s do unravel

Strip the power and rights,
Foolish is the man who fights ~
Sight has been given
Only to those who will see
Hearing is truly magnified
To those who seek Me ~
Jacob's Trouble is now here
Nothing shall be the same
Do not lose heart, do not fear
Your mind must focus on the Word,
It is there I am heard ~
All is sifted and shaken
Much is broken and left,
Look not what man can do
Rather who I am to you.

I SEE IN LOVE

The walk from stone masons
Work of art and home
I enter into a world unknown
The voice of nature soothes me
As I ponder on many things
I know not what tomorrow brings ~
The air so cold yet sky so bright
Trees budding in cold none the less
Grass verdant with lushness
Overcome I feel so blessed

To walk into a painters dream
A pallet of its own ~
To revitalize my soul within
I wander ever further
In the mystery of wisdom
That speaks in pictography
Keenly aware that I am not
Able to grasp on my own
With understanding what I see ~
There is a truth here that is deep
I know of it already
Yet it is to be rediscovered
In time it will come clear
What I had all along ~
Things are just that
And can block our sight
Of what is real and living
In a world of senses
That surfeits our spirits
Wanting to linger to spoil
Bringing sorrow and pain ~
I see stones not chiseled with hands
Living pillars in a temple
With a canopy of birds and blue
Adorned with clouds above
These things I see in love.

CALL ON HIM

Sleep has overcome me
Dreams give way to slumber
Delayed the race to finish
Overcome by much
Unable to move or be
Silent and all alone
A somber moment it is
With time having stopped
And seeing all around
It is the death of busyness
That permeates mankind
It will be his undoing and demise ~
Love has grown cold
A truth so real it pains me
How can one walk on
In a world full of hate?
How can one call it all joy?
When selfishness, pride, greed rule
Choking out the heart of the word
What was planted, was heard ~
Wilted like a plant in the dark
With joy having left with love
The heavens do seem at times
Like A ringing brass dome above
And difficult to bypass my humanity
To see with the spirit itself
That He is still on the throne
And is in control and rules all men ~

How can one love those who hate?
And then I look at the torture stake
How Yahshua loved even then
All of us undeserving to the end
He was overcome yet gave his all
He did not give way to give in
To doubt, hatred, unforgiveness or sin
For he had the strength within -
And so do we when we call on him.

UNMERITED FAVOR

Blank I say, blank
Your slate has been washed clean
No more accusations
Your mind and soul serene ~
No more faults to see
Gone as far away
As east is to the west
In the ocean that is displayed ~
Fresh and clean again
The feeling as a child
With purity and innocence
Feeling so worthwhile ~
I hold no weights upon you
They have been lifted long ago
My yoke has replaced them
Easy and confidence I bestow ~
Of favor, unmerited favor

Given to you by my blood
With tears of repentance shed
With Loves' great flood.

HOW MUCH MORE SURE

Come little golden bird
Perch the tree so fair
Rest your weary wings
In the dogwood tree with care ~
You are a chosen one
To sing to me today
Of delight and marvels
You will soon convey ~
To be fed of the Master's hand
Trusting yourself to him
And as dusk does fall
With the light growing dim ~
You were provided for
The birds of the air not toil
For all that comes your way
Given from the earth and soil ~
Your beauty is exquisite
Design magnificent and true
Nothing can truly compare
What the Master has given you ~
Daily your life is to sing
To fill the earth with pleasure

For our ears to hear
Of the Fathers' great measure ~
Of creation that displays
His provision for you
And how much more sure
For his children it is true.

TRADED

Laughter does shroud
And mask the pain
That of which many refrain
For therein deep does lie
The hidden heart not known
Nor expressed in light of day
Much afraid of what others would say ~
Too sensitive for others touch
Carelessly cut and left to bleed
Yet desiring expression to be freed
A prisoner of ones heart within
Off limits and much guarded
Many times over access denied
As others before have tried ~
Unconquered and vaulted
Left in isolation but an echo
With no brotherhood to fellowship
Only the shaft from heaven
Looking upwards and within

Sorrow is traded for solace
In heavenly realms of Joy given.
(John 16:22)

SEED SOWN

Direction we do seek
You guide the meek
Instruction is but given
Tangible items to but use ~
My hand does touch the anointed
In faith I follow the command
Ever grateful for the harvest
The fruit of my faith's substance
I shall with anticipation savor ~
My measure given shall be received
Supplied by the Master's hand
Blessing shall be released
For as the Sower plants
The yield according to ones faith ~
Faith comes by hearing your word
Knowing you promised to deliver.
Great is your faithfulness
To those who prove reliable
In your set law and commands ~
We all shall reap our harvest
According to the seed we've sown.
(Galatians 6:7)

IN HIS PEACE

Fallen, fallen on the ground
Prostrate, face down and alone.
The vision of the long plain
Wavering in ones faith ~
There are many books that abound
With the sages and wisdom of men
Yet there is but one cover
That holds the truth within ~
It is shipwreck to ones soul
To doubt and question your belief
Know the person for whom
The Author of Life is expressed ~
The long dry spell will leave
In the dawn shall yield the burden
That would rob you of eternity ~
When we die to our reasoning
We become alive in Him
Who lifts us above confusion
Wrapped in His Mantle of Peace.
(Ecclesiastes 12:12-13)

THAT WHICH IS GENUINE

A believer is only human
Yet we represent the kingdom
We are called to become holy

And we will fail, it is given.
Yet holiness means set apart –
We strive to live the command ~
Our whole life we will error
It is not perfection we seek,
It is love and forgiveness
For these are living in holiness.
I can love you and perceive
The finished good within you ~
Perfection is but an illusion
A way to deceive myself to fail
To give up the grace I've been given
For the strength of my own efforts
Which will bring ruin every time ~
People can only respect
That which is genuine
Not what is projected as image.
Let us live truth not a lie
By walking in his true love.
(1 Peter 1:15; 2 Corinthians 12:9)

CONFUSION

How depression is wrought
On the wings of confusion
Losing one's grip of their foundation,
Voices of conflict speaking forth
Distraction from the solid truth ~

As the floods rise quickly
Know the Rock is solid and sure
For if you continually abide there
You have a shelter from all harm ~
Conquer your soul to submission
To the Master and His will.
Let the Word wash over you
Soaking into all cracks that compromise ~
Many times the Potter will re-kiln
Even the most perfect of vessels.
Learn that life is constant change
With our feet rested solid in Him ~
Confusion fights with the Word –
Take the Sword and slay it
Speaking forth the victorious promises
And who you are in Him.

I HAVE FOR YOU

Many cannot understand
A love that transcends boundaries;
Those of culture, ethnicity, religion
Of total oneness and acceptance
In the face of great opposition ~
Many cannot express loyalty
To those of their own kind
Never mind those totally opposite
For many love with reasoning.

They love those who love them
Or who embrace their beliefs ~
Few can stand for their own
Or those who fall short.
How many can love the unlovable?
Or the outcasts of society?
When we can love others such
In the same way Yahshua does us
Then we can love for Love's sake ~
Many cannot understand
A love that transcends boundaries –
That Love I have for you.
(John 3:16-17; Ephesians 3:14-19)

SOMETIMES

Sometimes the embrace of the world
Is more loving than the body of Yahshua
Sometimes Yahweh uses those outside
To minister to those within
Sometimes our joy is on the faces
Of those who do not know Him
Sometimes we as believers neglect
The love that is ours and to give
Sometimes the world has more love
Than those who profess love but lack it
Sometimes believers only see shallowly
Not within what is naked, poor and blind

Sometimes we think we are doing good
When all we're doing is self righteousness
Sometimes we think we are being the light
When we are only illuminating darkness
Sometimes a friend that is the closest
Is one that knows not Yahshua ~
Why?
Because we lack love blatantly
And expect to be blessed regardless.
Sometimes the embrace of the world
Is more loving than the body of Yahshua
~ To our shame.
(For Karla)

RAISE

The mind holds you captive
Saying you have no way out
Go beyond those thoughts
Hoping in freedom at hand ~
And the abuse of the tormentor
Falls on deaf ears
For one can only hear
The song of the Spirit ~
Lift up your heart on high
Rise above the flood waters
That would try to consume you
Raise up your voice ~
Grab the scepter and crown

Exalt the victor in victory
Jubilation of new songs within,
The way is shown to take:
Thou art suppressed no more
Let your mouth praise him.
(Psalm 150)

THROWN AWAY

People can believe in such a way
It is as normal as breathing
Yet different from all set tradition
No rules or obligations apply
It is the glow that comes from within
Inner light of peace and being ~
Even in this is great sorrow
For two hearts beat as one
Strong is the sense of loss
To those who choose differently
Throwing away such a gift
Grieving their only hope for life ~
Then comes the day one notices
No longer can they sense
The quiet presence of peace
All that fills the void
Is dullness in the pit
Of one's soul and being ~
Thrown away the invitation
Never to be able to change

Ones mind or hope of being
They drift as wood in water
Turbulent bobbing and tossed
Weathered dead wood on sand.
(John 14:17; Revelation 22:15)

WHAT DO YOU LIVE?

Easy believe-ism many do say
A prayer and they are "saved"
Cheap grace without repentance
Deceived to live in grace and sin,
Strip the scriptures of the law
That Yahweh gave perpetually.
"Bless me", "bless me" is all they pray
Selfishly, shamelessly bypassing the world,
Casting shadows of great illusion ~
Yahshua Messiah died for us
That we may take seriously the command
Work on your salvation
With great fear and trembling.
Yes, the traditions of men do portray
You are good fellows in the wake
Of things about to come,
Blind to emotion and desolation
Crumbling the lies of their truths ~
Perfect in structure and balance
Is the Word of Yahweh,

Adhere to it alone for
Man cannot rewrite the law
Which is instruction of Yahweh
And be saved by ceremony of tradition.
Obedience to the law is much desired
Over sacrifice of works in the flesh,
For works is but our will
To earn Yahweh's favor.
What do you live?

(1 John 5:1-3; Acts 5:29; Philippians 2:12;
Proverbs 21:3; Psalms 51:10-11; Hosea 6:6;
1 Samuel 15:22 Isaiah 55:6-9 Matthew 7:21-23

CONSUMED

Desolation does not happen
All at once
It is over a period of time.
Sin also comes in degrees
Masked as freedom and pleasure
Yet it erodes the foundation,
Rottenness and death at the core
From the inside working out ~
We look at the outside of the cup
Not realizing deceit is rampant
Masking much poison within.
All things, life or death
Comes from within first

Then comes to full maturity
For all to know and see ~
If given a pause, a moment,
Seize it in its entirety
Restoring what the locust consumed.
Make peace while it is in your hand
Before the Reaper puts in his sickle.
(Matthew 23:27; Joel 2:25; Galatians 6:7)

REAP THE WHIRLWIND

Prolonged no longer the judgment
That is due to the nations
For I bring my hammer to smash
Scattered shall mankind turn about
Loss of all withholding in their hand
My grace has been spurned and mocked
Long enough by indifferent souls
To which they will reap the whirlwind ~
Ruined their habitations
Ruined their crops and labors
To be lost forevermore
Enough of ignoring my generosity
My loving kindness for mankind
I come as a righteous Judge
To bring about in my proclamation
Only righteousness shall dwell with me ~
And people vainly ignore the warnings

Mocking the destruction to soon come
Scoffing with derision my holy nature
And balking at the seriousness of my Word
No longer shall I hold my hand back
It will bring forth what I have spoken
Let all men redeem their souls and tremble
Making right their paths for my desecration ~
Prolonged no longer the judgment
That is due to the nations
For I bring my hammer to smash
Scattered shall mankind turn about
Loss of all withholding in their hand
My grace has been spurned and mocked
Long enough by indifferent souls
To which they will reap the whirlwind.
(Hosea 4:6-9)

WITH MUCH JOY

It is horrible what hatred
Is quite capable of:
The coercion of the will of men
In the name of dictatorships,
Countries suppressing the people
Into surfs of opportunity,
To but exploit and extricate wealth from.
Being born in a certain country
Your spirituality and beliefs
Often are defined for you,
Opposition to express freedom forbidden.

The world has slaves many times over
Yet Yahshua came to set the captives free.
Regimes of party lines multiplied
Endless are the torments of men.
First to become truly free
The kingdom of heaven is within you
By receiving and making it so.
Men may take everything away
And may kill your body
Yet Yahshua lives in your soul
Wherein you become set free.
It is this spiritual life
That carries us over
To the other side
With much joy
To receive the martyrs crown.
(In the original Greek the word martyr means
witness. Substitute martyr for witness in the
following verses: Hebrews 12:1; Acts 1:8)

NUGGETS

Many can profess great beliefs
But will only die for what
They truly believe in.
We can have a public and private face
Displaying as needed accordingly.
Truth is consistency even in great silence,
For it is in being that one becomes.

If you hold fast to your loyalty
Your example will encourage others.
Few are such men who hold truth
In its full measure to the end.

Better to be rid of excessive distraction
To focus on simplicity in its purity.

A man of few words is admired
For he shows forth his true speech.

No longer divided from wants to needs
Just walking in the source of love
Which captivates the hearts of men,
Your light becomes a beacon.

QUIET

All that motivates and inspires
That mitigates normalcy
The definition for inner contentment
What does render self esteem, good will
Values that enhance well being
The golden rule and application
Fortitude and honor of men
Carrying forth the heritage of old
Relearning the knowledge passed down
Once lived that built foundations ~
Assemblage of crowds and riots

Voices raised to protest and declare
Expression and clarification for all
Fighting spilling over and over
Endless cycle of brutality
Senseless learning of power
Struggle against the law
Without number the dead still
Who lie as a testimony of unrest
Constant turmoil in agitated motion ~
Everything will one day stop
Time shall cease to exist
Man will be no more
The world and society obsolete
Only an audience with the Judge
As the books are opened
Every man owning his deeds
Reaping the eternal rewards of them
The day of Yahweh is at hand
Where all in quiet stand before the King.
(Revelation 22:12; Revelation 21:12-13)

DYING

Dying to be loved
Dying to be touched
Dying for the truth
Dying for a reason
Dying to be understood ~

Dying to be heard
Dying to be noticed
Dying, dying, dying,
Every day in more depths
Layers of nothingness ~
Asking to be heard
For the truth to be spoken
For a chance to accept it
To live it in all sincerity
Fruitful and multiplied over ~
One day you stop dying
And you start to live
Renewed and strengthened
Within your inner most being
You found the Love you looked for ~
Yahshua is Life itself
Eternal fountain of youth
Living waters that drown death
All the torments and pain gone,
To resurface no more.
(Death = Jeremiah 2:13
Life = John 6:35)

INDIFFERENCE

Sodom was guilty of it
Many times over also
The souls of men who were

Turning a deaf ear
To their bretheren in need,
Ignoring the command that
We are our brother's keeper
Having a blind eye to all
That would ask action of you ~
Selfishness is not helping
Or caring for those in great want
Ignoring the suffering of others
Happy to drown them out
Of your thoughts and mind ~
Indifference is a great madness
Thinking we are not responsible
For the welfare of humanity
Within our grasp and reach,
Rather building our pleasures
To the sky as castles
Paraded and displayed so that
Others would covet our lives ~
Then time does run out
Each is acquisitioned
As to what they did in life
To the worsening or betterment
Of the lives of all men.
Insanity is stepping into
The eternal flames of hell
Which are never quenched.
(Luke 16:19-25)

WITNESSES TO THE LIGHT

Hunted down we are
To bear witness to you
The one who is true
In distant lands not pleasant
Volatile, hostile, tumultuous
Risking our lives daily
To spread the good news ~
Like animals we are caged
Imprisoned and tortured
Our crime is that we loved
To share the truth will all men
Even those who are hateful
We care enough to die for them ~
Foolishly we are regarded
As infidels and less human
A scourge on the earth
Like a plague most deadly
When we bear the scars
Such as the Master
For carrying our Cross ~
Others do not even know
Our sufferings or prayers
For those not fortunate enough
To kiss the Master's hand
And embrace his love
In the midst of pain and sorrow
We pray for those lost ~
Lost in their comforts

Of worldly designs while blind
To what does rob from them
Confusing their citizenship
From heaven to the world.
Sleeping in the enemy's camp
While starving within.
(Tribute to the suffering Church)

3 ½ Years

Come for a time
Times and a time
And know this is of me
And see the seasons are now
Ever unfolding living within them ~
Come for a time
Times and a time
And grasp the anchor tightly
Change and unfamiliarity
To all those in the span ~
Come for a time
Times and a time
This is most talked about
Afterwards comes the end
For which many scoff at ~
Come for a time
Times and a time
Bowls, seals, vials, horns
Established to be given
The decree upon all men ~

Come for a time
Times and a time
Visual entrance seen by all
At the end with the sword
Two edged from my mouth ~
Come for a time
Times and a time
Many prophets did wish
To see the day you live
Draw close while you can.

ALL I NEED

I use to be that one
Who always stepped up
To the plate for action,
Ready and able to help out.
No longer one to rescue
Rather accept only what is mine,
Letting others deal themselves
For themselves without intervention ~
I use to be that one
Who always believed in others
Accepted what I was told
Gave to a cause or action,
Now I sit back to myself
Not giving of myself anymore.
It is the time now of

Accountability for ones' own actions
Not those of others
No matter how 'worthy' ~
I use to be that one
Whose strength lied in others
As a group, a community
Now my strength is singular
As I yield to him
And through him I am strong,
To walk the road necessary
That is stretched out to me ~
And anxiety has slipped away
Along with the expectations
That others had put on me.
All I need is to live for messiah
In the realm of his being.

NO LONGER

No longer do I have room
To care about what surrounds,
No longer do I have regard
Or concern the affairs of others.
For it is constant drama,
Incessant turmoil to distract
And drain ones tranquility within ~
No longer do I have emotion
Or feeling to carry on

Entrenched in the pollution of noise
Which others drown one out with.
For it is solitude I crave
Thus making a world of my own,
To be in peace and well being ~
No longer do I carry weight
Or shoulder the burden of others,
Useless nonsense without meaning
Selfishly begging for ones attention.
Rather I tend to the Word
And the Spirit which he leads,
To be about the Father's business ~
No longer can I be compliant
To an angry mob that surrounds
Always demanding political correctness
Never satisfied and always changing,
Rather I answer to another voice
One not heard in the crowd
But in a soft still voice ~
No longer am I alive
Yet I live in the Spirit
Now in him a new man.

WATER BEARER

Another day has arrived
Wondering of its happenings
Timidly walking into it ~

Silently I am unnoticed
To the busyness that of others
A moment there then gone ~
Like an artist's sketch
A line here and there
Adding to the depth of beauty ~
Yet not abundant on its own
Lines curved and enhanced
Combination to create a view ~
Interfaced with opposites
A balance is achieved
To see life as it is ~
As the dew is on the roses
And waters the earth
In the wee hours of the morn ~
Fill up your vessel anew
Replenish the water within
Like that once overflowing ~
It is a thirsty world we live in
Always drinking from our cup,
The water bearers are we.

LEAVE THAT RUT

Leave that rut you once knew
Constant circular motion
Freed up by the Spirit fresh
Given vision of change ~

No longer boredom of familiarity
Rather trusting leading to
The Spirits unknown path
Of his glory and direction ~
Find your way to him
Giving him your all;
Emotions, feelings, decisions
Talents, wealth, value ~
Aware of the new strength
His within you and by it
Performing feats unknown
Confident in his deliverance ~
There is but one pathway
A long, narrow way
With the gate to enter by
Which few stop to find ~
Patterns of men that fail
Repeated over again by pride
Given way to the Light
That bridges the great darkness ~
Leave that rut you once knew
Constant circular motion
Freed up by the Spirit fresh
Given the vision of change.

THE BLADE

It was in the quiet of night
When everyone was sleeping
At last the hands were still
Little ones fast asleep under blankets
Quiet the neighborhood does resonate ~
When all are long last in rest
Hopes given way to dreams
Recounting the blessing have lived
The day enjoyed and counted
Happiness experienced with great joy ~
It is when the guard is down
And slumber has overshadowed
That the army walks right in
To declare their arrival
In the most startled of ways ~
Many a civilization has succumbed
Living at the edge of a cliff
Ignoring they must pay the piper
Addicted to the rush of the moment
With no forethought of tomorrow ~
History books are littered with
Stories of others who were as foolish
Gaiety, opulence, riotous living
Abandoning all reason and security
Of surefooted foundation ~
And the sandman did come
Throwing sand in all their eyes

Too blind to see the blade
The reaper thrust inward
Of stolen souls of men ~
It is in the quiet of night
That foolish ones do slumber
Never watching for the strongman
As he comes to steal
Kill and destroy your treasure ~
I ask of you,
"Can you yet feel the blade?"

TO ROOST

Two sides to a coin there is
And it can flip either way
Such a turn without reason
To decide the outcome of many ~
There is two ways of thinking
To reason or that of apathy
Blind are those pre-meditated
To one way that's finalized ~
Dropped are much given thoughts
To the cause of ripple and effect
Reflection to acknowledge all
What we do comes back on us ~
Many are such greatly driven
Like a loose cannon armed
Throwing danger in every direction
By stirring up things unnecessary ~

There is a right and a wrong
To all things we think and do
Which effects who we become
Changing others in our wake ~
People and nations always do
Get what is coming to them
In ways gravely obvious
Except the rebellious ones ~
And the heat is turned up
Growing warmer by the day
Eventually all things shall boil
From a simmer to epic proportions ~
No one can ignore their Creator
Live savagely and murderous
Without such deeds coming
Back home to finally roost.

UPON THE BROW

Hot is the lanterns touch
As you burn the midnight oil
Reading well into the wee morn.
Sweet tiredness is calming
Refreshed and comforted you sleep
Relinquished to a new day ~
Many are the promises given
And the faithfulness to deliver
My heart is at peace in thee.

After a very long day
I am eager to sup with you
In the quiet words of wisdom ~
Softly my heart does hear
Your voice speaking the Word
Time gives way to clock less,
The face does not sweep
Nor give advance at all
For your rest is immortal
Upon the brow which labors for thee.

HOW OFTEN

How often we do anguish
Extend projected fears that may be
Which come to fruition
Rather goes by its way from thee ~
And years we compress together
Holding onto one view from afar
Neglecting what is so close
Not reaping what is par ~
Wasted years are those of perhaps
A thing here or a thing two
Like a lightning rod to defray
Asking not bad luck for you ~
Secular wisdom speaking lies
Penetrating all tasks one's done
Ignoring the Spirit's power
To chase all away from one ~

Often we are our worst enemy
Thinking all bad that can come our way
Rather than surrender and relinquish
All the promises the Father did say ~
How often we do anguish
Extend projected fears that may be
Which come to fruition
Rather goes by its way from thee.

EVEN THOUGH INVISIBLE

A tamed bird that is released
Will always return from the wild ~
A heart that has been circumcised
Its channels repel all weeds ~
A slave that has been freed
Does not know how to handle freedom ~
Those who are free cannot
Understand the yoke of slavery ~
Only true life brings balance
Love and understanding to all things;
Solitaire, the great loneliness
Matured, grown and seasoned
Is one as they do make
Their way into the world ~
Things do in time pass by
Often you are left standing alone,
By ones self doing singularly
Always a group of one ~

Invisible you are in the crowd
Seen only as one coming or going.
Wisdom has shown favor
Graced your life and ways ~
The world sees you as a failure
Yahweh values you as a success
People are so busy with their lives
They often cannot see one's value ~
Sadly it is in their passing
Kind words of reflecting do recall.
Yes, in this world we travel alone
With the Savior's hand upholding us ~
Singularly, a group of one
Wisdom has shaped your form
Gracing one with favor,
Even though invisible.

BATTLE AXE

The Seven thousand
Rise born and true,
You are my battle axe
Break spiritual strongholds
I shall fortify you ~
Acoustic songs to the heavens
Echoes transcend time and space,
To the third heavens you climb
Majestic worship to my heart
All the strong abide in this place ~

Quietly in submission
You ascend to my throne,
With the worship from your heart
Like David's harp that soothed the pain
A sweet smelling sacrifice to atone ~
One faithful soldier alone
In the midst is so true,
Worship in spirit and in might
Musician ministering to the throne
Raised up and blessed are you.
(Jeremiah 51:20 – For Shirah)

DO REST

Come away and do rest
For it is not your strength
To fight or contain
It is my Word in your heart
That establishes your part ~
There is a battle raging
In the spirit realm so real
Accompanied by messengers
From on high who do fight
Making the atmosphere's plight ~
All does hinge on rest
Even the Messiah did so
Get away from the crowd
Went secluded on the mountain
Tapped into the Spirit's fountain ~

We are not gods as we were taught
Rather mere mortals and vulnerable
Weak, easily lead astray
We must renew ourselves in Him
To conquer the flesh's every whim ~
Come away and do rest
For it is not your strength
To fight or contain
It is my Word in your heart
That establishes your part.
(Matthew 11:28-30)

ENTRANCE

Naively misplaced trust
Plucked as ripe fruit
The foolishness of men
Too lazy to study history
Too quick to accept answers
Not knowing their real enemies ~
No answers can they give
To defend the lack of compliance
Willful ignorance of Commandments
Which are testimony of truth
Giving right to the Tree of Life ~
Trust is not to be misplaced
Nor given without a testing
Nor abused once entrusted

And such many have done
To the Sovereign Almighty ~
Only the obedient enter in
For the Holy Commandments are
The entrance to the New Jerusalem.
(Revelation 22:14)

A SLICE OF HEAVEN

Beauty of trees of every variety
Canopy of light filters through
The birds and butterflies flit
Anchored in the umbrella of green ~
Tender the care and nurture
Of the secret garden so true
Benches and foot steps scattered
Solace to the much wearied soul ~
Color abundant sprinkled in flowers
Fruit and vegetables sewn about
With more shade from above
Trees caressing the sun's rays ~
Sweet the smell of the leaves
Nectar to those who live there
Nests perched with expert artfulness
Amongst so large a gathering ~
You rest on the lovely porch
Scanning your eyes about
On all the fruits of your labor
Satisfaction lived and warmed by ~

Yearly your boundaries grow
Ever reaching even higher
The neighborhood you have grown
To see and enjoy your beauty ~
It all started with a tree
Planted by hand with love
Much forethought and tenderness here
Such is my sister's garden ~
A slice of heaven.
(For Bonnie with Love)

MARKS OF MESSIAH

Think it not strange when
You are not received well
When family members do send
Enforcers, correctors to take you
Trying to coerce their truth ~
A prophet is not received
By those of family or community
Often they are ostracized for truth
And mocked with great exploits ~
There is nothing new under the sun
Mistreatment for the sons of Yah.
When the world does love you
Know you too then are of the world
For they only love those – their own ~

Light shines and exposes darkness
The world hates the light,
For this reason you are hated
Mistreated and unloved ~
Rejoice and be exceedingly glad
For then you do bear
The Marks of the Messiah.
(Matthew 5:11-12; 13:57; Luke 21:16-19;
Psalm 7:1; 31:15; Romans 12:14)

COVETOUSNESS

Family members do fight much
Over the value of money.
Disregarding human value and regard
Treating people often as nothing,
As a burden and expense
If they cannot contribute
In some valued way ~
Yahshua was betrayed for
Thirty pieces of silver coins:
People betray the humanity of others
By elevating their status of economics
Holding it over heads less fortunate.
Deplorable is the human condition
Which is degraded and held with contempt
By the dictates of society ~
Greed rules the lives and hearts

Of many who do in turn chase after it
In so doing destroying their very souls.
Covetous of others and dissatisfied
Eyes seeing, wanting, desiring
Never having enough nor appreciative ~
Sad that family members mistreat
One another over money that is
But useless pieces of paper,
Having no value at all.
And when it is said and done
See the destroyed family and friends
Affected by the process,
Consumed by others greed.

SO IT IS

Furtherance of vision is laborious
Few understand the weariness
Of constant watching and warning.
Many defile the time misappropriately
Using manipulation for control and orderliness
Which is really but witchcraft.
Usurping the power of the Ruach Kodesh
Which is given for peace and calm,
For endurance amongst much chaos ~
From every angle and side
Come arrows thrown at you
Let it not distract your vision.

Constant is one amending themselves
To the required actions requested
Explaining their every word and deed,
This is but a burdensome weight
Used to yoke distracted believers
Taking their focus off ones watching ~
One does not need to explain themselves
When they are walking in the Spirit
For the World will always reject us,
They will attack and misconstrue
Our words to use against us
So it was and so it is ~
In a timely fashion turmoil comes
Upon those who reject the wisdom
Of truth and forewarnings.
You are an enemy to the world
And those who live in it
Ensnared by its promises and lies ~
Mankind has always rebelled
Wanting his own way
Killing all those against them,
Keep your sight on the vision
Your heart pure and obedient
For great is the adversity against us.

HIS REFLECTION

Like an hour glass draining slowly
It picks up speed the less that remains
We can feel that with things around,

They accelerate with great momentum.
You grasp for an anchor to hold onto
But often after the shaking has started
We need to be solid on the foundation,
To withstand what is coming at us
For we cannot do anything
In our own power but in His.
It is so easy really;
Walk away from it all
And do not look back
But ever forward to the direction
In which He will lead you.
All distractions and lies
Will fall away and dissolve
And the people attached to them ~
Prepare for much confusion
Go into your shelter from the storm
For Messiah is taking care of you
Even when you don't feel like He is.
People are but a buffering process
To agitate you to the knowledge
Of those things that need to die,
And in doing so you start to bear
The image of your maker even more
In the midst of worldly suffering ~
Our reflection is but His
No longer ours should we see,
This is a painful process
To come to the end of ourselves.

When we do then we are removed
From the lesson we have learned,
So now we become of use to the Master
To do what He has called us to.

PRETTY POISON

As long as we are in motion
We cannot dwell on uncertainties.
Eventually they do capture us,
Hostage in the fears they bring ~
We were not made to live in the future,
The stress is too much for our endurance.
Our mental faculties connect only
To the present in which we live;
Then we use our energy wisely
Rather than waste it away
On things that may never happen ~
Those who sit do stagnate
People and things grow past them
No longer in their sphere or reach.
Substance can substitute for people,
Transfer ones affections to things ~
In the process they do become
Pretty poison, boredom of plenty
Taking your person,
- Loss, lack of luster.

THE LIGHT

How one pines for sincerity,
Rare and forgotten acts from the heart.

With age much is revealed
Recollections of generations pass.
With each new age comes more loss
Of what made the previous great,
Further from the light of truth ~

Darkness finds the way into
The hearts of all men removed.
It is no longer greener pastures
Rather golden rays of long ago
Does one long for from the heart.

Memory is all that keeps alive
Truth which is so easily forgotten ~

Each of us forms our character,
We build upon what we
Have embraced, chosen to believe.

In so doing we give credence
To the memory of tribute and honor,
Carrying forward the torch to others.

(Matthew 5:14-16)

STOLEN

Music soothes the savage beast
Diversity of beat and rhythm,
Men were created to worship
The Creator who rules on high.
Fallen in nature they have stolen
Worship due to the King
For celebration of humanity.
Ballads and lauds decorum
Declare exaltation to self of man
Praising his greatness in many forms ~
Perverted has become praise
That which we were made for
To worshipping but ourselves,
The idol of humans over Yahweh.
Tarnished and marked became our hearts
Burned the image of self idolatry
Alienating us from the Masters Throne.
Men were created to worship
The Creator who rules on high,
Fallen in nature they have stolen
Worship due to the King.
(1 Chronicles 16:29; Psalm 95:6)

BEING A FRIEND

How quickly one can turn around
When all they really need
Encouragement, a kind word
A warm hug, a good deed ~
Life has its many ups and downs
Excessive turns along the way
Special and the moment meaningful
When someone the right word does say ~
We have all at one time or another
Broke down under the pressures flow
It is the tender kindness of others
That lightens the load for us so ~
Daily many do become entangled
With the affairs of this life
Blessed and treasured are those souls
Who help lighten our load from strife ~
Think it not too trivial or silly
An idea of kindness to your mind
For it was put there at that moment
To someone in need, to be kind ~
So pass it on ever forward
Give to others what was for you
And find loves' great acceptance
For being a friend ever so true.
(For WenDee with Love)

REPAIRED AND TAILORED

Many would not take the trouble
Or invest all the energy
To transfer rags of fabric scraps
Into something of artistic value ~
We all are different shades
Sizes and shapes not matched
Yet someone took the trouble
To help us be where we are at ~
If all we ever did was cast aside
What we think undesirable
It would be a hollow echo sound
Without any exclamation at all ~
For lives are constantly patched
A tear here or a rip there
Yet others do mend us up
To make it good yet again ~
I like to think of a needle
As an instrument to repair
Whatever I can find altered
Setting it right once more ~
Often when we look we see a mess
No order or value noticed
It takes vision to see it done
As completed before one's started ~
So we are in the Master's Hands
Always being repaired and tailored
To a finished being of perfection
Made with patience and great love.

REQUITE

The sinking of the great divide
Centennial Colonies of long ago
Many warnings have you received
When it happens, I told you so ~
Numb and stupefied you wake
Daily you shuffle through another day
Ignorance is bliss you may think
What others to you did say ~
From you shall be rendered
For what you did demand
The division of the eternal city
To divide from Israel the land ~
It is not yours to take
Nor is it yours to give
So as the trouble you inflict
Your land will quake as a sieve ~
You touched the apple of His Eye
And all others who do command
Know that He exists and does reign
He shall requite with your land.
(Genesis 12:1-3; vs. 3: "And I will bless them
that bless thee, and curse him that curseth
thee: and in thee shall all families of the earth
be blessed.")

HE IS OUR GOAL

Many are the prayers of the righteous
They go up heavenward
To the Throne of Yahweh
Those sent with thanks and praise
Thanksgiving in their hearts
Are the ones that rise the fastest ~
Many are half hearted prayers said
Prayers that lack the zest of life
The urgency, regard and love
For others in need and want
Let not ours fall flat as such
But rise ever higher in the realm ~
Lives are living prayers that are read
They are heard from the cords
Of the hearts that beat so
Selfishness does kill the divine
Ever blocking the answer and
Mostly the deliverance so needed ~
When we can see who we truly are
And that our lives are but a moment
Lost in the span of all eternity
That nothing we may ever suffer
Could compare with the great rewards
For the saints who are loyal and true ~
For He suffered first for us
He died and rose again for us
And He saved all mankind

Rejoined with the Father in Heaven
It is this we must look upon
For He is our goal in all things.

DEPTH OF ONES HEART

Sleeping, my head on my pillow
Soft and pleasant are dreams.
How I have so forgotten
The joy of being loved
Memories cherished now faded
A different time, of long ago ~
Forgotten the feeling of human touch
Of a human bond of expression,
The ecstasy and delight given
And of all those received
Gone from my life forever ~
And it is here in my total rest
That you have become a stranger
Resurfacing with visions now dim.
I have changed and in so doing
I buried past happiness and life ~
Dreams are never constant
They have no direction or meaning.
Many a different time does visit
Coming as ghosts of yesteryear,
On waking I ask if it happened
Or was it ever real ~

And so those intimate moments
Still live within you,
In the depth of ones heart.

HE KNOWS

Those who were victims once
Always seem to remain one
Until their sacrifice is surrendered
To the Healer of all men ~
One can either constantly relive –
Block out of their memory –
Or heal the wounds with peace
By taking the Master's hand ~
He knows all too well
The hatred in the hearts of men
The savagery of a beast
And the bowels of sins hell ~
Grasp the nail scarred hand
For He forgave while He was dying
He prayed for his tormentors
Seeing the vicious cycle of cruelty ~
He can take the damaged core
Of our inner most beings,
Place within the Ruach Kodesh
Birthing love anew within us.

FACTIONS

Sad and factious is divisions
Rent and torn the growth
From the parents grasp
To flounder alone and helpless ~
How Ha Satan does divide
Then conquer through many
The chaos on the world globally
And within the body to kill:
Love, unity, devotion and loyalty ~
Guard, one must guard!
For a whole life's work
Can be destroyed by slander
Accusations once they are voiced
Even without truth do damage ~
We as believers must so nourish
Agree with the Head of Yahshua
And the teaching of the Ruach Kodesh
Guard, one must guard
Their spirit and soul in this world! ~
For Satan goes about roaring
As a lion seeking whom he may
Devour! And destroy indeed!
Let us not be used of him
To bring divisions within the body ~
For this is a great abomination
To Yahweh Elohim
For He entrusted us with the Word
To Live it, to teach it, to guard it,

We have no excuse if we become
A tool to destroy it in any way.
(Proverbs 6:16-19 / Sows discord)

IT IS THEN

Restlessness does rob thee
Of your solid footing
Pulling you loose to drift
In paths not of my own.
Your eyes do wander
Looking away with lust
Ungrateful for what you have,
The heart is choked with cares.
Many worldly promises infatuate
Giving way to much meditation
Adrift your mind has lost focus ~
Your Creator and Maker beckons
He desires homage and worship
For the grace and mercy
He has lavished upon you.
Do not forget mere mortal
Life is not a guarantee
Nor a fixed promise to mankind,
It is but a way of life
Based upon Obedience ~
Confess that you are weak
Ask for help to set aright
To regain what was yours.

Be not like the wearied children
Hearing and never learning,
I have set directions
Follow them onward to me.
Seek the old paths
Which lead to joy and happiness ~
All must seek me wholeheartedly:
It is then I will answer.
(Matthew 6:33-34; Jeremiah 6:16;
Proverbs 4:26)

FORSAKEN

There was this German Shepard
That was owned by a friend
He was abandoned as a puppy,
Found she took him in.
Upon looking at him with thought
He was named "Forsaken".
She would call out 'For'
And he would come running.
He was the most pitiful dog
For he always slinked around
As if very lonesome ~
The Master of the house
Had passed on with cancer
And eventually she succumbed
Herself to an ailment most dreadful.
The dog had long since passed

And I often think of him
With those sad eyes as if asking
Why he was ever tossed away,
A puppy abandoned, unloved.
Most gracious and tender
Ever thankful for any attention
And protective of his master ~
How people can treat an innocent
Animal, a baby of creation
With no heart or feeling,
I do wonder even more so.
How can people treat each other
Like that dog of long ago? To disregard,
Neglect, totally hate to abandon.
Can we even feel what they do?~
And then I remember Messiah's words:
"My Elohim, My Elohim;
Why have you forsaken me?"
Yes, someone knows what it is like,
Let us always remember that.
(Matthew 27:46)

ONCE DID TRAVEL

A tunnel so green, so fair
Not traveled on in a long time
Covered over all human traces
Barely shaped an arch of trees
Which was a gallant road ~

Thoroughfare, this a byway
One abandoned and reclaimed
Nature has covered up memories
Of those who walked with mediation
Spoonng with courting and love ~
Today's world does no such thing
Lost is the art of courtship
Lost is the walking in nature
For the sake of its beauty
To captivate, touch ones heart ~
Green tunnels are now concrete
Traveling as fast as one can
Not lingering or pondering life
Along the way to getting there,
Despising having to travel at all ~
Lost but soon to be reclaimed
This dirt shall return once more
The earth will hold our bodies asleep
We will merge with the roads
That we once did travel.

DIALOGUE

When two people do converse
Successfully conveying communication –
Static, when connection is broken.
Some cannot commune for they
Are of a different space in time.

To absorb too much knowledge
Would overwhelm their sensitive soul,
To not be able to ascend to the Throne
In the gift of praise and worship ~
Many gifts, various talents
The body is fitted together,
One cannot mismatch the body
For it would not function properly.
Let us be sensitive in our wake
Upon interaction to those of others,
Ever conscious not all can receive
What we may have to give ~
True dialogue starts on ones knees
With the Heavenly Father on high,
Refreshed anew in the spirit
New life will then flow
Through us to many others.
It is not us, it is Him
Always in Him, true dialogue.

GIRLFRIEND – K.B.

It is a miracle really it is
That we are friends having never met
But thanks be to Yah we did
By invitation through the internet ~
For the love of Poetry, of verse
To express fully from ones heart

We have become interwoven
With participation from the start ~
It has been a couple years now
That you and I have serenity
Of the great volume of words
Wisdom and expressions plenty ~
Through life's ups and downs
Encouragement always does one greet
When opening up your email
A loving word your heart does meet ~
How ironic it all is truly
That we are closer much more
Than those most around us
Unrestricted our heart does pour ~
No judging or criticizing
We love each other for who we are
Even though our beliefs and culture
Are gapped a chasm so far ~
Girlfriend, you are a joy
One that is a gift to me so
That I always think upon you
Your family, country I do not know ~
However I feel I am there anyhow
Because of the words so clear in my mind
Of the beauty, love and dignity
Your expression to my heart does find ~
Thank you for being a girlfriend
One ever close to my heart
You are a valued treasure
Which others cannot part.

WE THEN CAN GIVE

We all ask of others constantly;
 "Include me in your life
In one way or another it is so.
Fear of rejection keeps us ever
Aloof and guarded yet wanting
For trust betrayed spurns hesitation ~
We all ask of others constantly;
 "To love me, need me"
For we are empty and desirous,
Of love and to be loved mostly.
Yet hurt and wounded we fail
To see love in front of us when it is ~
We all ask of others constantly;
 "To be given a purpose of meaning"
Asking others to give us respect,
To be held in esteem and honor.
Yet we are tossed as leaves fallen dead
From a tree, hardening the heart ~
We all ask of others constantly
For the things they cannot give,
For we must first fill ourselves
With love so we can love them.
An empty vessel cannot pour out
Anything but dead air ~
We live and see ourselves full
Of truth, dignity and purpose
Fulfilling the desires we are given
In our hearts which radiate;

For others will ask of us
What we have within,
And then we can give.

FERVOR AND INTEGRITY

One day comes that you have clarity
To push away all that would distract,
The words of many speak so few ~
Truth is diluted and trampled upon
For those who reject hearing it,
And the rest ignore the importance
That it speaks on wings of urgency ~
So the day comes that you can see
Everything around you that is a lie
That had choked your perception.
And you push it all aside walking away
Pursing after that which really matters ~
And the ones who are rooted deep
Planted by the waste of noise
Polluted to density of utter confusion
Cannot understand the clarity you possess.
They ask you to bask and wallow
In the depth they are drowning ~
Free and light of all weight
That would easily beset you,
Somehow your footsteps have
New meaning and depth to them ~

Clarity is so highly despised
By the majority that compromised,
Sold their souls for comfort and
Contentment in the wallow about.
They refuse being rescued
For they love to have it so ~
And though few in number
You find other brave souls
Who have left the world behind,
To go about in truth and honor
Living life with fervor and integrity.

BALLANTYNE

Sweet slumber
I wrap myself lovely
Blankets of plush and warmth
I have worked hard today
And now I rest aside
From what pains ~
Sweet slumber
Strength to visions
Planned and dreamt fresh
To withdraw my hand
It cannot be so
Yet I still desire ~
Sweet slumber
Vicariously I inhabit

The realm of pleasure
The crowning of ones labor;
Gradually I shall wake
Sober, seeing it not there.

JUST THIS DAY

Chairs placed semi circle
Metal and cold yet solid
I place my being to listen.
The walls murmur, they breathe
Of voices that were heard,
And each silent gathering
Reflects the accumulated wisdom ~
Admonitions and warnings given
For the hungry to eat and digest
To hold onto, crumbs for the starving.
Each gathers the pieces offered
To their own bosom, ever close
Sensing the life blood in them ~
When they are done we look
For some similarities
That one can bond with
And own it as their own.
The cold, stale air is doable
Given I have learned something
For today, just this day
I can live what I've learned.

CAPACITY

Never gone, only changed
Married within, guidance
In solitude, I flourish ~
Labyrinth of design
Assemblage of tranquility
Green path of heart ~
Multi colored stones
Smooth to touch
Balance of transition.

BETTER AND STRONGER

Taking a break is good
For the soul and mind
Coming back one is refreshed
With new perspective and energy.
Some leave yet never return,
We wonder what ever happened
To those we knew and loved
And if they will ever reconnect ~
Life sometimes carries us
In directions we do not ask
In ways we cannot fight
We helplessly watch ourselves,
To be uprooted and transplanted
Often with nothing to start over.

The devastation is too much
It can crush you if you let it ~
It is strength and character
To be able to start over again
To put your hand to the task
And never look behind you.
Some breaks are desperately needed
To regroup ones focus and purpose,
To feel new life in their being
Nurturing to become strengthened ~
If you see a fellow friend leave
And not hear from them awhile
Don't lose hope for them
Pray for them where they are.
Think upon them lovingly
And desire success and happiness
Into their lives where they're at
And they will receive it true ~
All things do become recycled
Some we are privileged and reacquaint
With a better and stronger friend.

SHUSAN THE PALACE

King Ahesuerus in color
Your garden palace checkered square
Blue, silver, white, gold splash
Pearl and black marble solid fair ~

Vashti your Queen did shame you
Refusing your pleasure, appear to see
Having put her out from the throne
Esther of Mordecai did seek he ~
Fair and lovely became she his bride
Haman seeked revenge for he was wroth
Mordecai refused to bow to him
He even rent his garment cloth ~
In ashes and sackcloth he did mourn
The letters of the King to kill
Provoked out of envy by Haman
Hoping to hang the Jew on a hill ~
The edict to cleanse all Israelites
And the gallows for Mordecai to swing
Yet soon one was to learn
The great evil of heard the King ~
So another edict was proclaimed
For Jews to assemble and defend
Themselves, from all those bent
That Haman as assassins did send ~
And we know Haman turned pale
With fear and great fright
He grabbed a hold of the Queen
Enraged, King Ahasuerus did smight ~
So every year the Feast of Purim
Is celebrated, courage of a Queen
Esther, her great name who saved
A nation, when destruction was seen.
(485 – 464 B.C. – The Book of Esther)

CATFOOD

I stand, look in my dish
And what do I see?
Today whatever special is
Of the cheapest variety ~
Some rubbery, flavorless bland
Mess of puree I ever saw
Others soupy without form
Which sticketh to my paw ~
Keen sense of smell have I
No need to draw the flies
But some smell dead twice over
From the dish will I rise ~
Then every now and then
My Master is quite humane
For I have that savory pot –
I finally have them trained!!
(Finicky thoughts from a Feline)

CAT BOX

I have a box to scratch in
To deposit all my wealth
From the tasty morsels I do eat
I use it with great health ~
Some days I send the litter

Flying in such disarray
For it does not quite cover
The stench which I do spray ~
I dig to the bottom surface
To find a new found source
Replenish anew a fresh scent
Often clawing with great force ~
Every time is different
An episode of its own kind
But the best days are the nicest
When the cleanest litter I find.

LANCE ARMSTRONG

It is a wonderment to me
How an athlete strong and fair
Could be a victor on a pillar
Then on the ground square ~
I think it not right when
A conquered bicyclist many a time
Then based on no evidence
Titles stripped for some crime ~
You taught the world how
To conquer cancer and still go
You kept up the torch and battle
Courage and honor you did show ~
And now it seems that others
Out of jealousy I imagine perhaps

Cannot rest until you are destroyed
I find them most unhappy chaps ~
I know you were a hero then
You always will be to me
For you did what others could not
Lance Armstrong that is your victory ~
So hang your head high
And know that you did well
And keep bicycling for all of us
For your actions does truth tell.
(He has since been stripped of his
medals for cheating. I say, look at
the man and what ambition did to
destroy him)

ALS

I always shall remember you
As full of life my friend
And now I look upon you
With serenity towards the end ~
We never dreamed of getting this
Or such diseases you or I
And to have it hit so close to home
My inner voice wants to cry ~
Life is not fair, no it isn't
Nor shall I waste time in remorse
Let us talk of what matters
What time is left to its course ~

Your body has become strange
For it betrays you even now
Yet you are dignified, courageous
Every day carrying on somehow ~
I see the inner beauty my friend
A strength not all your own
It shines like a great beacon
Upon this heart of stone ~
You penetrated the crack
Touched upon the hushed word
And your life becomes even louder
For your presence is much heard ~
Let us work against the clock
Cement time with such essence
That when you are gone
We all shall feel your presence ~
(With Love for D.J.F.)

RELIGIOUS FAMILIARITY

Often many think they have left
The religions and churches behind
But they are still within the structure
A religious familiarity one does find ~
To be free from the system
The hierarchy and the organization
Yet still out dangled free
A string attached with frustration ~

One must be free of it all truly
No more definition of structure
For one will stifle the freedom
The Spirit it will soon rupture ~
Let us not be loyal to a man
Or a Nicolaitian value to entertain
For once we have become untangled
Let us worldly ways refrain ~
Let us drop the nice customs
The traditions that do bind
That grieves the Ruach Kodesh
That leaves His promptings behind ~
Let us see what we do value
If it is extra to the Word
Than it is a hindrance to us
An admonition we have heard ~
Let us not add to the Word
Traditions do such a thing
To ignore such a truth
Destruction to one it will bring ~
Often many think they have left
The religions and churches behind
But they are still within the structure
A religious familiarity one does find.

IT IS MY DUTY TO RESIST

No, I do not want to take this pill
Yet my body cannot contain
I have to yield to much medicine
To control and manage the pain ~
No, I do not want to be disabled
To give up my vigorous youth
Giving spoil to my freedom and will
To face up to the truth ~
I have a hard time letting go
From my work ethic which I was
And to live each day in limbo
Doing as I'm told "because" ~
I am not ready for old age
That is forced upon me so soon
To give up my own decisions
Provisions, directions and tune ~
I have lost my voice now
No longer am I heard or seen
Yet I am told it's for my good
Not meant any way to be mean ~
And each day a little more
Of me dies with the flow
More of me is taken I see
In many directions it does go ~
My assets are disappearing
My wealth is soon nil
My health is a close match
Yet I am here still ~

It is my duty to resist
As much of this "care" I can
To retain my independence, dignity
Till the finish line I land.

STORING LIGHT

Black as darkness
Night has not shifted shape
From black to gray
Yet to kiss the dawn ~
Awake while others sleep
Thinking on those who matter
The labors set ahead of me
I gather my mind and strength ~
As a time passes over us
Another year has lapsed
On a routine of remembrance
That of the mundane ~
We repeat things over
Thinking littleness as nothing
Yet is builds great heaps,
Sand dunes and snow drifts ~
Ants look small, wasteful
Organized they work endlessly
Gathering while it is too nice
To be working with toil ~
Soon darkness will fall
With cold and forgetfulness.

Let us be in the radiance
Storing light for tomorrow.

WATCH

Cycles do interlock
Rotate, change and release
Surrendering to new editions ~
Click and spring does rest
Wheel and pinion set balance,
Lead your coils most lever ~
Wheel upon wheel
Intricate fingers which hold
Crown wheel, time put in motion ~
Silver and gold gilded
Art work polished to perfection
Adulation, your geometry arrives.

THE ENORMITY OF IT ALL

The enormity of it all;
Energy it takes to make a dream
Become a reality of acquiescence.
Life is unpredictable and so is
The challenges life brings to face ~
It is a good thing my friend
That we cannot see the ending

From the very beginning for we
Would be overcome with discouragement,
Never getting off the ground
From the start ~
And so each day is full, rich
And it brings its own troubles,
That is why we have friends.
A network of humans, who care,
That share from experiences
To help steer and guide us
In the direction life is pulling ~
Hindsight shows how much
Really has changed and happened.
Yet going through it felt like
Nothing was happening fast enough.
And now I am overwhelmed
And in awe of the divine provisions
That have sustained me daily ~
It is wisdom that we were made
To only handle what we can today,
For we could not grasp or manage
Our whole lives at one scan.
I am grateful for all those who have
And are helping me live through
The enormity of it all.

I HAVE BECOME THAT PERSON...

There is a painting of two elder friends
Withered with age yet wisdom radiates.
Age is the thing we all try to deny
Yet with it comes knowledge of value,
The stuff that we learned from and lived ~
And I find as I do get older
I find a peaceful calm and acceptance
Yielding the energy and zest I had
For a more leisurely way of living.
What use to motivate me before
Has lost all interest and pizzazz ~
I have become the person that
I would laugh at in my youth.
I no longer care for current fashion
Nor do I care if I dawdle or wane,
Often I'm slow and become repetitive ~
I am a penny pincher as of late
And find myself becoming cheap,
Saving, tightening my belt for
What may come or befall me.
I think of those people that
Reuse aluminum foil and gift wrap,
Paper bags, string and rubber bands ~
I shop at the thrift store eyeing
All the splashes of colour I find.
The "old stuff" as a new found treasure
Being a kid again I can own it once more,

And the joy of reviewing and reliving
My childhood from others cast offs ~
I am proud to be a senior,
The changing of the guard.
I hope I can represent the wisdom
Which others had for me to those
Who would come and ask.

RECLAIMING

Rivaldy, the ball of blue
Hemisphere of creeds that clash
Groups set of high position ~
Uproot and thrown about footage
What was once sacred, strong
Trampled, profane, hatred solidified ~
Chain reaction does one propel
Combination for disaster global
I look down and gaze ~
Before time ever was
I saw my plan for you
Now unleashed to mortal wounds ~
Struggles and provision given
Hold onto the solid truth
I AM and have conquered all ~
Soon I shall atoms collect
To the Zenith, Sea of Glass
Reclaiming earth as my own.

OWNERSHIP

I cannot build my house
After your own pattern
For our individuality is different ~
You cannot read my mail
I cannot write your thoughts
Let us stop trying to be each other ~
My path is unique to my walk
The direction in which I choose
Shall decide the outcome on arrival ~
Hold only what is yours
Grasp what is in your hand
Labors of your sweat and toil ~
Thievery of riding another's accomplishments
Gleaning what others worked for
Speaks confusion as to ones life ~
Come out of the shadows
Stand and claim with determination
Ending speculation and doubt ~
Your hands have the power
To loose, retain or grasp
They speak daily of ownership.

WHITE

Dismiss with laughter, crackling
The wave of the hand –
Off with you ~

These gears have gotten tired
The track is in slow motion
Slack and aversion merge ~
Laid aside all defense
Wearied, embracing deep rest
I hear you no more ~
The explosion of quiet is bright
Basking music and rhythm
Pulsating sight, tender balance.

PONDER

Thumbs caress my eyebrows
Nervous gesture, posture of thought
Eyes closed with much self talk ~
I hear my own reasoning
The voice is loud and clear
All invitations are rescinded ~
Private, the nucleus of speech
I must listen to my inner guidance
Help carry me strong and forward.

UP AGAINST THE WALL

Proud One, always antagonizing
It makes you feel you have power
Glory in your control and deeds
Seen of others, to be noticed ~

Proud One, constantly dictating
Adrenaline rush being on top
Manipulate, ingratiate yourself to whomever
Sarcasm is your charm, personality ~
Condescending, talk down to your peers
Elevated within your own mind
You are the chosen one without fault.
How dare people question your actions;
Your behavior is "stellar", impeccable ~
Proud One, you are the circle
You are the only one, alone
For all others have withdrawn
From the poisonous mask you wear ~
In the mirror you only see
What you delegate and wish for.
Cinematic, tragic comes the ending –
Proud One has become broken.

NOT PURE

Humanity is a wide range
Of all that life can bring
Some sweet, some bitter ~
It is a balanced soul
Which can see truth expressed
Without personalizing it to themselves ~
The light must be shown
In all corners in the dark
Without withdrawing back to itself ~

Sad is one who does say
They cannot stand what others
Speak, which they find offensive ~
Pride really is saying that they
Are too holy and pure to
Pollute themselves with uncleanness ~
Humanity is people of all walks;
We cannot demand purity of them
To bend to our qualifications ~
Proud can be a speck of dust
Which in the light shows much
Rays of dirt, not pure.

A BETTER WAY

Reduced to boxes and cartons
Years of your life is now this,
The compass brings new direction ~
Toil of a lifetime with memories
Are taken away from you
Now you are left with questions ~
Dumped for being non-productive
Cast aside, discriminated against
Disabled you must redefine yourself ~
You are in no-mans land,
Unable to work, too young to die
Invisible, ignored and unwanted ~
Only voices you hear are selfish pleas

Yelling help from the very ones
Who had disbelieved you with ignorance ~
Grateful for our Heavenly Father
Who does see all things
He comforts, gives us guidance ~
My boxes are really a gift
Freedom wrapped in its contents
To make a better way.

P.C. (POLITICAL CORRECTNESS)

I think I mean what I say
Or try hard to convey
Yet you interpret it all wrong
Political Correctness is your song ~
What is clear, defined and spoken
Suddenly is all wrong, broken
You make me say what I did not
To change the meaning I don't want ~
Let us slant our opinion true
To impose ourselves on you
To make right read wrong
To make wrong to belong ~
How we must not offend
That our words we must amend,
To not be true to any meaning
Or give sway to any reasoning ~
I think I mean what I say

Or try hard to convey
Yet you interpret it all wrong
Political Correctness is your song.
(Double Speak 1984 / Political Correctness 2012)

NUGGETS II

Better is simplicity with little
Than confusion with too much.

Many voices give unwanted advice
Wise the soul who ignores them.

Humility is the ladder to success
Pride blinds one to his fall.

Isolation brings stunted growth
Community nurtures, fostering success.

Reflection is a road map of guidance
It illuminates detours and pitfalls.

Tactful criticism yields fruit
Brutal force compels resistance.

Life appears to be long, enduring
Death is ever present, a breath away.

One yielded in loyalty and love
Shall one day leave forever.

Take not for granted what is yours
One day it shall belong to another.

True treasure is living in the moment
Rather than a life on illusions.

We all have a voice
Shameful to let others silence it.

RICH EARTH ONCE MORE

I often think of flowers
When the cold sets in
Summer gone yet still vivid
The fragile beauty that blossoms
How strange to find a vibrant
Petal of color in the woods
Frozen in that moment
Soon to fall apart and decay ~
We often do wish for things
Longingly we pine time away
Not enjoying the given moments
Then when change has come
Disappointment rears itself
When we start to compare
What we did have and lost ~

Sometimes we cannot handle
The change that life dumps on us
It is too much that we only
Can watch helplessly in dismay
As if we were an onlooker seeing
Ourselves through different eyes
Yet we do experience life then
And it presents what it may ~
A flower is a fragile beauty
Different colors and styles
Regardless of their majesty
They one day are called to
Return to the earth from where
They came from
And so we all are flowers ~
A flower out of season is often
A person who has outlived
Family, friends and acquaintances
Just waiting for the rich earth
To embrace us once more.

PITY

Clutched, enclosed within the grasp
Of the insanity of the "bretheren"
Those who feel they do God's will
By working against you, turning
They are clueless to the Torah,

They know not the Sabbath Giver
Nor the new moons and feasts ~
They close their grip around your neck
Ever tighter they squeeze your life
From your being and soul,
Hoping to correct you, hold you
Back from speaking and living
The truth that you walk in;
They know not the Giver of Life ~
Soon the great divide will be visible
To see the religious wildly persecute
Those who live peaceably the law
In obedience, love and truth
For they are jealous you do not
Fall in line, in agreement with them,
You shine light on their self will ~
And as they turn you over
To the beast to be slain for truth
They feel they are doing God's will -
Beheading you for your transgressions
Of not being like the rest of them
Of not being teachable to their traditions
And their demands of their God ~
To leave this body is true freedom
For you return to Yahweh, Creator most high -
Pity those who are to be rejected by Him.

SHEEP AND GOATS

Sheep and goats are together
Until the separation at the end
It will be that others shall see
Which way the turn in the bend ~
Many bah and many butt
Noise steady onto each other
The deciding factor what shall be
Is when Yahshua says, "Dear Brother" ~
"You kept the commandments I gave
The Sabbaths and solemn Feasts Days
When sin was in the camp among you
Noted was then he who prays ~
Complacency, worldliness you discarded
To embrace fellowship at my right hand
Come unto my eternal presence
Into the Father's Promised Land" ~
With that the goats raise their voices
"But", But is all that is heard
Yet His rebuke strongly is spoken
For those who refused to head the Word ~
"Many a chance and blessing were given
To bring you in line to the Father and me
But you chose your own way, separate
So now I say "Away with thee"~
"I never knew you, no not once
For you served religion, your intent
The opinions of men, your beliefs
Looking for the approval of men's consent" ~

With dumbfounded expression, blank
Removed from the light so bright
They now realized all they had opposed
Was the Truth, Messiah, the Light ~
Sheep and goats are together
Until the separation at the end
It will be that others shall see
Which way the turn in the bend.

PRINCE OF PEACE

There is nothing new under the sun
For life and events do repeat themselves
Mankind does lust as far as the eye
Can see, and even beyond the horizon.
He is never satisfied with what he has
Always wanting more and that of others.
The pride of life, as if we did create things
We take for granted the breath within us
As always being there, to remain.
Many rise and many fall in the name
Of an ideal, to defend one's belief, religion.
We have failed to coexist with one another
For to do so would admit we are all equal.
Strife brings war, torment and death
To all those entrenched in it.
We live what we are taught, learn
Carrying it forward to our children
To repeat the vicious cycle which

Never gets broken but repeats itself.
What drives mankind to hate one another?
Why do we feel others have not the right
To live without our deciding their mortality?
Lust of power drives one mad
Tightening the grip around the heart
Till the light is expelled in total darkness.
If we can walk in the Father's love
Then we live within the blessings,
If we walk within our rebellion of hatred
Then we reap the curses and death.
No, there is nothing new under the sun,
For we are proof of our ancestors
Who tried to take from Elohim
The worship that is rightly due Him alone.
Only in the New Jerusalem, not tainted
With the shed blood of mankind
Shall we live with the Prince of Peace.

LIVE IN HIM (HEBREWS 11)

The cold seeps deep in the bones
Bringing a chill that is not stoppable
Each breath brings a deep ache
A burning cold that penetrates
To the brain making it numb ~
Each moment and thought concentrates
On what next to stay warm
Where to go to seek shelter, food
What once was taken for granted.

Blind faith they walk in humbly ~
Things are so different now
All things having been stripped away
They trust on Divine Providence alone
To sustain them, guide them
To keep them from any further harm ~
Mankind may be able to kill the body
Yet they cannot kill the soul that lives
Which dreams, gives and moves
In the Love of our Saviour.
Life will never be the same again ~
We gather under the shelter of His Wings
Under the shadow of the Almighty
For He protects, shields and cares for us.
We can no longer care for ourselves
We must trust in His Protection ~
Make up your mind once and for all
That whatever man may do to you
That you will resist and not turn away
From the Messiah or His Word.
Our lives are not our own,
For we now live in Him.

TESTING

Many are the troubles of the righteous
For the world does reject the truth,
Your light shines into the darkness
Which chooses to remain in the dark.

Lawlessness is self will run riot
Which does rule the world we live in;
Living black holes which self consume
Upon themselves which others relegate ~
Our lives are living testimonies
Death in increments, by degrees;
Dying to self until you are dead
Which is total freedom of holiness.
Our footprints are not our own
For we walk in those of the Master
Ever following His direction
In the path of obedience ~
The Beast does raise its ugly head
Encapsulating the human race
Those it can mark with its number
An army to oppose the living Elohim.
We must be steadfast, strong in Yahweh
For soon the power will be given
For Satan to overcome the saints;
As we endure death so shall we live again ~
If this life to live were easy
Then there would be no sacrifice
Negating the sacrifice of Messiah
And total surrender of one's will.
It is hard so as to strip us of sin
To humble us, to learn to trust
To seek His face, to sustain us
To prove our loyalty to Him.

TRULY BLEST

Grass is not always greener
On the other side of the fence
Yet a visit to over yonder
Is good and makes sense ~
For when one sees up close
Not through rose coloured glasses
You can appreciate much more
What is yours over the masses ~
Gratitude is often overlooked
Tucked away in a corner
Until one does start to wander
Like the great sojourner ~
Then being lost with no bearings
One does yearn what they left
Soon you come to your senses
To see you truly are blest.

OCCUPY UNTIL I RETURN

What may seem like endless days
Is only my Grace enlarged
Yet people squander time senselessly
Soon much will be ripped away
All safety nets and comfort zones
You will have to rely upon me
To meet all of your needs
Wise is the man who heeds ~

What may seem like mundane tasks
Truly is a testing of your endurance
Even in the smallness of routine
Put your hand unto what is to do
And give your best unto me the King
For I do reward you for your obedience
It is not your efforts done for me
Obedience to my commands you see ~
Each of us is a part of the body
Many tasks you are given is elect
For none can share your burden
Nor shoulder the weight you can carry
Let us walk together united even now
Before the storms do rain upon all
Do not give up what I told you
It is endure till I return you must do.

CAPTURED MY HEART

Bright is the setting sun
After a thunderstorm that cast
Its dark clouds with rain splendor ~
Wet and cool is the grass
Green for a shade or two more
Eventually fade under a canopy of snow ~
This is the golden rays of time backwards
Shorter and darker the skies will loom
Bringing slumber to the tired earth ~

My eyes watch the birds flit
Mingled in aerial flight
All songbirds of one direction ~
A mixed day of summer and fall
Rain blending hues of colours
Sweet the foliage permeates ~
I am a small part of all this
As I feed my birds for but today
All storing up for the long tomorrow ~
Sunshine shall travel around the globe
Waking one from the deep sleep
To a day of new beginnings ~
Singularly I sit here alone
In the depth of my silence and being,
Time is held at bay endless ~
The sun lined clouds sing overhead
Flowing slowly by with the last rays,
Magnificent you have captured my heart.

I WAS MEANT TO BE

I have come to love my state
That I live in, with all its beauty
The granite and marble its crown ~
I have hiked your many mountains
Scaled and climbed your trails upward
To sit and contemplate where I left ~
The barren tree limbs against the sky

Of gray clouds that frame the tree line
You beckon me to climb but higher ~
I understand the hiker who sits
And looks downward at the trail
They just climbed and conquered
You have come from and gone to,
It is all relative in many ways ~
Life is a completion of many things;
I find that nature does call me
To nature, where I was meant to be.

TRUE, SOLID AND SURE

Oh how we are taught to believe the lie
To aspire to great wealth, to amass much
To build big homes and lands
Naming them after ourselves for posterity.
How as children we are taught society
Its values, its rights and wrongs
To live and die for in the name of freedom.
The little innocent souls drink it in
Believing all that they are taught
Without question with such loyalty,
Until as adults they see it fall apart.
The foundations crumble one by one
Leaving you with nothing but questions.
How people you love hurt you
They turn and abandon you (un)intentionally,

Selfishly it is all about them but
At your expense and innocence.
Oh the children are taught much
Prejudice, unkindness in many names,
To mold and shape them in our beings.
We learn as a child then as an adult
We unravel all we were born into
Questioning for ourselves and thinking
Outside the box we were put in.
It is really about love and living it
Not believing it, preaching it,
It is about walking and being love
To a dying world that gave up
Long ago, and gave up on God.
We must regain our divinity to each other
Walk in the image we were created in
To help one another heal, grow.
Our real wealth, once we discover it
Then we can build on the Rock -
A foundation true, solid and sure.

THE FINISH LINE

There are moments that I need to remind myself that we are living in the end times. I hate to guard my heart for it is so easy to get overcome with the faults of others and finding fault when especially I am not looking for it.

I can either keep it to myself and pray for the person or become a tool of Satan by repeating a matter, becoming a gossip which the Father strictly forbids. It is one of the sins that keeps us out of the kingdom of heaven. I need to remind myself that I still live in the human nature that is sinful and carnal. It is Easy for me to think bad of others when I should think of what is above; pure, lovely and holy. I should dwell on the fruits of the spirit and not the fruits of the flesh. My eyes need to look into the spirit realm where all things are attainable if I would just pursue them. I must limit my sitting at the gates of the wicked and letting their spirit infiltrate mine with wrong thoughts. These if not purged will bring forth wrong thoughts, words and eventually deeds which would grieve the Ruach Kodesh who has sealed me with His ownership.

I must remind myself that I must possess my soul with fear and trembling; with awe and respect to my creator Yahweh and Yahshua the redeemer. I must never forget that I was bought and paid for and I no longer am my own. We all are our brother's keeper. We must never forget that for when we do we are guilty of sentencing them to death by no longer caring or exhorting, encouraging or praying for them. These are perilous times where ones soul can give up, when one can not endure to the end. Our biggest job is ourselves, guarding our hearts and our spirits from all that would offend the Father and to look to His will not ours.

I ask of you, have you taken the moments needed to do this?

My prayer is that we all would seek His Face and press into His presence, renewing our mind and spirit for the race that is yet to be won. May we cross the finish line and hear the words said to us; "Well done my good and faithful servant."

CHANGE

We are human beings which seek safety
Comfort in the familiar and soundness.
Change is a necessary thing for growth
For without it we would stagnate
Being of no use to ourselves or others.
All of life is about change
The good, the bad and indifferent.
Our hearts are always being tested
For what we hold onto, we cherish
Sometimes it is to our horror what is
Revealed, that we think more of things
Rather than people who are in His image.
It is not easy to always give away
A little more of ourselves each day.
To put others first, Yahweh first,
To put Messiah first and accept it.
It is painful to die to self daily,
And more so to put your hand to the plow

And not look back to what you gave up
Or what you have laid down, left behind.
Change, what a funny word it is
For we can rationalize what it should be
Or what we do for Elohim in our strength
Yet change is not us at all,
It is Him in us bringing life
Replacing death that once did rule.
We are taken out of our comfort zones
To walk in faith, believing and trusting
He will lead and guide us ahead
Into the unknown yet loving all the way.
Never let our life become routine
For then we will have stopped growing
And change will have been compromised.
Rest assured, He is most faithful
Who has started a work in us,
He will bring it to completion.
Rest in these things.

HIDDEN

You are my gem, my pearl
I have loved you greatly
Nothing can harm or touch you
For you are hidden in my hand ~
People fear what they do not know
Also what they see outwardly

They lack vision to know the Spirit
And to touch the heart of compassion ~
I am there for those who seek me
I can be seen by those who know me
For I am hidden to those not mine
Even in plain sight I am not there ~
Truth is hard, painful and lasting
Ignoring it will not send it away,
Indifference will not change it
For I am known by those who seek ~
You are my gem, my pearl
I have few that I have chosen
For they discarded my grace, mercy
For wisdom that passes away ~
I cherish the few who know me
In the midst of the storms
In the rage of the battles
I embrace you in oneness of love ~
Quit throwing your arrows
Against my shield which covers you
I am your protection in all things
Even through death you shall live ~
My wings shall shield you
Nothing can touch that I have covered
For you are hidden within my love
It covers deep the hearts of men.

I NEVER SHALL FORGET

There you always were
Such a rock, a stone
I looked up to you as my hero
Always strong and powerful.
I remember as a child your look
One of confidence and being okay
You set everything in order
Gave life meaning and purpose.
As I grew older I lost touch
With your values and standards
I reached out and discovered my own
Sometimes we would argue over such
But deep down you knew that I
Was a lot like you in many ways.
Now that I am much older and you
Are failing in health and mind
I see a shell of a man to what
Use to be, a strong man of courage.
You made a way in the world when
To do such things was possible.
Things are so different now
Those old ways are long gone
And mostly forgotten by others.
I long to hold onto them in my mind
In my life, my work ethic defining me.
I struggle to let you go
Even though I need to do so.

It is so hard to say goodbye
To the one who loved me so
Taught me what was right and
Valued all things with honor.
How can I say goodbye to you?
Yet I must for your time has come
And I see it all now.
Forgive me if my tears linger
Your soul has touched my heart
In a way I never shall forget.

DO LOVE ME

No matter where one lives
You will always have trouble.
One must learn to live in the midst
Of turmoil with the Peace I give.
If you cannot handle things now
How will you ever survive what comes?
Perilous times we are now entering
And it shall wax worse and worse.
Blessed are those who are fallen asleep
In Messiah, for they are spared
From what is to come upon the earth.
Nature groans for the wages of sin
Have scarred her deeply and continue.
Mankind's sin has turned the world
Upside down for lawlessness is rampant.

Judgment has begun at the House of Yah
First and foremost to the followers,
For you are being purged before the world
A testimony and example of apocalypse.
You've given lives are a testimony against
The world and those who love it.
I brought a sword not peace -
My ways are not your ways
And I will put my sickle in to reap
For the harvest soon will be full.
Maturity is peace no matter where
You live, for it is inside you
And controls your heart, mind, being.
Many will try to change the world
Will find fault with the people in it,
Futility, they are batting the air.
You fight not against flesh and blood
But principalities of the air.
Know that greater is He that is in you
Than He that is in the world.
You are just passing through it
To a much better place that is
Prepared for those who do love me.

WHEN....

When they come to take my life
Will I give it up willingly?
When I am falsely accused
Will I protest or quietly yield?

When the world falls apart around
Will I try to save my corner of it?
When others are unfairly trialed
Will I try to defend them or not?
When famine and pestilence rules
Will I steal to survive or trust you?
When all morals and decency are gone
Will I still hold onto righteousness?
When others fall away and deny you
Will I still walk in holiness?
When despair is all around me
Will I walk in the peace of your presence?
When I am stripped of all I own
Will I praise you regardless?
When I am persecuted for my faith
Will I endure to the end?
When they destroy all that I built
Will I praise you and glorify your name?
When it seems all hell breaks loose
Will you trust me to protect?
When others follow a leader of mankind
Will you seek me for your direction?
When in a flash all is dissolved
Will you trust me though I slay you?
When you are taken against your choice
Will you praise me in the midst of it?
When others treat you badly
Will you be my witness of truth?
When things are shaken and fall
Will you still stand in me?

When the family of Yahweh is tested
Will you remain faithful and steadfast?
When? Yes when ~ Will I?

THEY HAVE VISION

Some, when they close their eyes
Dream of a better place than now
Always desiring to escape the present
Unconscious, given way to vision.
Suppressed, weak, sullen
Hopeless having lost health
Their only solace is slumber
The private world of feeling ~
One can relive former glory
Revisit loved ones gone by
Become young again, alive
Reconnect the dreams they once had.
Restful is the picture of sleep
It puts calm on the face
Eyes no longer see what is forced
Instead they have vision ~
You can erase all pain of memory
Bring to life hope and truth
Seeing the way one meant to follow
Embraced by love with expression;
Like a bird flown away
Now you are gone,
Overcast rainy day greets me
With wildlife at my feeders.

Nature has come to soothe
The broken heart within me
I embrace the comfort they bring ~
Songbirds, notes from Heaven
They remind me of our hope
The joy of knowing you are there
With the one who made you.
The cycle of life is unbroken,
Honor and glory to Yahweh
For in His presence you have vision.
*****In loving memory of Dad*****
(1 Corinthians 13:12)
December 24, 1919 to November 2, 2012

NOT BOUND

They come on the currents of air
Dancing on the thermal wings
Alighting around where treasure is.
Variety of notes blended together
Dressed in majesty of delight
Engrossed in abundant findings.
It is sad when one does fall
To the earth given up its life
Accidents of unseen measure.
Fitting to pick up such a one
To caress it in the hand
Talking to it with soothing words.
Gently laid down on the ground

At the base of a huge tree
A tribute to the fallen ones.
Daily I look over them eagerly
To feed them with great care
Watching for another flock to return.
Artistic flight in motion
Each one different yet the same
These give me hours of joy.
Birds are special for they are
Given the privilege to fly between
Heaven and Earth, not bound.

WITNESS

Quietly being real
Instead of boldly being fake,
This is living the gospel.

WHISPERS

Bite and devour one another
Then profess to know Christ
The secret of the whispers ~
Your words shall follow you
They reveal who you are
The secret of the whispers ~

Spoken forth they create
Good, evil, death or life
The secret of the whispers ~
What you feel is good
Is only garbage which destroys
The secret of the whispers ~
You have shown your true colours
Doing so you air out the past
The secret of the whispers ~
You have uncovered others sins
Becoming accuser of the bretheren
The secret of the whispers ~
Words received as dainty morsels
Become bitter within ones soul
The secret of the whispers ~
A bird will reveal all
That is spoken in confidence
The secret of the whispers ~
Rise above the great floods
Waters that gush to consume
The secret of the whispers ~

All our sins are forgiven
Under the blood of the Lamb
Silence the whispers.
(Proverbs 16:28; Proverbs 17:9)

MAMMON

Sad but so true it is
That those leave their first love
Piercing their hearts through
With many sorrows for money...
The smell of an inheritance
Makes "believers" act like animals
Their vengeful hateful acts spew
Out poison for all to see...
Blinded by their greed of money
They disregard the man who left
A legacy of integrity and character
Mostly the wealth of great Godliness...
Hateful, spiteful and vile they are
To those who are family members
Never satisfied, always causing more
Hurt, harm, detriment with their words...
Many a family is torn asunder
With the greed that rears its ugly head
That possesses the souls of believers
Who believe "within themselves"...
Self gratification, how it does grieve
The Holy Spirit who retreats in silence

Leaving them to wallow in their filth
Of following the lusts of the world...
Nasty and accusing they have become
Weapons in Satan's hands to tear

Down the kingdom of heaven and
To destroy any witness of holiness...
Self righteous in their own eyes
They continue and spiral downwards
Until one day they look up too late
To see that they are in the pit...
Take heed that life is not money
It is the Holy Spirit and Righteousness
Of Godly character, Peace and integrity
Passing through this world unto the next.

ALWAYS HAVE HIS WAY

Yahweh will always have His way
In the lives of all men,
For His ways are a mystery to
Human reasoning and understanding ~
Man does build and rebuild
Which often is destroyed and torn
For all that is not right is removed
Even though given in His Name ~
You cannot condone your behavior
The works of the flesh and say
Bless Me lord, bless Me lord
For you make a mockery ~

Right standing is His ways aright
Not what we demand of Him
Nor what we try to justify by works

Saying what we did for God ~
Wise is the man who understands
That Yahweh is Righteous and Holy
He will do as He pleases and
Mankind cannot persuade nor contest ~
Yahweh will always have His way
In the lives of all men
For His ways are a mystery to
Human reasoning and understanding.

WE EACH SHALL CHOOSE

When the noise is stopped
Then you have clarity of sound ~
When the chaos no longer distracts
Then you can see great truth ~
When you have severed trouble
Then tranquility and peace dawns ~
When you stop listening to others
Then you can be true to yourself ~
We are first and foremost souls
With the power to create good ~
The balance is pruning away
All that robs and does hinder ~
And so we each shall choose.

DO NOT COMPROMISE

There are those who push our limits
They damage our emotions and wills
They are poison to our survival
These do not have boundaries
Nor do they respect that of others ~
It is in letting them go and moving
Forward, exclusion of their participation
In our lives that is healthy
For which they cannot understand
They feel the need to but control ~
It is in our perception and acceptance
Then our refusing permission
To allow others to torment us
To stand up for ourselves soundly
That defines our space and meaning ~
Only those who fight to remain
A part of your life are worthy
Not those who demand out of
A sense of guilt or authority
With no sincere humility to you ~
And draw the line dark and deep
That no one may cross over
For it is your definition of what
Is acceptable, honorable and right
Do not compromise for nothing.

THEY STOPPED TO LISTEN

It is the season for plastic
Sealed with tape covering windows
Of winterization and fuel efficiency ~
It is time for the weather to flip flop
Cold to warmth back to cold
Confusing the frost and fog's vapors ~
It is a season one does enter
To take out the summer fruits
Once toiled, packed away you enjoy ~
It was the summer of change
Spinning like a top non-stop
Catapulting you to a moment's reflection ~
It is the death dirge song
Reaping souls to the reaper
Waves of faces now memories ~
It is the journey of movement
Not of ones' own choice or making
Drifting to whatever comes next ~
It is the walking dreams
Of the deceased talking to you
Their memories and voices heard ~
It is the day of honor
Respect for the fallen and gone
Forever sealed with paper and pen ~
It is one person's tribute
To the world that is changing
And they stopped to listen.

A SWORD

Irony was that double-sword
For the one they took
Was soon to be replaced ~
Taken wrongly, ungifted
After much time had passed
Shaming the names of the givers ~
Ignorant and mean spirited
Quick to cause harm and division
Left and not told, to be discovered ~
With wisdom's direction one does
Replace the sword that was taken
A gift given as an honor and memorial ~
Tragic humans like these do walk
The earth and tread on all around them
Hiding behind their religion as righteous ~
Never can they deed what is right
Always having their way as wrong
Not to honor, valor and integrity ~
The Spirit does laugh at such
Pious souls through and through
Their letter does kill the Spirit's life ~
He is a restorer of the breach
Restores what the locusts consumed
Re-establish the wronged with great honor ~
Pity the poor souls who don't get it
They keep adding to their own demise
They stand at His left hand.

MATTHEW 5 EYESIGHT

Shakespeare said it well
"Eyes are the windows to the soul",
Coined phrase I thought at biblical.
Sight is fixed attention which
Gives way to vision, devotion
And essentially action of choice.
Some souls are dark within
Others exuberantly bright light.
Look and some can see
Spiritual manifestation of ownership ~
We are a mingled people
Some are of reptilian race,
Serving the Serpent of Eden.
Vertical slits versus round pupils
They cannot deny who they are.
Television shows various ones
Their eyes reptilian and cold,
Many the servants for world change
Even some given political leaders.
Shakespeare knew something,
Yes he did...
For the Serpent has always been
And those who do serve him.
(Matthew 6:22-23)

DECEIT

It is very obvious now
Stand back and see it removed
Believers conjuring witchcraft
Using the bible for divination
Expounding blessings selfishly
And curses on all those they reject
Misusing the promises as their own
When they are but grafted in by grace
Only Messiah the promises given to
We share by faith and grace
They are not our own ~
Many go about using the name
Demanding that Elohim work for them
A "magic show" on demand
To cater to their every desire
Without the condition of ownership
Or humility of surrender and obedience ~
Many go around and do miracles
They render signs and wonders
Deceiving themselves and others
That a name can bring power
In their life and those of others,
A great misuse of spiritual matters
The Heavenly realm marginalized
For monetary gain and recognition ~
There is much "noise" in worship
Notes that fall flat in Yahweh's hearing

Repeatedly he has said as much
With the boastful arrogance of men.
Step back and see the fake hearts
Which are wrapped up in divinity,
Deliver yourself from self deceit
Yielding to the Spirit's direction.

EBB OR ETCH

Double mindedness
Ruins ones' witness
Uproots your steadfastness
Unsure in all your ways ~
Change color like a chameleon
Blend in to your surroundings
You have lost your light
The lamp stand is removed ~
If the world does love you
Then you have become
An enemy to the Cross
You think more of men ~
Compromise; agree to disagree
Round off your sharp edges
Smooth and worn down,
A living stone: A tombstone ~
Singleness of heart and mind
Hold true and fast
Don't waiver for anyone
Or in the end you are lost.

YOU KNEW

You knew it was coming
And now it is almost here
Where is your trust? Your resolve?
Will you lose faith to fear? ~
Do you cling to earthly treasures
Of all your worldly wealth
To but have it taken by
The unexpected thief of stealth? ~
Or shall you smile and praise him
Looking upward to the master
Expecting the fruits of your labor,
Ever anticipating, pressing in faster? ~
How shall you stand in that day
Of the choice of the mark
Or is there down deep within
The encouragement of divine spark? ~
Can you close the door gladly
On this world we pass through?
Only you can make the choice,
What shall it be with you?